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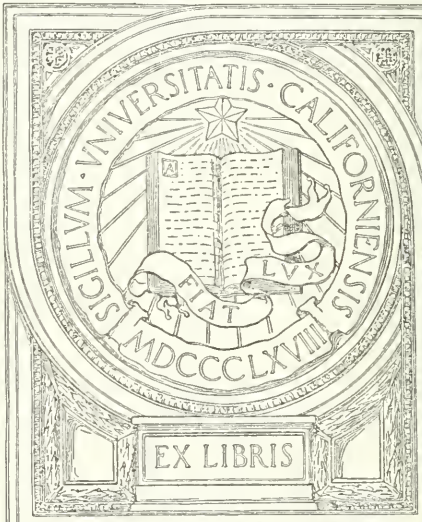

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MUSIC

AND THE

FINE ARTS

A Psychology of Aesthetic

BY

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MUSIC AND THE FINE ARTS.

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Music and the Fine Arts.

INTRODUCTION.—PART I.

The Unit of Music.

Can we bring to light the original constructive principle of the total edifice of Music? We seek first of all to grasp and unfold the primal germ out of which it grows from its earliest bud to its latest flowering. And as Music is the most psychologic of all the Fine Arts—stands nearest to the Psyche and responds most readily and intimately to the process of the same—we may well deem that a preliminary study of its ultimate nature will be the best preparation for a fundamental survey of all Art, especially from the psychical point of view. We shall see later

that in the final ordering of this subject Music is the third and highest of the Fine Arts proper (Sense-Arts); but we shall start with it now, for in this case, as in many others, the end is the explication of the beginning, and the best commentary.

On the threshhold of our present subject the question may be asked: What is the genetic unit of Music? We seek first of all to find and to formulate the embryonic germ out of which the entire musical organization unfolds; to use a biological comparison, we would fain reach down to the cell, the original basic unit of which the total body of Music is constituted. To be sure, Music is not a stationary thing which we can examine with the microscope; its essence is movement, it is a process incessantly going on; when the motion stops, the Music stops; it has to be active, yea self-active in an external way, and hence it is the most adequate outer artistic manifestation of our mind's self-activity and of that of the universe too.

Now the peculiarly striking as well as significant fact about Music is the recurrence of sound always and everywhere taking place in it, through sweeps large and little. Music is a series of tone-cycles embracing the whole as well as the smallest unit of its composition. Indeed it would not be truly

artistic, nor attune the human soul to a concordance with itself, unless it had in its least part the tonal process of the whole, we may say of the All.

Accordingly the genetic unit of Music is the recurrence of sound which is ever going forth out of itself and ever coming to itself again. This is what elevates sound, which is of itself partial and broken, into its musical entirety; sound made whole becomes the tone which is the ultimate harmonic constituent of the total structure of Music—the beautiful well-shaped block of marble of which the vast cathedral is to be built. The musical tone, therefore, has in it, as its essential characteristic, this cycle of sound ever self-separating and self-returning in an outer process for the sense of hearing, which is to carry it within.

But to what inner sanctuary does the ear carry this cycled tone-world, and for what purpose? Soul, Self, Ego, it is variously called, which also has its process (named in this book the Psychosis) corresponding with the tonal process of Music. Here we have the two sides which are to come together and produce the one concord, the physical and the psychical; these form the happy pair which give up their twofoldness, unite and kiss and marry in the rapture of Music. Here we

may see the musical purpose of the rounds of tone: they stimulate the soul to symmetrical rounds of its own which it feels as its very self in activity. Such is the correspondence between the outer tone-cycle and the inner soul-cycle; they agree, and so Music is often said to be agreeable—to whom or to what? To the Ego which is roused thereby to its own elemental process (or Psychosis) in response. We may conceive it as stirred by Music to be itself, to be its own primal process or self-activity, yea in a degree its own self-creation. Such is the first musical pleasure, the earliest thrill of inner psychic harmony responding to the outer rounded pulsation of the tone-world.

The soul is an instrument which is played upon by the cycles of Music; truly it is the instrument upon which all musical instruments have to play at last, stimulating it to its elemental activity which may be called pure feeling or even emotion. But we should add here that this soul is not simply the passive recipient of musical tones from the outside; it is that universal instrument which goes back to all special instruments and constructs them for its purpose, which purpose is essentially that their notes not merely move forth but also come back, and thus are made musical. Indeed it is just at this point

that Music begins to be a matter of Art, and not simply a thing of Nature. Art turns the sound into a cycle, and thus attunes the same to itself, to its own process, which makes it a musical tone capable of intimate fusion and concordance with the inner Psyche.

In some such way we seek to grasp the genetic unit of Music as the tone, self-separating yet self-returning; vibrating outwardly by Nature toward the infinite, yet brought back to its starting-point usually (but not always) by Art. Such is the primal sensation of Music: the soul hears the fleeting sound restored to itself out of its flight from itself, a kind of outer self-restoration after a tonal self-alienation. This process it hears not once but many times, wrought over into all sorts of sequences, forms, and musical iridescences. But this outer diversity of tones has at bottom the one unitary principle, the tonal cycle, which stirs the Psyche to its own similar unitary process (the Psychosis).

Here we may add a word about this Psychosis for the deeper student. In its simplicity it is the primal act of human consciousness, the original making of selfhood, which has to be ever repeated. Music stimulates to a new creation the primordial self, which is perpetually renewed and re-created in the conscious act. That is, Music reaches

back and starts afresh the first origination of the Ego in man, which act gives to him creative pleasure—the fundamental pleasure of Music, as this makes the Ego feel its own rise into being through its self-generative act. So Music as its ultimate fact stimulates the first creative process of mind, renewing its very birth into consciousness. Such is the simplest stage of the purely psychical act; hence we say that Music in its primordial round stirs the elemental Psychosis, or process of the Self, starting the same to its earliest re-creation. And this psychical process we are to observe running through and holding together all Art.

But we must come back to consider the unit of Music, self-separating and self-returning, out of which is to be erected the musical temple, not rounded out once for all, but ever rounding itself out in the movement of sounds.

I.

The Sound-Whorl.

Our pressing need now is a word to designate, distinctively and strikingly if possible, the conception arrived at: namely that of the unit of Music. This all-pervasive element of tonal harmony must somehow be

caught on the wing and held in a characteristic vocable, so that it (the said unit) may be recognized in the multitudinous metamorphoses of the sound-world. That is, the physical unit of Music must be grasped and named.

Accordingly, before proceeding further, we wish to find a musical term or category which will always recall this genetic unit of Music, which is its elemental ultimate, and which is organized into its thousandfold forms. We might call such a unit the musical cell, by an analogy taken from biological science. Every living organism, plant and animal, is made up of cells, which, starting from their simple unity, are organized into all the diversity of life-forms, vegetal and animal, before us. The cell is, therefore proclaimed the final constitutive unit of total living existence, with the unique power of association into every vital shape. So we might have a cellular science of Music, deeply significant of the Time's spirit, reflecting the scientific movement of the age, which is in hot pursuit of the cell through all creation. Still we would fain leave to Biology its distinctive terms, and find for Music its own nomenclature. It is well to keep distinct the special speech of different spheres, even if universal science must have its uni-

versal categories which correlate and order all knowledge. Besides we shall later have to consider the living cell itself in relation to Music.

Now this ultimate unit of Music has movement, being in Time; its essence is the process sensibly going on; to call it a cell hints rather of moveless Space (even if a cell has life), not of ever-moving Time, which is its primal element. So this unitary sweep of musical sound, ceaselessly going forth and coming back, vibrating around itself in the least throb as well as in the largest forms of Music, in the simplest note as well as in the extended symphony, will receive its own designation in the present treatise by giving specially to it the name of *the Whorl.* Accordingly the foregoing ultimate genetic unit of Music is in general the sound-whorl, since the content of its movement is sound, continuously separating from itself and returning to itself.

The word *whorl,* which is derived from *whirl* and ought to preserve its meaning of rounded movement, has been employed in botany and elsewhere to represent a more or less fixed rotundity of shape, not moving or vibrating. But in the present exposition the concept of motion ever cycling in concentric waves of sound cannot be left out, being

the fundamental, yea creative fact of Music as a physical phenomenon.

As already indicated, this movement of musical sound, self-separating yet also self-returning, shows its correspondence with the Soul, or Ego, which has the same process as psychical, and which is stirred to its primordial activity of selfhood by the simple tonal round. That is, the sound-whorl wakens the soul-whorl and starts it to making the same movement which is primordially its own, given originally by the All-Self. Here takes place the elemental harmony or agreement between the outer and inner worlds, which is the grand musical act at its highest consequence, the emotional reconciliation of man and the universe. Music is indeed primarily religious, mediating the human with the divine Self through some form of this sound-whorl, whose essential character is concordant and mediatorial. Still it must be granted that Music can have and has often had its negative, discordant phase, falling into the fiercest contradiction with itself, leaving the soul in strife without the final reconciliation. At certain periods musical Art seems to take delight in its own self-undoing. Even thus, however, it may well be deemed an expression of the spirit of the time. Music has its stages of revolution,

dissolution, anarchy; it defies tradition, breaks down its own law as established, and violently strikes its head against its own limits. Some such strain is running through the music of the present epoch (1912), though perhaps not yet dominant. Rag-time is a protest against the transmitted measure, and Debussy, the French composer of *Pelleas and Melisande,* claims to be assailing the key-note, or the basic tone upon which the musical structure has hitherto been reared. And Richard Strauss seems to have his delight in the anarchy of musical form just through his marvelous harmonies. Still the sound-whorl as the unitary principle of Music will doubtless remain through all these tempestuous tossings, as it rests upon the bed-rock of Nature itself. Vibration with its movement back and forth is primarily such a whorl, which can both be seen and heard when the stretched string is struck. Suggestive is the fact that so many physical whorls are found in the ear externally and internally, as if it would preserve the peculiarity of the sound-world, and perchance emphasize it on the way to its psychical destination. Nor without a hint of the same fact is the tendency to whorls in the forms of the instruments of the orchestra, especially of the horns, whose function is to put such stress

upon the sound-whorls. Then look at the dance with its many whorls of the single body, as well as the combination into the dancing figures, in response to the whorls of the music, which gives the start to all this multiplicity of motions—music itself being constituted of a vast diversity of whorls, whereof we shall next speak.

II.

Music the Many-Whorled.

If we listen to a single instrument, a violin or piano, we notice how its tones and tunes roll up and down and around high and low within a given range in a kind of linked line of cyclical sounds. But if we listen to many instruments playing in the orchestra we observe a far greater complexity but the same ultimate phenomena; surging lines and masses of sound-whorls varying in color, pitch, and strength, cross one another, separate and unite in manifold diversity; the whole seems at first an angry maelstrom of confused sounds, but it is finally found to be well-ordered, moving according to law, and reducible ultimately to a unit of composition, the sound-whorl as it has been designated.

We shall try to bring before the reader's

mind the prevalence of this sound-whorl in every stage and sort of music from the simplest to the most complex. It has to touch the psychic whorl at every point, and set the same to throbbing responsively, whereby arises the exquisite sensation of agreement or harmony between the outer and inner, which is the primal act of Music, the many-whorled.

(1) Look at the leader of the humble singing-class or of the great orchestra beating time with his hand or his baton. Whatever be the kind of tempo, 2-4, 3-4, 4-4, that hand sweeps down, and perchance around, till it comes back again to the starting-point. Here we behold in an outer dramatic presentation the inner character of Music, to which the singers, the instruments, and also the audience are to adjust themselves. We observe that the visible movement of the conductor, to which the audible movement corresponds through and through, is a going forth and a returning, it may be through several intermediate stages. But the round has to be made before another begins, which repeats essentially the same cyclical movement. The latter thus becomes the fundamental type, the seen model of the heard Art; the visible key-note, we may call this, struck before or with the audible key-note,

and prefiguring its whorl. Sight gives the image which is more immediate and remembrable than the impress of Hearing, since sound has not strict outline, but keeps dissolving in its own waves. The time-beat is, accordingly, a typical action even when thumped by the foot of the rural fiddler of a country dance. It causes us to see and to keep in view the whorl which, embodied in sound, winds and coils serpentine everywhere through the musical composition.

(2) Next we are to note specially that the foregoing movement is also in Time; the Space-whorl, which may be compared to the making of geometric figures, is followed by the Time-whorl which marks off a limited round from unlimited succession. Thus Time is measured, being turned back into itself by measurement, and its succession becomes a succession of measures, or of Time-whorls. And we shall find that this succession of measures in Music has the tendency, after a greater or lesser sweep, to come back to itself at the start. But now we are to see that Time, the pure succession of points or moments, is made the elemental bearer of a cycle of sound in the single measure of a strain. Underlying the sound-whorl, and bearing it around is the Time-whorl which as simply conceived is the pure unfilled self-returning movement of music.

It may be here added that Space and Time are the earliest, most hoary and most chaotic of the forms of Nature (See Cosmos and Diacosmos, pp. 50, 59, etc.). Man has in various ways to order the Time-chaos, with its all-swallowing succession (old Kronos of the Greek myth); thus he does specially by forms of the pendulum which is also this round of going forth and coming back. The most direct way of measuring the pure Time-whorl is by the tick of the clock or watch; the musician employs the metronome for the same purpose. Now sound is thrown into this elemental Time-whorl which gives its basic motion in Music. So the tempo is the primordial ordering principle of the sound-world, making it musical and bringing into existence the sound-whorl.

Thus every piece of music is a portion of Time ordered, a fragment of pure succession made to turn back upon itself and round itself out, even if the links of the temporal chain continue. In Music, accordingly, we begin to listen to cosmos rising out of chaos; each measure, even each note, is a little bit cut from blank void Time, which is thus sphered and is made to intone its act of sphering; this is the original music of the spheres, not playing far off yonder amid the stars, but in every musical measure on

our little earth-ball. From this point of view the soul too must be sphered, must be set to moving in its psychic rounds to which Music stimulates it by this spherical movement, stirring the potential and as yet chaotic Self to its primal activity. Hence it comes that Music has always been deemed a means of education, especially for infancy. But as the grown man also never fails to have within himself an unordered, unevolved portion of his ancestral heritage, he can well appeal to Music to help him sphere his inner transmitted chaos. For Music, being itself properly wordless, appeals to the unspoken and for the time unspeakable part of man's nature, to the deep far-down unconscious fountains of his being, which have otherwise no utterance, no outlet, but which are throbbed by Music into their first psychic whorl (or Psychosis). Thus the sound-whorl starts into activity the elemental soul-whorl, through which the man begins to feel the unworded content of his unconscious inner world. And the Music of the Spheres is really his own, is the musical Sphere, the periodic Time-whorl of a note, a measure, a strain laden with self-returning sounds and stimulating the orderless Ego to periodize itself into the psychic ordering principle, the Psychosis.

(3) If we take the sound-whorl in its elemental form, the note produced by striking the stretched string, we can see the oscillations from side to side, and hear them also, as they sweep forward and back again, forming successive cycles of sound, in which these oscillations "return to the same condition after equal intervals of time" (Helmholtz). The great physicist has here stated the fact of the vibration of a single note self-separating and self-returning in a series of repetitions, which he calls periods. Now this periodic movement is what makes a sound musical; we have to hear the whole round of it, if we wish to get a musical sensation, or feel the Psyche stirred to its fundamental process. On the other hand, mere noise is non-periodic, it has no return, no cycle, or a broken disjointed one, which jars upon the nerves we say, stimulating a clashing disordered outer Psychosis. Naturally the question rises whence comes this order of the Psyche which mere noise assails, but which the measured sound-whorl excites agreeably, or agrees with sympathetically? Doubtless the source of the individual Self (the All-Self) has just this psychical order, and so may be intimated or brought down to man in the far-reaching tones of the musical genius.

The physicist calls these vibrations of noise irregular (unregelmässig), while those of a musical sound are regular (Helmholtz, *Tonempfindungen*, p. 15). That is surely the case, and this regularity is what stimulates the Ego to a happy response, both having at the bottom the one *regula* (rule). But what is this? and whence? The physicist does not feel himself obliged to answer such questions; that is the sphere of the psychologist. But it is just this psychical element which elevates Music into a Fine Art. Truly there must be an original elemental order in the Ego for it to feel this outer order of the sound-whorl and take up the same as its own intimate counterpart.

The oscillations of the single note are, therefore, a series of these sound-whorls in their simplest recurrences, through which we see the one genetic tone reproducing itself in many successive repetitions in time, till they drop out of the range of the ear. Actively creative of itself we must conceive the musical tone, that it be truly itself, for it is a process recurrent on the air, in its way a generative process, which is manifested in the repeated self-creation of its own oscillations. So we behold another illustration of the genetic unit or reproductive cell of Music.

(4) But now we have to consider the fact

that this single note divides itself within itself indefinitely, yet reunites with these divisions getting smaller and smaller. This is the phenomenon known as harmonics or overtones. The single note which we hear is by no means simple, but compound, consisting of a series of tones derived from itself, yet combining with itself; for instance low C will throw off its octave C, and then its second octave C with the intervening G or fifth, and then re-unite with the same. And so the process of overtones (not to be fully described here) continues. At present the object is to observe that the single note plucked from a stretched string or blown from a flute is not merely compound (as the books usually say) but is continually decompounding itself and then recompounding what it has decompounded. That is, it must be grasped as a perpetual process of dividing itself from itself and taking this divided part back into itself. Now these ejected tones of the fundamental note (harmonics) have been specially named by Helmholtz as harmonic upper partial tones, or simply the upper partials of the fundamental. In such nomenclature is suggested their origin as well as their re-combination; but we wish here to emphasize that this is a process ever going on; the note is always self-separating

yet always self-returning within itself; it is incessantly making a series of rounds in its own self-activity, when once started, for it has to have in some way the outer stimulation.

In this fact we penetrate to the essential nature of the sound-whorl: it makes itself many sound-whorls and then remakes the many to one. And this is done with an infinite diversity of composition, decomposition, and re-composition, giving the vast variety of the qualities of tone in instruments (timbres) and suggesting the diatonic scale, and harmony, and even melody.

In the previous section we observed the one note sending oscillation after oscillation upon the air, reproducing itself externally in repetitions. But now we find this one note internally reproducing itself in successive acts of self-division yet always re-joining with itself its own ejects to form new kinds of tones. Or the fundamental sound-whorl keeps separating from itself other sound-whorls which have their own independent individuality, yet re-combining with the original sound-whorl. Here also we observe the primal association of tones even in the one note; this is not a simple homogeneous sound, but a complex society of sounds within itself. Thus the unit of music has been an-

alyzed like the unit of Life, the cell, and found to have its own complex process.

Again we reach out for the source of this separation and return which we find to be the inner determining principle in all these forms of the sound-whorl. This movement is that of the Ego itself, with which it becomes harmonious through their common process. But especially we are reminded of the psychic act when we observe the fundamental tone making itself into object or a series of objects, and then restoring such object to union with itself. Thus the musical note by itself reveals a kind of outer self-consciousness, which indeed runs through total Nature as a part or stage of the All-Self. Sound as natural or objective shows the traces of its origin, which must be ultimately psychical, in the processes which we have been witnessing.

(5) Such is the individual sound-whorl taken by itself. But next we come to the case of several of these individual sound-whorls following one another in succession. Here also we observe that if this succession is to be musical and is to form a melody, again the sound-whorl appears in various ways. We have already noticed the measure with its time-cycle recurrent; but after two or four of these measures usually there

is a return to the beginning of the first phrase which is repeated with some changes in the second phrase. Thus what is commonly known as the strain of a melody, is a sound-whorl composed of eight measures, in which the movement is first a going forth and a development, when there takes place a return and repetition which rounds out the strain. Moreover the strain as a whole then goes back to the beginning and repeats itself. Generally the entire musical composition which is composed of a number of strains or periods is built in the same way. The somewhat vague notion of rhythm in music or its right swing depends on the recurrence of sound-whorls. What is known as musical form deals with these sound-whorls also, in the least and in the largest.

Accordingly it may be affirmed that the sound-whorl is the genetic unit of Music, the fundamental principle which weaves creatively through the whole fabric of it, from the individual tone to the vast association of tones in a symphony. The foregoing instances are perhaps sufficient to illustrate the point, but many others will occur in a full consideration of Music. The single note, as we have seen, manifests the sound-whorl both externally (in oscillations) and internally (in overtones); so does the measure,

the phrase, the strain, the whole work. Quantitatively we feel the separation and return in crescendo and diminuendo. Also there are the swift and slow time-whorls of sound with corresponding stimulation of the Ego. Qualitatively there are the timbre-whorls of sound, in great variety of color (*Tonfarbe* in German). Even chords are sound-whorls of the fundamental note in the overtones, emphasized by a stroke, as may be tested on the piano or violin. Many-whorled Music is perhaps the characteristic epithet of this art.

It should be repeated that this sound-whorl, ever varying yet ever unifying, moves concurrently with the form of the Ego, showing the process thereof. So the sound-whorl passing through the ear (one might call it too the ear-whorl or series of whorls) stimulates the dormant or elemental Ego to its primal self-activity, verily the first source of musical pleasure. Or the external sound-psychosis enters and stirs to like movement the internal soul-psychosis, so that both unite in one process, which is indeed the basic harmony, and the fulfilment of all Music.

The musical genius takes these sound-whorls and builds them into his musical structure. We may conceive them as the brick or the hewn stones which he erects into a new style of palace; they are the material

out of which he creates his artistic work. And this is likewise a sound-whorl all-inclusive, for the whole has essentially the same process as its constituent part or parts.

In this connection we may refer to a very fruitful thought of Spinoza which declares that the unifying principle must be found equally in the part and in the whole (aeque in parte ac in toto). More fully stated, the process of the totality is manifested in each of its particulars. Applying this principle to Music, we are to see that the universal musical process is reflected in each of its constituents. The minutest element of Music reveals the same movement as the largest total of it. Thus the sound-whorl as the unitary constituent is potentially a small sonata or symphony, implicit indeed, yet suggestive of the whole, yea pushing for the latter in musical evolution. In like manner every cell is prophetic of the entire organism and is marching toward that fulfilment of itself. Even scientists tell us that each particle of dust pre-supposes the universe.

Indeed one may think in abstract terms, if such are liked, that Music plays the grand harmony between the universal and the particular, and makes us feel it through varied syntheses of sound-whorls, each of which is the least unit of the largest composition.

"The part of a whole must have the process of that whole in order to be a part of it" are the words of an abstruse philosophic apothegm, which can be set to a very simple tune swaying our emotion if not our intellect. Indeed the humblest piece of Music is made up of many sound-whorls ordered into a single completed sound-whorl, whose function may be regarded as the attunement of man and world, between whose jar lie the chief discords of existence.

(6) The sound-whorl in its widest musical purport may be found in the great compositions of the Masters. Schumann has interrelated the separate movements of his D minor symphony by repeating his first thematic material; we hear him returning to his *Allegro* in his *Finale,* and thus making his whole work a great symphonic sound-whorl. Liszt calls up strongly the same suggestion by his piano concerto in E flat, with its four distinct movements; these, however, are all interlinked by the opening phrase which the orchestra loudly intones, and which it repeats in the closing strain. This is called by some writers the cyclical method of composition, and has been traced in the works of many great musicians (notably in Beethoven's C minor symphony). Thus the largest instrumental works show the recurrence of

and the return to the basic unit not merely in their details but in their total sweep.

In such fashion we seek to grasp the ultimate unit of Music, the sound-whorl, and to mark its capacity for stirring to activity the corresponding ultimate unit of the Soul, the Psychosis, whereby comes that agreement which makes the musical tone agreeable, pleasurable, and often something much more. But that is the start, the elemental concordance as it were, of all Music, which by multiform combinations of these sound-whorls becomes in the orchestra a wondrously interwoven garment of many-colored ever-shifting tones reflecting the world as well as man. So we may conceive Music distinctively as the many-whorled, with all its diversified play of qualities and degrees.

Abundant illlustrations of the foregoing characteristic the student will find in the works of the great composers. Wagner's "leading-motive" is a peculiar example of such musical recurrence for a unique psychical effect. Especially the whirl of the waltz has called forth many varieties of the sound-whorl in musical compositions. In this respect most naive and direct seem to us the waltzes of Von Weber, as the famous "Invitation," and the more simple "Last Waltz."

INTRODUCTION. PART II.

I.

The Biological Medium of Music.

In the preceding account we have placed the chief stress upon the sound-whorl without and the soul-whorl within, which are the two extremes of the primal musical process, the one being inorganic or external, the other psychic or internal. Now rises the fact that between these two extremes lies a mediating third element without which those fully separated and indeed opposite elements, the sound-whirl and the soul-whorl, could never be brought together and the musical intermarriage between Matter and Mind would be impossible, the aerial tone would never reach its spiritual counterpart and stir the same to a consonant activity. Such an intermediary is the organic, or the vital Body, in fine Life in its ultimate unit, known as the cell. This also will be found to have its process, which we may call, keeping up the analogy, the Life-whorl. It may be here added that the word *Life* has a great diversity of meaning and application; we intend to use it in its primary sense as

the vital process, or the realm of organic Life.

Thus we have the original triple chord of Music, that which creates the elemental process of this Art—sound-whorl (inorganic), life-whorl (organic), soul-whorl (psychic). So it comes that three great divisions or stages of the Universe—Matter, Life, and Consciousness or the Self—have to be invoked to produce a complete note of Music, with its cycle of three constituents, inorganic, organic, and psychic. The three whorls which make up every musical tone, are drawn from the process of the Universe which in its above-mentioned three stages may be conceived as one vast creative whorl, that of God Himself making the round of the All. And the human Self returns to inorganic matter and produces the particular musical tone in imitation of the creative Self in its universal process.

Let us repeat the foregoing thought in a somewhat different way. Hitherto we have taken into account specially the sound-whorl and the soul-whorl, and have noticed their agreement actively brought forth as the ultimate fact of Music. The tone stirs the elemental process of the Ego (the Psychosis). Next we are to notice that this sound-whorl belongs to the inorganic, non-vital domain of

Nature, while its stimulated counterpart is internal, psychical, is indeed man's very Self, his consciousness.

Now between these extremes, the sound-world and the soul-world, lies active the realm of Life, the organic domain of Nature, especially in the form of the living animal body. Hence the question comes up about the relation of Music to this intermediate sphere of Life, intermediate between the outer physical vibrations of the air and the inner psychical vibrations responsive to the former in Music. Well-known is the fact that the living frame of both lower animals and man is awakened to corresponding activity by musical tones. Thus the organic realm, that of Life, has its relation to Music. We may premise that there rises between the sound-whorl and the soul-whorl the life-whorl; or the tonal unit is now to be seen stimulating the vital unit, even in advance of the psychical unit. Hereafter this vital unit will be identified as the cell while the psychical unit has been already named the Psychosis.

Here the thought may be mentioned that Music in its way makes the transition from the Inorganic to the Organic, and from the Organic to the Psychic—a feat which science has not yet been able to perform. That is,

the scientist is still struggling to pass from the non-vital sphere to the vital, chiefly through some chemical manipulation, but he has never succeeded in producing directly Life from Unlife. In like manner the chasm between Life and Consciousness has never been bridged scientifically. So much the Science of today acknowledges. But Music passes with astonishing readiness these otherwise impassable limits; in fact, its very nature lies in conjoining, assimilating, and harmonizing such different, quite refractory realms. If our globe was once thrown off from the sun and gradually cooled down and evolved living things from its inorganic stage, we may feel in Music something of the same transition, a possible suggestion of world-creating, which some keen, bold spirits have imagined they could hear in the highest musical works. It was Nietzsche who asserted of them in one of his vast audacities that "the listener ought to feel an impression similar to that which he would feel as if present at the creation of the world by God." A little speck or note of such a creative act may be remotely traced in the inorganic sound-whorl stirring to activity the organic life-whorl or cell, which reaches out yet farther and starts the psychical round or soul-whorl. Thus Music is conceived in

a certain sense to beget Life, undoubtedly after this has already been begotten and needs a sort of renascence, which is brought about by the musical tone.

From these far outreaches we come back to our immediate task, which is to trace the intimate relation between Music and Life, between the tonal and the vital processes. Each has its own constitutive unit, out of which its whole fabric is built. Now when the unit of Music (the sound-whorl) strikes the unit of Life (the cell), there is not only a movement in response, but an agreeable movement; the two agree, co-operate, move in unison which is the fundamental concord. This is the primal pleasure of Music, the elemental activity of Life's unit, its fresh rise into being, its creative act, which is always pleasant. Thus the two ultimate units of Music and Life come together, are married and produce the primordial harmony. On this point some details may be given.

I. There has always been a good deal of discussion about the origin of our delight in Music. What produces it? What is its explanation? It has long been vaguely felt that Music somehow reaches down to the sources of Life and starts them to flowing afresh, often with increased energy. It seems to have the power of vitalizing anew

every living thing of sensation which may in any manner possess the sense of Hearing. Animals are certainly influenced by Music, some of them make it, as the song-birds and doubtless certain insects. How far down in the scale of animated Nature the musical response may extend, cannot of course be told. But it seems to have some intimate connection with animal life, a connection which goes back to the fountain-head thereof and to unite with the primal native act of living existence. It starts a peculiar response in the organism, stimulating it to thrill, to leap, to shout, especially to move in the dance. There would appear to be in it some elemental correspondence with the ultimate vital process not only in man but also in the lower orders of animals. Music seems to enter quite at the origin of sensation and to increase in power as creatures rise in the scale of being.

These considerations throw us back upon the unit of Life, pointing to that germinal dot in which vital action may be supposed to begin. Now Science has discovered and described the object of which we are in search. This is the unit of Life which biologists call the cell. All living organisms reach back to their final oneness in the cell. Here the question comes up: does Music in any way

tap this genetic source of all sense-life and perchance set the same to moving in concord with its own vibration, though at first very faintly? Does that peculiar elemental power of Music start in the first fountain of Life itself? Does the origin of musical pleasure (and the pain too) reach down to the very origin of our organism? Doubtless, even if such pleasure be microscopic.

Here we must spend a few words upon the nature and construction of the cell. Under the microscope we behold it continually dividing within itself, then each part re-uniting and forming new individuals. The cell is in a perpetual round of self-generation. The central body of it, called the nucleus, separates into its two halves (let us say), then each half unifies itself into a whole, which again separates and repeats the previous process. Such is the fundamental act of vital energy, cell is ever begetting cell through its own productive force, self-creative through its own inner separation and return. To be sure there are many other facts in connection with the cell; biology has written huge volumes about it and is still working at it in many experiments. But the essential point is what has been stated above: the cell has the power of self-division and of self-return in an increasing cycle of self-reproduction, ever

begetting its own individuals. Whence it derives that power of inner division and continuous individuation is a mighty problem which cannot be discussed here, as it belongs to Natural Science (we may be permitted to refer, for the elaboration of the cell together with an attempt to order it in the realm of Nature, to our *Biocosmos,* p. 96, 117, etc.). Still the suggestion may be given that this process of individuation is universal, being that of the Universe itself.

But the fact which is to be emphasized here is that this round of the cell is essentially one with the round of the musical tone. That is, the ultimate unit of Life in its innermost movement has the same process as the sound-whorl heretofore described. To be sure they are also different, an outer and an inner; still they are completely symmetrical and formed after one basic pattern, which must be at last psychical; we may note that each is a Psychosis, following in its own particular way the universal norm, that is, the norm of the All.

But at present we must come back to the sound-whorl which strikes upon the ear and stimulates the nerves to start afresh the vital process of everything which lives and has the sense of Hearing. Thus we may conceive the ultimate unit of Music blending with the

ultimate unit of Life, and stirring the latter to a higher self-activity, which is indeed a perpetual self-generation. Music at its best thrills the creative essence of the organism itself, and imparts to it the ecstacy of genesis. The sound-whorl impregnates the cell-whorl (so we may call it for analogy) and incites Life to the more intense reproduction of itself at its primal fountain-head which is the cell.

We have now brought together these ultimate units or processes to which we give names expressing their identity as well as their difference—sound-whorl, life-whorl, and soul-whorl, which are all united in Music, though in very diverse ways and degrees. It is well-known that Music stimulates the body of the savage more directly and more powerfully than that of the civilized man. Youth also is more readily stirred to bodily action by sound than the older person. We have to think that in the one case the life-cell, the corporeal unit, is swifter to take up and respond to the musical tone than in the other. The pleasure (or agreement) in such instance belongs more to mere life; the charm is largely, though not wholly, physical. There is no doubt, however, that the civilized man becomes less demonstrative physically to the

raptures of Music, and more receptive psychically. Indeed the appeal of Music itself in its development is directed less and less to the life-whorl, but turns all the more to the soul-whorl. Observe the audience at the orchestral concert; not only silent but also motionless as possible it sits even in response to a Strauss waltz, whose excellence lies in the fact that it has a psychical element unusual to its species. Still every quiet listener who enjoys the music has trained, consciously or unconsciously, his life-whorl to be the placid obedient medium which transmits the sound-whorl to the soul-whorl, not, however, without adding its own tinge of corporeal pleasure.

On the other hand we may observe the primitive effect of Music upon the primitive man who judges of the excellence of a tune by its ability to set his body to revolving in a dance or his heels to cracking on the floor. In his case the vital response or the cell-whorl far overshadows the psychical response or soul-whorl, though the latter assuredly is not absent. But this physical excitement simmers down with deeper culture. Indeed the complication of the sound-whorls in the development of Music becomes so manifold and intricate that the body cannot follow them with its movements, cumbrous and

external. There is required the elasticity and subtle flexibility of the soul-whorl to meet the ever-increasing variety and complexity of musical tones. Still we are not to forget that each of these sounds has to pass through the physical sense of Hearing, which must in some way possess an enormous diversity of cells to take up and transmit the corresponding diversity of sound-whorls heard in an orchestra for instance. But these small auditory cells of the cultivated ear no longer have the power of setting the whole organism in motion as they have more or less in the musically untrained man; culture seems to be able to connect them directly with the soul's process, or without much interference from the physical medium.

Thus the sound-world strikes (like an instrument of percussion) the life-world, built of cells, which in their turn stimulate the soul-world to its musical response.

There is another point which should not be neglected in the present connection. This life-cell which mediates Music with the Psyche (soul) has already in itself a psychical element, like all Life. The vital unit has a material and a psychical element interfused and mutually pervasive. How or when the original Psyche got into Matter and made it live cannot here be told because

it has never been found out, especially by Science. That our globe has passed in some way and at some time from Unlife to Life is a postulate of Science even if scientifically unproved. Still we may conceive the vast primordial protoplasmic mass transformed into living units through the creative soul of the All which imparts itself to each microscopic speck. This henceforth lives and is the vital cell, the first living individual of our earth, possibly of the whole physical universe. At any rate there is an inorganic as well as a psychic element in every living organism, and primarily in each of its constituent cells.

Now it is owing to this twofold nature of the cell that it can become the medium to transmit Music from the outer to the inner world. The vibrations of sound are at the start purely inorganic, but they set to vibrating in response the inorganic side of the cell which is bound up indissolubly with its psychical counterpart, and which makes the same thrill in answer to its echoes. These in turn stir the pure Psyche or Self to its own native activity (the Psychosis). Thus Music moves from Unlife (sound-whorl) through Life (cell-whorl) to Spirit (soul-whorl). It may be said, therefore, to re-enact the evolution of the world, as this sweeps from the

Inorganic through the Vital to the Psychical, in the course of millions of ages. Some such feeling or sense of intimacy with the creative source of the universe the great composers in their inspiration have uttered. Probably a meaning of this sort attaches to the words in one of Wagner's letters: what this power is he says he does not know; "all that I do know is that it acts from within to without and that through it I feel myself to be at the center of the world," when in the ecstacy of composition.

Music may thus be said to ensoul sound, and therein to represent the destiny of the entire inorganic domain of Nature. Music humanizes even noise, yea egoizes it through its tonal transfiguration. But the supreme fact of Music, according to its greatest seers and interpreters is that it not only can suggest but also reproduce the primordial process of individuation, the process of the All individuating itself into body, cell, and self —into Matter, Life, and Consciousness. To be sure not every listener can find this in a Beethoven symphony or in a Wagner opera. When the philosopher Schopenhauer says that the world "is but a realized Music" we have to grope in the dark to find some light in his meaning. Noise he would include in the universal Music—a conception which by

itself needs some illumination. From a different source we have been taught that all discord is harmony not well understood; or we may say that all noise has in it the aspiration to become tone—to return into itself and round itself out into the sound-whorl.

With this word our exposition has returned from a far-striving digression, germane to the theme, however, and has touched again the simple unit of Music as already unfolded. How this unit affects the unit of Life and then the unit of Soul has been sufficiently indicated for the present in the foregoing statements. Perhaps the chief surprise will be that the cell is assigned such an important place in accounting for the nature and influence of Music. But if the vital act in the cell can be roused by the musical tone, the latter must be looked upon from a new point of view, namely that determined by the latest biological science, which is essentially cellular.

We may add upon this subject the following reflections which have their bearing upon Music. Man begins by incorporating himself in a cell which is the starting-point of his long evolution, we might say of his creation. Moreover it is the cell which connects man (and all living existence) with

the past; he receives his inheritance of character and talent from his fathers through the cell; all the progress of the ages has to pass into and out of the cell; history itself cannot be excused from this cellular experience. It is, then, the point of transmission from parent to child in all Life and what Life carries —arts, sciences, institutions, civilizations. It bears in itself the stream of all genius, not only physical but moral and mental, and this stream is what Music at its best can start to flowing anew in a kind of renascence and recreation. (So we may understand certain oracular declarations about the transcendental character of Music by Wagner, Hauptmann, Schopenhauer, Lotze and others.) Likewise we must regard the cell as the connecting link between what has been and what is to be, the little genetic dot which is eternally propagating the past into the future. Very interesting becomes the unicellular Amoeba, simply dividing and reproducing another cell like itself, when we behold it in its farthest significance as the prototypal act of Life, even the human. Thus we may contemplate the cell as the first living individuation of the Universe, which, as already pointed out, Music must have suggested to Nietzsche, through feeling it "as if he were present at the creation of the world by God,"

and to Wagner who when composing seemed to feel himself to be "at the center of the world." To our mind the conception of the cell and its place in Life gleams an illumination upon these enigmatic utterances. (Further elucidations of the cell, especially in its psychical relations, can be found in the cited book, *Biocosmos,* p. 151, and generally in the entire section on Cytology.)

And now let the thought be re-affirmed: Music has also to pass through the cell, that wee unit of Life, though in its own peculiar way, along with the whole spiritual heritage of man of which it is at its best a sort of second creation. Thus Music may be said to play before our soul the soul's own origin, re-enacting in its pure movement of tones our psychical evolution, and therein making us re-enact, in feeling at least, our spirit's birth and development. If this be so, the supreme function of Music is to make us re-create ourselves, make us renew the soul at the original sources of its being, yea, even to re-create that source itself, verily the All.

But Music as a Fine Art possesses not merely the power of moving the individual as vital and as psychical; it has also a collective nature and function. That is, Music is associative, which trait is probably its

deepest worth, as well as that phase of it which is to be unfolded in the future.

Looking back once again, we may repeat that Music has the inner endowment of making the transition from Matter to Life, and from Life to Mind, which then rounds back to Matter—all of which transitions are impossible to Science. Such is indeed the primordial musical whorl, universal and creative, the whorl of all whorls, embracing and begetting them all. Every musical tone is a sound-whorl (vibration), is also a life-whorl (cell), and then is a soul-whorl (psychosis). Still further, these three constitute together a process, or the great whorl which springs from primal creation, "from the center of the world," from God creating the cosmical order. So we can say that every truly musical note is a *Theophany,* a manifestation of Deity in artistic form, very minute indeed, yet echoing in its wee round the creative process of the All.

But now the single sound-whorl of Music is to reveal its social character and to move forward into a society with its fellows. Associative it is inherently—which fact is next to be set forth in some detail.

II.

Music As Associative.

Having considered the sound-whorl as an individual object, we next pass to observe the same in its varied combinations or organized forms, that is in its association. A melody, for instance, is made up of a succession of sound-whorls arranged in a certain order. They are associated into what is popularly called the tune, being rounded out into greater or less completeness. In like manner a sonata is an association of those musical individuals which we call the sound-whorls, though it is far more complicated than the mere melody. And the symphony, the most diversified and complex of musical organisms, is ultimately brought back to the single sound-whorl, that indivisible unit of Music, having its analogy to the molecule or perchance atom of the natural body, or to the cell of the living body. The musical composition is composed of these composite units, and this is the best reason why it is called a composition (of course with numerous other things). Thus we behold the musical individual associated in many diverse ways.

I. In this connection we may first take a brief look at the fact that the cell, the primal

unit of Life, which the unit of Music (the sound-whorl) stimulates immediately, is also inherently associative. It lies in the character of the cell that it cannot remain merely a separate individual, or a knotted string of protozoa, in a kind of unsocial aloofness. On the contrary the cell has the bent to organize itself with its fellows into new societies or bodies; the many units of Life, isolated in their first creation, push of themselves toward associated unity which is their destiny, subordinating themselves in a new order, yet therein organizing and preserving themselves through their higher function. Thus the cell has a tendency to self-composition, composing itself into member, organ, and the whole living body. Cellular individuality, as we may call that primal fact by analogy, having first evolved from the protoplasmic life-mass, makes then a fresh and more significant evolution by passing from its purely individualistic condition to a newly organized associated Life, in which the cellular community becomes explicit and manifest. Still we should not forget that the cell in its living process (which has been set forth on a previous page) is already the implicit community and shows the same in the mutual co-operation of its living organs. Thus the cell is associative by its very constitution, derived primordially from the Creator.

Why is all this biology cited in a treatise on Music? Because the tonal unit stirs agreeably the vital unit (the cell) being in agreement with it—which fact is the basic one of Music, as already indicated in the previous section. Moreover the organism of sound-whorls (which is the musical composition) is directly correlated with the organism of cells or life-whorls (which is the human body). Thus our frame thrills with the sound of Music, responding to what is so intimately one with it. Not only is each sound-whorl like each life-whorl (or cell) in form and movement, but the total organism of sound-whorls (the piece of Music) resembles or agrees with the total organism of life-whorls (the living body). Both organisms, the musical and the vital, have their common principles in the association of their ultimate units of being. Sound-association and cell-association are thus correlative; we might call them lovers with a fore-ordained affinity and oneness which can only end in marriage, whose child is the concord of Music or its ecstacy. The association of sound-whorls stirs to fresh activity the association of life-whorls (cells) in the living body, even in that of the lower animal. And here we should note again that Music has the power of making the organism renew its life, which

fact is in a way a re-creation of itself, perchance a brief re-enactment of a long evolution from a uni-cellular animalcule to its present summit of association.

II. We are now ready to pass to the psychical part which has its correspondence in association, and which is stimulated in its turn by the associated life-cells of the total living body. For this responds as a whole to Music, not some member of it, unless the latter be stirred to manifest the entire organism in a particular motion, as often in gesture. That is, we observe here the movement from the Inorganic through the Organic to the Psychic—a movement already noticed in the previous section. But now the whorl of sound, of life, and of soul is not simply single but associated; the tonal, the vital, and the psychical units are conjoined into their own separate totalities, and the first stirs the second which reaches the third. Again we observe that the living frame, the Organic, is what mediates the outer and inner worlds, standing between and being made up of the Inorganic and Psychic in complete interpenetration. Or the associated sound-whorls (in a piece of Music) set in vibration the associated life-whorls (in the living body), which communicate them to the associated soul-whorls of which every human Ego is made up.

This last point may be expanded a little. Man's existence is composed of many rounds of experience which are associated in his consciousness under multitudinous forms. Memory is a vast storehouse of past states with their feelings. The mind is originally endowed with certain tendencies which may be cultivated or lie dormant for a long period till something brings them to the surface. In general, we may conceive the soul as an associated work of millions of Psychoses, large and little, each of which can be roused by the right stimulant. It is specially Music which has the power over this inner associated soul-world, and sets it to throbbing in manifold ways, stirring different activities in different persons according to their different experiences. Still there is the one common principle of Music: its ability to rouse responsively the associated Psyche. Thus we witness again Music as a kind of world artificer bridging a structure from external matter through double-natured Life to inner consciousness or spirit. The associated units of sound thrill the associated units of Life which in turn send kindred pulsations into the associated units or rounds of Soul. It may be added the Psyche is far more deeply and diversely associative of soul-whorls than the Body is of life-whorls or cells.

III. But here we approach the more important fact: this tonal association reaches not merely the one soul or the one man or the single person alone, but many individuals whom it associates in a new bond, in a common sympathy. This is not simply the inner association as subjective and individual, but association now rises to be objective and in a way universal. Many separated human souls it unites in a society of sound which represents all society. Music at its best plays association itself—truly the association of man in institutions. Music, therefore, not merely humanizes, but also socializes, yea institutionalizes. Its highest function is to prepare and to stimulate the more or less isolated individual to association with his fellows in the social order.

To be sure man has already formed this social and institutional world as the very condition of his existence. Through untold ages he has been evolving along with his personal inner subjective life his outer associated objective life in and with institutions. Now this long evolution exists in him, is in fact the inheritance of every human being. It is a large portion and we would say the best portion of his vast transmitted store of psychical wealth from his millions (it may be)

of ancestors. Man exists and progresses as institution-maker, he makes the world he lives in and keeps on re-making it, propelling it forward into new forms of association. His associated life he continues transforming into higher stages, to be the home as well as the citadel of his freedom toward whose complete realization he is moving.

Now it is this supreme association of man in and through institutions which Music in its supreme manifestation not only represents but rouses to activity. Noticeable is the fact that Music in its complexity keeps pace with the ever-increasing complexity of the institutional world. How complex has the Orchestra become in the last hundred years! How complex is the American State in its workings! And the socio-economic Institution has developed so many intricacies that they fill the age with their problems. Music responds and becomes the most intricate, subtle, comprehensive of the Fine Arts, the most plastic in its material which is sound, and accordingly capable of the deepest and finest organization. Here it becomes the most modern Art.

A step further we may push the thought. Man's body seems to have attained its organized shape, and to have become quite rigid to the transforming might of Nature. But

man's mind drives onward with its evolution in greater sweeps than ever; especially is this the case as regards its power of association, which thus has passed from its physical to its psychical era. Music would appear to be the adequate artistic expression of this epochal transition on account of its appeal and response to the psychical side of man, especially to the intricate association of the same as this shows itself in the world of institutions. When all men of the earth are associated institutionally in one great commonwealth, Music will doubtless evolve on its lines to the same end, and will be playing the echo thereof. Such an outlook we may glimpse of the future in its associative aspect. Music is already the universal speech of the society universal, even if it has its dialects.

IV. From this wide outreach of the psychical element in man, we come back to consider again the physical unit of his organism which we have seen to be the mediating principle of Music—the cell. Now this cell is the earliest living individual, and has already the strong bent to form societies with other cells. Every member of your body and your entire body as a unit are made up of a vast number of microscopic cells, each alive and active with its process as above set forth;

indeed some writers have ascribed to it already a consciousness. The single cell, having started, has reproduced itself in Nature with a vast multiplicity; there are unicellular animals (like the *Amœba*) and unicellular plants (like the *Bacterion*) with one supreme function, that of generating other individuals similar to themselves. But the fact upon which we are now to put our attention is that this unicellular independence rises into a multicellular interdependence. The individual cell (like the individual man) gives up its isolation and socializes itself through its own instinct which is primordially psychical from the first Creator. Thus the individual cell, the elemental unit of Life, becomes communal, we should quite say institutional; at least it reflects afar the institutional world toward which it is mounting in its evolution. Very significant is the fact that the cells of the human organism associate as the man himself associates with his fellow-man, realizing in his civil order what Nature has already carried out in his corporeal frame-work. Whence does Nature get it? That is indeed a searching question, hardly now to be answered; but we may throw out the suggestion that it must ultimately spring from the all-creative Universe which is psychical, and which implants this

process in Nature, its creature, from her primal individuation.

We are now ready for the thought that the unit of Music, the sound-whorl, also associates in multitudinous new forms and organisms of tones, like the unit of Life, the cell—we may call it anew the cell-whorl, to emphasize the similarity, since both have a common psychical movement as already indicated. Each measure, each tune, each sonata, symphony, opera, is a vast organization of sound-whorls, slow and quick, high and low, variously colored by all sorts of instruments as well as by the voice. But however diversified may be these musical forms, they are made up of that ultimate unit which is ever rounding itself in time. The first note of the overture as well as the total complicated opera of Wagner is a sound-whorl, and is composed of sound-whorls associated into a single great organism.

At this point we are again to note the correspondence between Life and Music in the matter of association, for the point should be emphasized often. The vital units associated in living organisms are immediately stimulated by musical units associated in tonal organisms—and stimulated to the feeling of association, even stirred to an institutional sense. A symphony of Beethoven is

a mighty organization of diversified sound-whorls, and its deepest artistic effect is social; it associates a multitude of souls (the audience) in the common emotion of association; it unifies through their joint unit a mass of humanity, as well as images to them their associated character. The musical ecstacy of the orchestra is no longer the simple sound-whorl tickling the simple cell-whorl to a new self-activity, that is to a fresh self-creation. The associative soul of man is made to thrill in one of its deepest and best instincts, that of association; the society of orchestral tones socializes the listener especially in the pristine basic part of him, his feeling. That we may well deem the ultimate harmony of Music: it plays association and attunes man to an institutional world which he is to love with his heart as well as to understand with his brain.

There is no doubt, however, that Music at certain times and in certain composers seems to get tired of its own harmony and to become negative to its transmitted law. It revolts against its primal spirit of association and turns dissociative, separative, revolutionary, quite anarchic. It no longer seeks to fuse the recalcitrant individual into its ordered sound-world, but breaks him up still more with protest, with discord, with tonal

damnation. We shall have to accept and to comprehend such a negative condition as a stage in the entire evolution of this Fine Art. Still at present we wish to grasp the positive soul of Music and to penetrate to its creative sources.

Here, then, we must repeat as our leading theorem that the ultimate unit of Music penetrates to the ultimate unit of Life, marries it in a kiss of rapture, fecundates it to a fresh act of self-creation, which gives the primordial genetic pleasure of the musical tone to the roused human sensation. The sound-whorl with its round titillates to a quiver of exaltation the vital cell-whorl which again shares in the psychical process. Even the total human organism at times drops instinctively into a rhythmic vibration (as we may note in children) which can find its primal impulse as well as its prototype in the movement of the cell. This is doubtless the seat of the first pleasure in Music, the stirring of the primal living act of the organism which lies in the cell, and which thereby passes to the blood, nerves, muscles, in fine to the whole body, all of which is cellular.

But it should not be omitted that this ultimate cell-unit, being organic, is combined with its psychical counterpart in an indis-

soluble union, making what we have above called the life-whorl, which mediates the soul-whorl and brings about a new pleasure, the psychical, the highest attainment of Music. Thus the musical tone reaches and starts a-going the primordial act of the mind, of human consciousness, and stimulates into fresh being the first Self, or the elemental Psychosis. Such activity is pleasurable, being free and unimpeded, and in its way creative, stirring the Ego to fresh self-creation.

V. Science in these days has much to say of the cell as the unit of Life, and is still investigating it with copious experimentation, thinking perchance to come upon the very act of the transition from dead matter into the living thing. But this musical function of the cell is something of a surprise. That this cell is the little workshop in which Life is first produced from Unlife has been known; but that it is the vehicle which transfers and even transmits inorganic sound from the outer to the inner world is a new employment of it. Music as external cannot reach to the inner Psyche except through the living Physis. How can the sound-whorl, which is outside of us and material, get inside of us and become one with the very movement of the Self? Only through

the cell, which also has its perennial process and may be designated as the cell-whorl, this being the immediate original union of Nature and Soul.

So the cell has become the primal musical medium, and is to be seen in a new relation besides its scientific. The purely external sound-whorl can touch it on its outer side, that of Nature, or even Matter. But this conjoins intimately with the Soul or Psyche; such conjunction takes place just in that living cell, and becomes the grand marriage of the inorganic universe with the organic. It is in every part of our bodies, microscopic and perhaps smaller.

Accordingly that wee cellular process—the cell-whorl—is the stream on which are borne the musical units—little individuals, yet with a great and complex organization—to the corresponding soul-whorls which they find in a similar organization, and stir to activity. For you as Ego are organized in a vast variety socially. You contain all institutions, the total social order. That is what the organization of sound-whorls rouses into feeling, into a state of emotional activity, yea into intelligence. Thus your subjective chaos gets ordered or feels a sense of order through music. The whole spiritual structure of your inner self with its associ-

ative character is made creative by the association of tones.

Music then touches the germinal point of the living universe, and makes it throb to an act of creation. As far as we know, Life belongs to our planet alone, and the original vital cell is the first burst from the Inorganic world to the Organic. To be sure we cannot tell what effect the musical sound-whorl may have upon this very elementary dot of first Life. But as our corporeal cell is directly derived from it, there must be some faint response at the earliest start. In this sense we have a commentary upon many a vague and obscure word of writers on Music, suggestive even if mystical, who declare it to reach back to the very fountains of being.

Music makes or can make its appeal directly to the Self without the image of any particular thing, wherein it differs from the other Fine Arts. It has been called "the impression of immediate certainty," as of "God Himself," an "intuition of the inmost and truest life," or better a communion with such life whereby man is in creative spontaneity even to recreate himself and the world. But chiefly as we look at it, Music is the cunning demiurge who can rouse and even reproduce associated man along the

whole line of his evolution. You may well be reminded once more of the basic thought that the inner structure of your soul-world is built by the institutional order around you, in which you participate. There this order lies more or less latent, somnolescent, till Music of the deep organic sort comes and stirs you to rebuild it within, and make it alive and present. For society has made you as Ego far more than you have made it; in you it sleeps by a long ancestral transmission till wakened and set to throbbing by Music, especially by the Orchestra, which has as its main object to socialize or rather to institutionalize your subjective chaotic recalcitrant world—emotion, passion, even sensation. Reflect again that it is the institution which associates men, unites them in a common bond so that this institution is in every Self belonging to the same. Music helps to keep such an institutional bond active and even creative. It may be added that the complexity of Music has a history running quite parallel to the complexity of society, which it is not only to picture, but to keep alive in the listeners who have all to live an associated life in institutions and help create the same.

What part, then, of the total science of Music best represents in tones or builds up

by a large and complex system of sound-whorls this institutional world of man? Doubtless the Orchestra. Our whole subjective Self, the huge vat of caprices and our feelings, is apt to bubble up without order or control, and hence needs to be socialized, being naturally insubordinate to reason with its law. Philosophy may train men, who have time and talent for it, to a rational subordination of their emotional nature, by a more or less violent repression. But Music does not crush, it rather affiliates with the emotions themselves, and caresses them into a social order and harmony of their own, associating them through themselves. Philosophy is hardly for the multitude, though Music is, even if with many gradations. The people are to be socialized in their turbulence of feeling, wherein lies the great field of the Orchestra which is in itself a small folk appealing to the great folk through their common, most intimate bond. The people stand close to Nature, and Music, as we have seen is Nature made psychical and thus kinned with the popular heart. We can feel Music as the love uniting Physis and Psyche in each living cell, where they meet, kiss, get married in a rapture of ecstacy.

The Orchestra, then, we may well study in its musical supremacy. It is itself an in-

stitution, we may call it the sentient institution which has the power of sensing the institutional world of man and of re-producing it for the sense of hearing, of re-building the social structure out of sound which thereby stimulates and renews human association.

INTRODUCTION. PART III.

The Orchestra.

We have observed the sound-whorl in all its simplicity; now we are to grasp it in all its complexity, which is found in the Orchestra. It is still one, yet made up of many; it still excites the soul-whorl, which has a corresponding multiplicity and power of association with its own.

The greatest fact in modern Music is the Orchestra. It is essentially one instrument composed of many instruments harmoniously fitted together to produce harmony. Many members forming one organism we may regard it, or many individuals forming one society or many tones constituting one music; thus the pervasive principle of the Orchestra emerges in its unity—an association or perchance a federation of the sound-whorl. This fact indicates the last and highest stage of musical development up to the present moment, and hence the most complex and difficult. Thereby the Orchestra becomes the summary and explanation of all the varied forms and phenomena of Music, revealing their ultimate purpose as well as interpreting their evolution from the start. This

thought we may well carry a step further. As Music is the highest of the Fine Arts, the third and last stage of them according to our view of their order, it should be looked at in advance to catch the scope and outcome of the entire artistic movement of man. And furthermore as the Orchestra is the culmination and climax of Music, we shall treat of it here in this Introduction, looking from it as from the height whence we can best behold what has been as well as what is to be, in the evolution of Art.

There is one other reflection in which I may indulge at this point. The Orchestra in America seems to be getting somewhat naturalized, but by no means yet nationalized. The love of it is increasing and also spreading; in the West even the lesser cities are trying to have an orchestral attachment to their communal body. Is it a passing fashion or a permanent longing for self-expression in a Fine Art—a momentary caprice or a genuine need of the soul which has arisen and which will surely deepen? We incline to the latter view, for the American spirit has shown itself supremely associative, manifesting a mightier power of social organization than has ever yet appeared in the World's History. Indeed the problem of the time is to curb and to subordinate to law

this new giant of energy let loose among us, especially in the economic field where it threatens to swallow up the State and all institutions together with many of us lesser individuals. Now this principle of association, long since known and at work from the human beginning, but breaking up into our country and age with a new volcanic outburst is what that collective musical instrument, the Orchestra, plays before us, and thus it makes us aware of ourselves, makes us deeply feel what we are about, with many a hint of our strength and of our limitation. To be sure this orchestral instrument is not ours, at least not yet; it is European, specially German in its music and in its performers, and to no small extent in its audience. Indeed the Anglo-Saxon, American or Englishman, is not creatively musical and never has been, in any high sense. Germany has developed the Orchestra as expressive of itself certainly, but more deeply expressive of another social and institutional world which is rising. And this is not the first example of an artistic principle which has been originated by one people, but developed and applied by a different people in a different part of the world. And many a literary masterpiece has had to wait for its constituency of true appreciators to be born out-

side the author's own nation. In Europe the Orchestra is still a somewhat select, aristocratic affair, but in America the best is to be democratized.

Still the associative impulse is not the deepest throb of the Orchestra, which reaches down and stirs the Self, the Ego underlying the social order and creative of it. All Music, as we have seen, with its basic sound-whorl stimulates and attunes the soul-whorl, and thus in its ultimate function is psychical. At this point Music, especially orchestral Music, attains its universal character, stirring to activity the deepest process of Man and the universe, of the individual Self and the All-Self. This point must not be left out in the complete view of our subject.

Accordingly we propose to seek to penetrate to the heart of the Orchestra by taking three main steps as it were from the outer to the inner.

First we shall look at the external phase of the Orchestra, as it appears before us in body, with its four outer divisions according to material and shape, with its separate instruments and their peculiar timbres. This method gives the usual way in which the Orchestra is taken up, discussed and explained—the Orchestra as it appears.

Second is the interpretation, which seizes upon the associative aspect of the Orchestra, as above intimated. To this phase in its details will be given a special section.

Third is the insight which beholds the Orchestra as psychical, and sets forth this point of view as the ultimate. In words somewhat technical doubtless, we call this final stage the orchestral Psychosis, revealing the soul-movement of the total organism of the Orchestra.

Such are our methods of approach to this subject. If the chief object of Art be to utter to us our social and intellectual spirit, and to envisage for us the supreme aspiration of the age, then the Orchestra is at present our highest artistic form. It tells us best what we are at our best, and lets us glimpse the depths of our consciousness more completely than any other Art. It is the most associative part of Music which is itself the most associative of the Fine Arts. But it reaches deeper than associated Man, since it touches the depths of psychical Man in his final process and spiritual form, from which society and all association primordially spring.

The Orchestra looked at and listened to for the first time seems a circled maelstrom of human beings, each of whom is producing a medley of sounds on his instrument, the

result being a confused tangle of tones whirling about in hundreds of eddies large and small with a sort of audible delirium. The discipline of the hearer is to find the order in this apparent disorder, to discover the law underneath these chaotic movements. Here is indeed a seething reservoir of sound-whorls bubbling, roaring, tumbling, through one another, all of which, however, both singly and together, have their soul-correspondances; they are an external likeness, are even the tonal counterpart of the active sub-conscious world lurking in every Ego, and composed of inherited and acquired tendencies. It is not too much to say that the Orchestra has an outer resemblance to this under-life of ours to which it directs its inner appeal, stirring it from dormancy to a self-renewal in activity. Thus the Orchestra makes us more deeply aware of ourselves, bringing up from our subliminal treasury feelings, memories, images, even thoughts which we did not know that we owned, and over which we otherwise had no control.

One of the first struggles of the student who is bent on the mastery of the Orchestra is to identify each musical instrument by its external shape and position, and then by its peculiar sound. The tone of the violin is generally familiar, and the note of the horn

is not hard to discriminate, though each of the horns has its own quality which must be discerned separately by the ear, as well as felt in relation to the entire orchestral body. This remark applies to the peculiar voice of every instrument: it has its own individual character, yet this character, however unique, is but one of a considerable society, which constitutes a single co-operant organism. The instruments known as wood-wind have each a strongly specialized tone, which cuts through the silken resonance of the strings with an easily discernible note. More difficult is it to catch the combined tints of these diverse instruments when playing together by twos, threes or more, and producing the mixed colors of the Orchestra, in which commingled shades of the tone-world each composer is seeking to evoke surprising novelties. To catch all this shifting play of tonal iridescence, and moreover to feel the adequate psychical response to it from the deeps within, is truly a new discipline for our undeveloped soul-life. In ourselves, in our own Psyche, we shall be astonished to find many unrecognized natives to whom the Orchestra gives us our first introduction.

If we take a good look from a distant gallery at the Orchestra playing, we shall observe that it has some resemblance to a liv-

ing animal squirming on the stage and working the parts of its body in a peculiar yet regular manner. Of course there is no change of place singly or as a whole; but the encircling border of the entire body seems in a common movement which frequently rises to violent agitation, while the center is relatively quiet, nearly motionless in appearance. The outer perturbed ring constitutes the greater part of the total organism, and is made up chiefly of the violin-players from bass to soprano, manipulating their instruments, who surround the whole orchestral body except at one or two places. On the other hand the enclosed calm portion of the animal (if we may be allowed to retain the image) is the place of the wind instruments, which are played by the breath driven through a pipe and fingered into the separates notes. The violinists keep up a kind of rhythmic dance together, possibly in concord with the nature of their instrument, around the centered part. Moreover the animal has its head, the conductor, turned not outward but toward its own body, and controlling the same by look and gesture. Has this outer shape and movement of the total body any suggestion of the inner character? In the human being both form and gesture are supposed to indicate somewhat of the spirit; in-

deed form and gesture are just what the Somatic Arts seize upon for expression. Still the external movements of the Orchestra are not the main externality of it, but the external sounds resulting from such movements.

I.

The Orchestra as it Appears.

As already intimated, we are in the beginning to look at the Orchestra as it appears on the outside, to see with the eye of the observer who is making his first studies. Most authorities on the subject will tell him to mark four orchestral divisions; such we may take to be the external appearance of what lies before him. But naturally we shall have to move from outer to inner, from what merely appears to what is essential. Reflection will soon show us that these four divisions do not spring from a common principle, that they are not correlative. So we shall have to change them, at least in one part; for right organization depends upon seizing the right ground of division of the theme.

The Orchestra we may primarily regard as an organism with its own peculiar life and spirit, this organism being the product of a long course of evolution. It is composed of many souls co-operant, but it has distinctive-

ly its own soul ultimately determining yet also determined by its organism. It is therefore, inherently psychical, and as Music is the most psychical of the Fine Arts, the Orchestra is the most psychical of the forms of Music.

As already said, the society of performers employ a society of musical instruments, and thus fulfil their distinctive orchestral function, for in other regards the playing individuals are not taken into account. Hence these musical instruments have to be organized, ordered, correlated first of all; they form of themselves a rounded whole, indeed a closed society into which it is not easy for an uninitiated instrument to enter, though sometimes it breaks across the charmed circle under the protection of some daring composer. Especially the percussion instruments form a kind of gate-way for entrance to the strongly intrenched fortress.

What, then, are the instruments which constitute the Orchestra in its present organization? They appear on the outside to form four separate groups:

1st. The violin family, in different sizes, from small to large, but quite alike in shape, and showing a close kinship throughout, the violin, the viola, the violincello and the bass-viol. This is often called the string quartet and is the bulk of the Orchestra.

2nd. The wood-wind instruments, made of wood mostly and played with breath—flute, clarinet, oboe and the English horn. Here we intend to make a distinction which we believe to be helpful in this classification: these wood-wind instruments form not a family in kinship (like the violins) but rather a tribe (so we may name it) in which each member has his own family. Thus there is a family of oboes to which the bassoon and contra-bassoon belong, and a family of clarinets of several sizes, including the bass-clarinet and basset-horn, and a family of flutes capped with the piccolo. But taken together they form the wood-wind tribe.

3rd. The brass-wind instruments, made of brass or other metal and played with the breath—tuba, trombone, French horn, trumpet and cornet. These are not similar in shape, excepting the last two, and do not form together a closely related family (like the violins), but rather a tribe (like the wood-wind instruments) in which each member is one of a family alike in shape and character. So we emphasize the two tribes, one of wood and one of brass.

4th. Percussion instruments, those which are struck a single blow, and hence sound one note with its resonance. They have no scale though some of them may be changed to a

higher or lower note, as the kettle drums. Here the number of instruments gets indefinite—cymbals, bass-drum, side-drum, triangle, gong, several kinds of bells, etc. It is at this point that the Orchestra taps the vast domain of unorganized sound which encompasses it on all sides, not eschewing mere noise like the report of cannon (which some of us may have heard in an orchestral piece).

It is well enough to reflect that the Orchestra which is a sphere of ordered sound, is overarched by an unbounded canopy of disordered sound, crude, violent, antagonistic which will swallow up the wee atom of terrestrial Music unless this be somewhat strictly protected. Hence it comes that the Orchestra plays not in the open air, whose noisy demons would tear it to pieces, but keeps in its roofed four-walls, veritably its fortified castle built specially for its home and adapted to its voice. Still further it guards jealously its almost closed circle of instruments which experience has selected and approved; only a small aperture for varying caprices of percussion seems to be left ajar. The question springs up whether this inner circle of instruments has not become too rigid and exclusive, and thus destructive of free development in the present domain of Art.

Revolution today is threatened against certain established boundaries of Music, especially as regards mode and tonality, and it is possible to think of some vast new reconstruction of the Orchestra which will outstrip the daring innovations of Wagner and Richard Straus, since these after all proceed on old lines. A new association of instruments, and perchance a new force working it —of such a change we can only yet dream.

But at present it is ours to enjoy and to grasp the Orchestra in its supreme work of playing a world of disorder transformed into one of order. Thus it represents and even pre-enacts in the sensitive soul the divinely creative fiat of the first Maker. We have at last to conceive the Orchestra as embosomed in a vast circumambient chaos of sound reaching out toward infinity, in which it can be but a small speck. But it is organizing what is disorganized, harmonizing what is inharmonious, socializing what is dissocial. Thus it helps tune the listener to his supreme call in life, and hints the supreme function of all Art.

What is the general principle interrelating these many instruments, or the act common to them as a whole? They smite the air and set it in vibration, each in its own way. The performer, accordingly, uses the music-

al instrument to start the given medium, the air, which surrounds him, into wave-like movements producing sound, each different instrument exciting different oscillations and hence causing different sounds. The kind of instrument, therefore, mediates the kind of sound; and a selection of these instrumental sounds is what has been organized into the Orchestra. In general it may be said that the principle of such selection has been to bring about the completeness of tonal association. The musical tones associated in the Orchestra must be those which most easily and adequately represent associated Man, or society in its full complexity and progress.

Glancing back at the four groups of instruments of the Orchestra we should observe that those known as the wood-wind and the brass-wind are joined in a common fundamental characteristic: both kinds are played by human breath driven through a tube which takes many different forms in the different instruments, and indeed in the same instrument. For instance if we follow the various tube-forms employed to produce a single note on the flute, we start with the tubed wind-pipe, pass to the tubed lips (embouchure), then to the tubed body of the whole instrument, finally to the tubed vents. Something similar may be observed of the

brass-wind set. Hence both these tribes (as we call them) of instruments are affiliated in a common essential character or mark of kinship, and they form in this regard a striking contrast to the percussion group on the one hand with its single outer stroke, and to the violins which employ the haired bow impinged upon strings as the sound-producing force. Consequently the wood-wind and the brass-wind instruments must be put together, if we wish to correlate rightly the instrumental groups of the Orchestra which are three, not four as most of the books say in giving the fundamental divisions of the orchestral instruments according to their superficial appearance. The foregoing trinal division goes back to their basic difference in originating their tones and in starting their primal vibrations through the air, wherewith we shall find connected their difference in psychical attributes.

Here we may emphasize a special point in our terminology of this subject. The preceding three groups we shall designate by separate names corresponding to their social character, since they constitute a society in themselves and musically mirror human society. The violins we shall call by the closest social tie among men, the domestic one, and name them the family—a title to which the

other groups cannot rightly lay claim. For the violins differ only in size, being simply larger and smaller, but having the same general shape, contour, and innate disposition. Still we must observe that the difference in size brings with it a difference in voice, in timbre, in position on the scale, since each member of the family occupies a different range of tones, lower and higher, and since it requires all four sizes to fill out the total scale of the Orchestra (over seven octaves). On the other extreme the general nature of the percussion instruments is to have no inner relationship in shape, size or tone (though the several kinds of drums are a limited exception) but to be grouped together by the fact of percussion, by the external blow given singly to the instrument for starting vibration. But the intermediate group of wind instruments are different in shape, size and tonal character, though they all are related in a common trait, that of employing the tubed breath of the player. So we may call their bond tribal rather than domestic, though each member of both tribes will also have his family connections, for instance the clarinet and also the trombone.

In this fashion we seek to apply a social nomenclature, that of family, tribe and class, to the supreme tonal society, such we have

already seen the Orchestra to be. We believe that a true manifestation of its essential nature is thus to separate itself into such divisions, counterparts of human society. For the Orchestra is in itself a social system, made to image man's social system, and not only that, but also to manifest the very process thereof in time, since Music also has the movement of time.

The instruments of the Orchestra form, therefore, a kind of social totality, with its various divisions and sub-divisions, which are pretty firmly fixed, though the number of individual members is somewhat fluctuating. Still even here we find an orchestral ideal of right instrumental balance which seems to prescribe that the violin family should have about two-thirds of the entire orchestral membership. That is, in a total of ninety instruments, there should be sixty violins, all sizes taken together, numerically twice as many as the other members combined. The grounds for this disproportion reach to the soul of the Orchestra and will be fully considered when we come to treat of its psychical process, which is the deepest fact of it.

The performer, accordingly, finds the Orchestra a transmitted society, to whose law he has to adjust himself. And the instrument which he plays has been handed down

to him in its present shape and character; he is not to change its timbre, rather is he to bring the same to perfection, and make it express what lies in itself and in him; finally he is to associate it with the rest of the Orchestra. This timbre is ultimately determined by the material, and voices the latter's individuality, since every piece of matter has its own response especially when assailed, and this response is already a kind of inanimate self-expression, which may hint, if carried back far enough, of the original individuation of Nature herself.

At present, however, we are to note that the musical instrument is a product of evolution and hence has a history, often a long one. Still further the association of musical instruments has evolved till it results in the modern Orchestra with its social order reenacting in its way man's ordered society, even in its structure. Now this association is something which we have already noticed in the unit of Music, namely the sound-whorl, which has a tendency to combine with itself in melody, harmony, overtones, and in long musical compositions. An instinct we might almost think it, which the sound-whorl shows in its unwillingness or perchance inability to stay alone by itself, so eager is it to unite with its fellows in some kind of society. This

fact has been already sufficiently set forth in a former section. But now we are to advance to the climax and fulfilment of musical association, as far as this has yet been evolved, namely in the Orchestra.

II.

The Orchestra as Associative.

Accordingly we are next to penetrate beneath the orchestral appearance and grasp its social character and function. Here we begin to glimpse the reason why it is the most modern of all the Fine Arts, with the strongest push for a great future development. The Orchestra in itself embodies the image of associated Man, whose function therein is to manifest his own deepest instinct in life, namely, association. The pure forms of the sound-whorl are co-ordinated into a society whose very object is to represent society in its many-colored evolution. Wild, dissocial noise is socialized by the orchestral society into harmonies which attune the soul, often otherwise discordant, to its social duty and heritage. Thus man is made to feel himself as institution-builder, wherein lies supremely his destiny.

Let us again take a glance at the Orchestra in its home. It appears a single organism

having its own life, its own movement, indeed a will of its own with some definite aim. In that body of performers lurks an orchestral soul which is to reveal itself in a unique voice quite different from ours, and yet uttering for us something which is ours and which we need to hear. A huge Titan or perchance monster you behold it spread out yonder on its platform with its peculiar speech of diversified tones now caressing, now raging, all of which are addressed to you for some end of your existence. A few obvious social facts may be set down about the Orchestra here at the start.

(1) It is a society of men, each in his place, active in the performance of his special function, making himself a member of the one organic Whole. A hundred people, more or less, drop into their seats and become a unit under the control of their head, the conductor, who directs this suddenly born organism. Yet each man is an independent self with his own inner world, his bent, his talent, his experience. Now, however, he associates and helps form not only a new body, but a new soul, we may say; his individuality he keeps but holds in abeyance to his associated purpose.

(2) It is a society of musical instruments, selected from a vast chaotic mass of such

sound-producers, improved and ordered into a system; hence associated also we think them, in all their diversity. What a variety of material, of shapes, of appliances! Yet we conceive them all fitted together finally into an ideal totality, into one complete instrument of which these separate instruments are parts or members, perchance its vents. Thus the Orchestra as one associated person plays upon one associated musical instrument to the soul, though to the eye each of them (instrument and person) is composed of many diverse members. Evidently the spirit ruling in both is association.

(3) The Orchestra is a society of sounds, yea of musical tones, which the two societies previously mentioned produce, and indeed exist for producing. Now each tone has its own movement and individuality, we have already distinguished it as the sound-whorl, sound with a self-returning process which makes it musical as contrasted with mere noise. Moreover these sound-whorls are of infinite variety in speed, in pitch, and in quality. Yet they are all associated in the musical composition, which thus in itself becomes a kind of community, a federation of sound, and echoes the human association of individuals.

(4) The Orchestra is a society of tonal

harmonies, of chords which are played in each stroke. The many performers and the many instruments give forth a note in common; the associated movements of the players produce an associated sound which is composed of many tones, high and low, of the scale. Thus the Orchestra weaves together lines of unisons into the fabric of its work, which still further becomes an association of chords, of harmonic progressions. The orchestral tone is a chorus of voices within itself, voices not merely of one kind but of many kinds or timbres. Every note struck is a society of diverse members, but socialized into harmony.

(5) The Orchestra is playing what is popularly called a piece of music, yet this is at its best not a piece or fragment of disjointed tones but an organism of chords roundiing themselves to a completed unity. The entire composition bears the impress of a society. From this point of view a symphony is an association of many harmonies which move in an order to the close.

The Orchestra has of course its audience made up of human individuals to whom it must in the last instance play its deepest self, its very essence, which is associative. The listening public posseses in the Orchestra the soul's most intimate education to harmony,

both personal and institutional. Thus Music becomes the greatest socializer of all the Fine Arts, stirring us to a re-creation of ourselves in the social order. The Orchestra is a world made audible; so we ask, what world? Evidently the world in which and through which we truly live together, that of institutions, which unifies and harmonizes our refractory individualities, often in spite of ourselves. The Orchestra plays associated Man listening to his own deepest instinct of association, which has made him create his institutions. The society of musical sounds so intricately organized in its thousandfold nuances, reflects and in its way re-enacts another society, that of man, which has also had its upheavals and varied experiences. Associated Man conceived as one we may deem the real Super-man in whom every individual participates, whom indeed he helps constitute, and for whom the Orchestra may be said to play.

All this doubtless seems transcendental enough; still we may wing the thought yet another flight upward. We can consider the cosmos a society, which is constituted of celestial bodies of many sorts, each with its own distinct individuality, yet all connected together under the law of their social system. The denizens of the interstellar spaces are

also associated, of course in their way; the physical universe may be taken as a social order, which the Orchestra reflects in its own personal organization as well as in that of its sounds. Thus it may be conceived to utter the supreme musical principle—cosmos rising out of chaos to a harmony and manifesting the universal order through the medium of concordant tones. God institutionalizes the All in accord with His own deepest nature, and the Orchestra may be felt in remote suggestion to attune its work after the divinely creative process. Many a mystical soul, very sensitive to Music in its farthest outreach, has given expression to its concordance with the supernal act of creation. We may not be able to affirm that God created the world to the sound of Music and bowled the earth, sun and stars out of his hand to a tune; still we may hear from afar the song of the cosmos realized in the best orchestral symphony. So Beethoven often conceived himself in his work. And Wagner writes in the same strain of a transcendent communion with the world-order. At any rate Music is primarily religious, and strives to reproduce in its movement the creative process of the divine Self as the fountain of universal harmony.

We come back to the fact that the orches-

tral society of sounds is employed to express human society, the institutional world, which in its sphere is a rise out of chaos to cosmos. Man is a social being, we often hear; he instinctively evolves a social order through his Will, which thereby becomes actual, an existent entity. The society of sounds, which is thrown into time and thus moves genetically, reproduces such an order in the musical Art. The Orchestra, we cannot repeat too often, plays associated Man unto himself as listener, and it can represent in its ever-varying multiplicity of tones the social soul within and the social organism without, as each unfolds in its genesis.

The audience which sits in quietude hearing the Orchestra, must also be spiritually alert, yea creative, if it is to pluck the highest fruit of Music. It must not sink into a merely passive state of receptive pleasure, indulging only in the sensuous titillation of sweet tones, but should be roused into participation with the great positive movement of man in his social development as well as into harmony with the creative soul of God. Thus the finite human Self is elevated in feeling and sometimes in vision to a communion with the universal Divine Self which is the genetic principle of the world's order. Music hence becomes a form of worship and

finds its place in the Church, the religious institution, while it also has its deep practical significance for the secular life of society on account of its all-pervading associative character. Of such Music the culmination is the Orchestra, itself an institution, we may repeat, whose object is to bring home to the listening human consciousness the institutional world, religious and secular.

In fact, we may behold a striking outer image of association in watching the hands of those fifty or sixty or more violinists in the Orchestra. How they all co-operate in a common movement of the bow, making one stroke with their multitudinous right-arms, as if they were swimming! Then on the other side with the left-hand what a varied and often rapid play of the fingers—several hundred of them careening and whirling and tossing wildly about, each digital set in a kind of tarantula dance on its own stretched strings! Yet they all are working together, co-operant to one end, producing an outer seen harmony of motions which corresponds with the inner harmony which reaches the soul through the ear. Call the huge organism by a fabled name, Briareus, the Hundred-handed, with all his tenacles swimming in his own sea of Music; thus we may mythologize the Orchestra for our fancy. But Briareus

the fiddler with his many arms draws only one bow, and with his several hundred leaping fingers plays only one tune, which is thus the product of his manifold associative power, whereof he may be taken as the living semblance.

So we seek to image to ourselves the great fact of the Orchestra as associative and its relation to associated Man, whose supreme artistic presentation it is up to date. But even association reposes upon a deeper thing than itself, verily the deepest of all things, the ultimate of Man and the Universe. Also to this ultimate in its own right the Orchestra makes its appeal, which of course must be the final one of all Music and of all Art. We have, therefore, to reach down at last to that which creates not only associated life with its institutions, but also creates the Orchestra itself to represent the same in the harmonious order of the tone-world. Thus we penetrate to the common creative principle which both makes man's social institutions and makes the institution to reflect them to man in Art, whereby he is brought to feel and even to know himself in his social order.

III.

The Psychical Process of the Orchestra.

The Orchestra, as we have seen, is social not only in its own particular structure, but also in its artistic purpose of showing forth associated Man; it is a special society whose function is to represent universal society, a single institution (so we may deem it) which has to portray in sound the movement of the universal institution or of the whole institutional world. But what is the source of this movement which lies underneath even human association and is its ultimate formative power? It can only be man's last essence, his very Self or Ego, which is his pure psychical process (the Psychosis), and which has built his social home wherein he dwells as a spiritual being. Moreover it is also this Self of his which has unfolded the Orchestra, yea into the Orchestra, for the latter must now be seen springing in its deepest origin from the ultimate form of man's soul, which is just the before-mentioned psychical process. So we are making the attempt to psychologize the Orchestra, which means that it is to be correlated with our profoundest selfhood, with the pure act of personality. In other phrase we are to find and set forth the orchestral Psychosis.

It has been already intimated that the organism of the Orchestra has in its way a soul with the voice thereof which speaks to the souls of the auditors. Not articulate speech is this but something deeper and more elemental, and which also underlies the spoken word. The one simple process of the soul it is which is common to all men and the universe too, and which Music utters more distinctly and unalloyedly than any other Art. In such an intimacy the word and even the image becomes an intrusion. The sound-form fuses with the soul-form, and stimulates the same to its own primal inner activity.

The present object, then, is to set forth and to illustrate that the total Orchestra is a psychical process—such being the creative essence of it. The orchestral organism with its array of instruments and their sounds, all of which have been designated in their external appearance, is now to be shown in its innermost movement, in its soul's own process, for it too has in its own right a soul. The three stages of the Orchestra as psychical will be specially unfolded.

I. *Percussion instruments.* The primal immediate, implicit, undeveloped stage of the orchestral Self (or Psychosis) is found in the significance of the percussion instru-

ments. The tuning-fork is properly a percussion instrument and can be taken as the first one, since out of its sound may be developed the entire science of Music (with its melody and harmony), and the whole Orchestra (with its manifold timbres). When it is struck we can hear and even see its oscillations to and fro, forming a succession of sound cycles ever repeating themselves till they become inaudible, in a continuous self-separation and self-return, which movement we have already named the sound-whorl, and observed its close relation with the soul-whorl (Psychosis). Still further, these vibrations of the tuning-fork keep rising in pitch, and form a long line of overtones or harmonics till they have produced the chords of the scale and finally its successive notes with their intervals. And yet further, the various combinations of these overtones produce the diverse timbres (clang-tints) of the Orchestra (Helmholtz's discovery).

Or we may take the single stretched string or monochord as the first percussion instrument, which when struck produces similar vibrations, though of a different quality of tone. Still there lurks within it implicitly the entire Orchestra. Later we shall see that the primal fact of the violin family is that of percussion, or rather of many percussions

brought about through the rosined bow, and fused together into one stroke with its corresponding sound for the ear. Thus the Orchestra retains the percussion instrument as a part or phase of its own inherent process, as the first potential stage of itself, in which all the other stages are present in germ. The stretched string, vibrating to the single blow given to it, may be deemed the genetic embryo which directly produces the whole violin family, the largest and most important division of the Orchestra.

Perhaps the most permanent group of percussion instruments belonging to the orchestral organism are the drums. That single, rather dull, but penetrating thud with its more or less regular recurrence or roll seems to well up from the deeps out of which the Orchestra has risen, and thus to be a reminder of its origin. There is something elemental, primordial, as yet formless in the sound of the drum, even when keyed to a sort of scale in the tympani. Moreover, the drum always brings to the surface Time, the primal substrate of Music, and enforces it in thunder-like tones through the wild and whirling Orchestra, which might otherwise forget its hoary presence. Old Time with his steadying beat seems incorporate in the drum, though he subtly interwinds in every

measure played by every instrument. Thus he is an implicit, yet fundamental factor everywhere. So we may conceive primeval Cronus in person to strike tempo on the drum, and thus to make himself a member of the Orchestra also. He represents the rude, elemental will-force of Nature in that stroke of his, which compels men to step to his beat; hence the drum is the lord of the military march.

The external world breaks into the Orchestra through the percussion instruments which suggest the collision between the two sides in various ways. The cymbals have the power of suggesting the inbursting crash upon an ordered world, especially when united with the furious storm-whistle of the piccolo. Gentle, on the other hand, and more insinuating are the tones of the bells, often charged with reminiscence, sad and glad, yet capable also of stern command. In the Orchestra the bells constitute a large and various family including curious devices of resonant metals, such as steel bars and the triangle.

We can hardly list the number and names of the percussion instruments, they seem continually coming and going, they form no closed circle like the other two groups of the Orchestra. Their nature is to be the in-

definite, the unformed, which enters from the outside and is wrought over into the orchestral form, this being otherwise somewhat exclusive. What a weirdly colored thread Saint Saens has woven through his *Danse Macabre* by means of a rather unusual percussion instrument, the xylophone! The staid Orchestra is brought to play its sweet measures for the rattling skeletons who are executing their dance of death in harmonies which thereby turn grisly and ghastly. It is an instance of how a single percussion instrument may not only color or rather discolor, but overwhelm the whole Orchestra.

Every piece of matter has its own individual sound when struck; it utters its cry of individuality, for it too, though a dull clod, has been individuated from the One-and-All. These separated, discordant cries of the finite world may yet be somehow organized to concord in the universal Orchestra, whereof we can catch a remote intimation in the percussion instruments. At this point also we may uplift our thought to the view that the Orchestra is the transformation of an orderless sound-world into a realm of order, the creation of a new cosmos out of chaos. Such a premonition it seems often to start far down in our emotional underself.

It is to be noted that percussion gives the primal stroke which sets to work every instrument of the Orchestra. It designates the impact upon some cohesive body which trembles and thereby causes the air to vibrate responsively, thus producing sound. So begins the oboe or violin as well as the drum. There falls the outer blow upon the material like the blow of fate, though it be but the breath upon the wood of the flute. In this sense percussion may be said to give the first beat (intimated possibly in the beat of the conductor) which starts every orchestral instrument. Again we observe that the percussion instrument is the primordial one, underlying all the rest, and suggesting their common percussive point of departure.

So much for the first stage of the psychical process of the Orchestra—the germinal, the implicit, the potential, the unorganized becoming organized.

II. *Wind instruments.* These comprise the so-called woods and brasses; why put them together against the ordinary usage? Still further, why place them second in the total order of the Orchestra? In our judgment the proper comprehension of these instruments both separately and in their totality is pivotal for grasping the orchestral character in its deepest process and meaning.

We are, accordingly, to take up and unfold the second stage of what we have called the orchestral Psychosis, the Orchestra's soul in its deepest movement corresponding with that of man. In some general terms we may designate this stage as separative, individualistic, self-assertive; from the highest point of view it correlates with the universe individuating itself into the separated and bounded forms of existence. Still it is a rounded, well-ordered society of instruments and their sounds, whose common tonal quality, however, springs from the psychical character of the present division.

As a whole the instrumental unity of this state or division is indicated by the fact that it is entirely composed of wind-instruments, which means they are played through the agency of human breath propelled from the lungs. The careful student will not fail to observe that this primal act has its meaning for the present stage. Every breath is already an individuation from the total mass of the surrounding atmosphere; we have to specialize the air and make it our own before we can use it even for our bodily need. Now that separated mouthful or lungful of air we employ for playing the so-called wind-instrument. Such is the pre-requisite; a specific bit of air cut off from the atmos-

pheric mass and thus put under human will to be propelled outward—all of which foreshows the significance of the present stage. Watch a horn-blower or a flute-player, how he catches breath—particularizes the universal medium—and shoots it like a ball into his instrument! That may well be taken as the typical act preluding this whole second part of our subject.

The next salient fact which is common to all these instruments is that they are tubes. The already individualized breath of air has to be caged, confined, verily prisoned, to keep its own individuality from vanishing back again into its primal element, as is the case with our ordinary expiration. Thus this whole second stage of instrumentation is tubular in shape and character, and therein forms a striking contrast to the first and third stages (percussion and strings). It may be conceived as one vast ideal tube, of which each wind instrument is a specialized form taking its place in the social totality of this second stage. So we may say the musical tube as a whole has also to be individualized into various instruments, that each may produce its peculiar quality of tone and thus become a member of the orchestral society. And this is not the end of the process. Each of these entire instru-

mental tubes is still further specialized into its own system of lesser tubes, which takes the name of vents, valves, keys, and are inserted into its tubular body. Thus the clarinet tube is pierced with numerous holes along its side, open and keyed, and the huge brass tuba (the biggest tube of all) has its three valved pistons and sometimes more, while the trombone with its slide becomes a series of shifting tubes within a tube. So each wind instrument is a larger tube differentiating itself into smaller ones that it may voice the various notes of the scale, each of which is thereby distinctly separated from the rest with its own interval. The meaning of this recurrent system of tubes cannot be mistaken, along with its corresponding psychical effect. This is that of separation, singleness, perchance isolation of tones we might think, were it not that these tones, so decidedly made particular, are still associated into an order, which is, however, their own. Indeed just this character so distinctly individualized is what gives them their necessary position in the completed Orchestra, which must have such a strongly separated part or stage in order to possess really a soul, or to be the finished psychical process, which is, as already stated, its ultimate essence.

There is another fact which must not be omitted in this connection. The player of the wind instrument is compelled, in order to adjust himself to his part, to make a tube of himself in a certain degree. First, he employs the tube given by nature, his windpipe. But when his breath has reached the passage outwards, he has to make of his lips a variety of tubes to suit the mouthpiece of his instrument. Notice the difference of the labial outlet into the flute, the oboe, the cornet. Thus each wind-instrument has its own lip-tube, popularly called the pucker, which the performer has to learn to make out of the sphincter muscles around his mouth. Why is it worth while to note all these little details? Because this opening fact is characteristic of the entire second stage; we observe that the player has, so to speak, to tube himself and thus to assimilate his organism to what he plays on; he starts with specializing even his lips that his breath may enter his special instrument.

Nor is this the end of his bodily adjustment to his work. Having propelled a confined stream of air into the entire instrumental tube he has to tap it and turn it off into smaller streams through the various vents or little tubes, thus producing the particular notes, which must be kept distinct.

This part of the task is performed by the hand with its fingers which open and close the many sound-producing jets from the one general stream of air confined in the instrument. Again we observe the process of specializing into its separate notes the special wind-instrument, which belongs to this second division of the Orchestra as a whole, the stage of separation, division, specialization. We have followed out the process till we have reached the particular note of the particular instrument of the orchestral group whose character is reflected in all these acts of separation even down to the smallest. The bodily extremes, the lips and the fingers, as we have seen, are specialized in accord with each instrument, which is itself strongly differentiated even to its mouthpiece.

The outcome is the single individualized note of the wind-instrument, which has been formed out of human breath driven through a series of tubes, organic and material, or living and dead, each of which tubes has helped to give shape to its character. The result is that such a note is intensely individualized, though it be sweet and tender in quality. In the rightly balanced Orchestra there is but one first flute to twenty first violins or more, also but one first clarinet and

one first oboe. You can hear the soft tones of the one flute through a mass of many strings, so separate does it keep itself amid a multitude of sounds, so incisive and assertive is its individuality. In general each wind-instrument, wood or brass, furnishes a single separate note of the same character, hence one is enough of that sort, quite as much as the Orchestra can manage. To be sure a second and even a third is sometimes added for playing lower parts and for other effects. But herein lies the chief reason why the number of wind-instruments is so strikingly smaller than the number of stringed instruments in the orchestral organism.

But the most obvious as well as the most significant fact of the present stage is its division into two almost equal halves—the instruments of wood and the instruments of brass. In the normal Orchestra the number of each is about the same, and there is between the two a kind of symmetry of halfness, resembling the two sides of the human body. But the psychical suggestion is the deepest, and recalls, yea images the separation of the Self into subject and object. The wood-wind instruments have more of the subjective, of the inward and emotional strain, while the brass-wind instruments have more of the objective, more of the out-

ward turn and appeal to the Will. Such is the true separation here, the soul's separation involved in these sorts of instruments.

Already we have called them tribes, not families, because each of the two parts is so deeply separated from the other, being different in shape and tonal character, though they are kinned in their common employment of the tube and of the human breath. So they are conjoined in relationship though it be not close—we have called it tribal. Furthermore, as was noticed, the members of the same tribe are so distinct from one another that they cannot be called a family. For instance the wood-wind instruments are not of one family though they are of one tribe, being of the same material in the main and thus similar in resonance, and being of the same general tubular form, straight, not bent or coiled like the brasses—all of which subtly differentiates their tone quality. Still we must note that each leading member of both tribes is inclined to have a distinct family of his own; the clarinet has four or possibly five members of his domestic circle; the oboe quite as many if we locate here the somewhat recalcitrant English horn; the flute counts two or sometimes three members. The brass wind-instruments show something of the same domestic character,

even if less pronounced or less developed in the Orchestra.

In all these details we observe the decidedly separative individualistic character of this entire instrumental section which we have designated as the second stage of the Orchestra psychically considered. That single breath of the player is wrought over through the various kinds of tubes manipulated by the fingers which thus mould the plastic air into a peculiar form of musical tones; these constitute finally the work of Art. We may compare the sculptor who takes as his material the block of marble which by stroke upon stroke (also accompanied with a puff of breath) he shapes into a statue fixed in space and thus contrasted with a musical product moving in time. The piece of air has plasticity like the piece of clay or stone, in the artist's hands, and is sent vibrating upon its own element, till it too be rounded out to completeness. In this way we can conceive the last of the Sense-Arts, Music, interrelated with the first one, Sculpture, though the one appeals to sight and the other to the ear.

It is of prime importance that the student learn to discriminate not only the forms but especially the tone qualities (timbres) of these various instruments, each of which has

its own individualized voice. When they are all singing together, can you detect the special note of each singly? In the case of the wind-instruments you may, after some experience, for they are all sharply particular; on the contrary, the stringed instruments co-alesce without marked boundaries. Descriptive adjectives will help out a little, though they cannot take the place of hearing the note itself.

The flute is the most sentimental instrument of the Orchestra; it is the most immediate in its appeal to the feelings, yet superficial; its voice touches not deeply but very readily and nimbly. Moreover it is rather easy to learn, and a little skill already pleases; quite different is the violin in this regard. Hence we may see why it is such a popular instrument. Musicians are inclined to dislike it and to discredit it, as lacking depth and strength; one writer has even called it soulless, which it is not, otherwise it could not have a place in the Orchestra's soul. Of all the instruments it has the most simple note and direct in its touch of the heart, yet not deep-stirring or lasting. A momentary pensive throb is its best, though it can be hilarious too. Strangely the octave flute or piccolo has the opposite character, being the shrill storm-wind, when the musical tempest comes on.

The oboe (English hautboy) is much more reserved in tone, introverted, self-suppressed, indeed muffled in voice and character. Its lighter part is pastoral, it has a soft idyllic note which it shares with the flute (a good example is found Rossini's overture to *William Tell*). But its deeper trait is its reflective tinge, the inward turn it gives to the soul, being self-occupied and solitary, often melancholy, which mood is intensified in the alto oboe known as the English horn (the rememberable instrument in Dvorak's symphony on America). The peculiar trembling tone of the Oboe arises from its mouthpiece of two thin narrow reeds closely fitted together, yet with a slight aperture between them for the breath to enter, which is made to vibrate by the lips. Thus we see a triple vibrational means, that of the two lips, of the two reeds in response, and finally of the vibratory element itself, the air, not to speak of the wood. Hence comes the shrinking, tremulous, self-surrendering voice of this instrument, which voice so emphatically individualizes it though easily swallowed up in an orchestral swell. In this fact too lies its striking limitation: it easily becomes nasal, whining, as if fault-finding. Herein too is noteworthy its contrast with its next neighbor, the flute, whose tone, even

if small and shallow, is open, unmuffled, turned outward, unsnarling. Yes, the oboe can pout and pule to downright nasality. For this reason in our opinion it can never be a popular instrument—just as little as any other sulker, whatever be his talent. Musicians praise it highly and, as we have noticed repeatedly, have a bent to disparage the flute in comparison. But the people turn away from the oboe and play the flute, which has no jealous snarl in its tone. For the Orchestra, however, the oboe is indispensable; it gives a strain of character which makes a total society and which is not elsewhere obtainable. One writer has called it "a most lovable instrument;" anything but that when taken by itself, yet most needful to complete the orchestral organism. Who would not miss it there, but who would play it in his room for his own self-attunement, or that of his friends? We knew a skillful oboe-player who quit the instrument, because, as he said, it made him moody and carping. As artist he wished to live his instrument, and he could not stand it, especially since he had recently got married. The bass oboe (in present English usage called the bassoon) is also double-reeded as to its mouth-piece, but is of a totally changed character through having its register low-

ered; it becomes the clown of the Orchestra, the funny man of the society, whose deep voice turns grotesque, and often seems to be mocking in a kind of boorish mimickry the peculiar whine of the oboe, whose nasal vibration it has by nature, but turns to ridicule. Still the bassoon has other uses, especially in connection with different instruments. There is also a still lower contra-bassoon, but not much used.

The third family in the tribe of wood-wind instruments, is the clarinet, the youngest and strongest member of the three. It has but one reed, which is fastened on the under side of the wedge-shaped mouth-piece, and imparts to its strong note a moderate vibration. The clarinet is a masculine instrument, compared to the flute or oboe, and in its strength is interwound a throb of feeling, of native sympathy. Hence it makes the transition from the wood-wind to the brass-wind, from emotion to will, fraternizing equally well with either side, and hence being employed both in the outdoor military band and in the indoor Orchestra. On the other hand the clarinet affiliates easily with the strings through its subdued resonance sent from its single reed, quite akin to that of the violin. Moreover the clarinet may be called a popular instrument; that is, we find players of it

scattered among the people, though they number not so many as the flutists. This is a good showing, for the clarinet is declared to be barely a hundred years old, while the side-blown flute runs back to old Egypt. There is also a bass clarinet whose character is more dignified than its compeer, the bassoon. Thus the clarinet is more friendly than the other wood-wind members, is more sociable with the rest of the orchestral instruments, and hence is often invoked to their support.

So much for the wood-wind instruments, the first tribe of the second class or stage of the total orchestral organism. We may repeat that in common with the whole class they are tubed and played with the human breath. Three families belong to the wood-wind tribe—flute, oboe, and clarinet, which unite to produce their own peculiar musical association of sound. Moreover the three can be seen to make a triune process of the Psyche, each of them constituting its own special stage therein. That is, the triple notes of the flute, oboe, and clarinet form together a unique trinity of sound stimulating a corresponding movement in the Psyche, which is, in general the object of all these orchestral combinations.

But now we have reached the brass-wind

instruments, the other tribe of this class or stage, which as before indicated splits into two symmetrical halves, each of which constitutes what we call a tribe with its several families. Again we are to note the correspondence with the wood-wind tribe, though here are more families even if less important. This division in twain is psychically significant since it shows the primal separation of this second or separative stage of the entire orchestral process. Moreover such separation indicates the character of every instrument in this entire class of wind instruments which are self-sufficient, individualistic, much less social than the strings.

So we are now to take up the brass-wind instruments of the Orchestra, passing to the hard metallic material from the soft penetrable wood—out of emotion and sentiment we move to power and outer action. We might say that within limits the two tribes designated represent Feeling and Will, those two primordial forms of the Self.

It may be further remarked of the brass-wind tribe that its members are of considerable number and variety, old and new; together they form the Orchestra for the open air, known as the brass band, which has a strong military character, and marks its time with a will, giving the beat for the march.

Indeed the marching band has a feeling of the onset and the determination to conquer with its "sonorous metal blowing martial sounds." The regular Orchestra requires closed space, the reflection from walls and roof, the return of the sound, which is thus not the immediate vibration, while the brass band in open air throws out sound in a direct attack. Energy is its note, the rude will, even violence, not the soft persuasion of strings and wood, which turn the feelings back upon themselves; it belongs to a cruder, less developed stage of the Ego, ready to smite in case of provocation. Political campaigns, which are a kind of mimic war, at least a great vent for pugnacious feelings, employ the brass band and rouse the contestants. Fife and drum are still cruder, yet popular; they show already a fierce contest of sound between themselves, the shrill fife fights and pierces the deadening drum-thud.

The brass-wind tribe, like the wood-wind, divides into families which are usually five in number, and whose several members are differentiated by their higher or lower key-note. The Orchestra, however, employs generally but one form of most of these brass instruments.

The French Horn may well be put first

since it is a reconciling instrument, the least wilful and noisy of its tribe, agreeing well with all its neighbors—the violins, the wood-winds, and its own brassy set. We may regard this horn as the politest of the whole company, like its namesake the Frenchman. It can undoubtedly be used for a solo, but its deeper character is to help some other instrument. This character we may hear always in its gentle conciliatory voice, which is smoothed and rounded by being passed through a series of coils terminating in a large bell shape, into which the hand of the player is thrust to regulate both the quality and pitch of the sound. The open tone, in which the hand is removed, has a distinct pastoral character, suggesting mountain and valley by its peculiar note. It is never brassily harsh, but mellow, subdued as if by distance. The stopped tones are quite different in quality from the open ones; they are muffled, forbidding, and become uncanny, suggesting the demonic (dragon scene in *Siegfried*). Weber's treatment of the horn in *Der Freischütz* is probably the most natural to the instrument, calling up associations of the woodland and the hunt.

On account of this less pronounced character, having less of will and more of the romantic and the far-away in tone, it blends

easily with the strings; in fact the French horn may be deemed the transition of the brass into the wood and the string instruments.

The Trumpet displays in contrast to the French Horn a long narrow tube which has a tendency to throw the sharp sound to a distance, outside of the immediate orchestral periphery. It has the note of the military bugle, which resembles it, and whose object is to project sound afar; this idea of a far-sounding summons connects it with its religious suggestion, being blown to announce to vast multitudes some grand event, as the Last Judgment. The bugle note in the mountain land sways over valley to peak; "Blow bugle, blow" has properly the trumpet's echo. It is connected with the ceremonious announcement of royalty, or the rapid blast which says, *Fall into ranks* to the soldier. The ancient trumpet survives to a degree in that household horn which used to call our fathers to dinner from a remote part of the farm, and on which there was sometimes a touch of rustic virtuosity.

The Cornet is allied to the trumpet in shape and character, yet it is different. Its body is short, is bunched, concentrated as much as possible; the result is it makes more noise than the trumpet near by, but does not reach

so far—has not the carrying power into the distance. It fills the immediate orchestral periphery, is for the audience at hand, not being adapted to throw its sound. The cornet has pistons or cylinders, and uses a complete chromatic scale; not so the trumpet which, unless transformed, employs the natural open scale. Hence the cornet is a solo instrument, showy, noisy rather, with a metallic ring, capable of a brilliant display of bravura, which titillates the surface wonderfully, but does not reach to the depths.

The Trombone is a peculiar instrument working with a slide, which gives quality and pitch. Thus it has a resemblance to a string instrument in making a sliding note; it has not the definite stops and limits of the other wind-instruments. It is well adapted to the grandiose, to impressive processions; Berlioz calls its character epic. It has great power of sound, which is easily, almost naturally turned into a cracking sound, which is, however, declared to be an abuse of the instrument. Command, authority, dignity, lie in its voice, yet also the comic and the grotesque. There is something rasping in its forte notes; but these properly played and applied, become shuddering, fit for scenes of monsters, and graves, and goblins. It can be forced into taking a very military

appearance, as if it shot cannon-balls of air out of its long barrels with a thunderous detonation.

The Tuba is the largest brass piece, with an enormous mouth like a cavern. It is the massive bass of the brasses specially, and is the huge emphasis of the Orchestra. It defines the low bass notes better than any other instrument, string or wind; thus the deep tone becomes definite, commanding, even all-devouring. It is worked with cylindrical pistons, and has supplanted the old type of bass brass (as Ophclides and Bombardons). It is a recent invention, and belongs to the family of Saxhorns, named after their inventor.

Musical instruments, being an evolution, have come down from the aforetime, like legend, song, music; they have to be transformed, and ordered anew, still they are primarily the product of the people, sometimes of the race. The Horn especially has a hoary ancestry.

Herewith ends the account of the brass-wind instruments, which we may repeat, constitute not a close-kinned family (like the violins) but a tribe made up properly of five diverse families, so different and unrelated are their shapes, timbres, and uses. Still their unity is also to be emphasized, seen

first in their common metallic composition, of hard unyielding atoms, not giving way easily to atomic attack, like wood or membrane—which material character goes over into their tones. The brasses are, therefore, the soldiers, the fighting men of the orchestral society—its standing army for which they naturally make the music. Hence, too, they are here subordinates, adding emphasis and execution to commands elsewhere given, though they can have an organization and authority of their own.

We have now concluded our survey of the wind instruments as the second of the three classes or stages of the Orchestra in its deepest movement which is psychical. The general character of this stage we have repeatedly emphasized as separative, individualistic, endowing the Orchestra with a variety of instrumental timbres. But now we are to pass to the third stage, the violins, which are essentially of one timbre, and are in form one instrument though of several sizes. It is plain that we have come to orchestral unity instead of separation, the solidarity of tones has now the stress, not their diversity.

III. *The Violins.* In the present division of the typical Orchestra, the first fact is the large number of violins in comparison with

the other instruments; twice as many they are usually, sixty of them for example out of a total of ninety. Undoubtedly these figures vary, the quantity is sometimes duplicated and more. But the common proportion is about two to one. In a general way this fact may be conceived to mean that the violins have to unify the separative and self-asserting members of the preceding class.

Hence it comes that the violins manifest such a complete fusion of tone, such a oneness within their own class, they must unify themselves before they can unify what is different. In their case we always hear the mass, never the individual unless by some special device; quite the opposite character was noted in the preceding wood-wind instruments. The all-swallowing voice of the multitude in contrast with the unswallowable voice of the one may be here set to music. Thousandfold are the relations of life which this contrast suggests: collectivistic vs. individualistic, immanance vs. transcendence, pantheistic vs. monotheistic, universal vs. particular, authority vs. the one man as great criminal or great reformer, the passions vs. the still small voice, etc. But the deepest look beholds them as psychical, as two stages in the process of the human Soul and the All-Soul, of Man and God.

We may now push our conception a little farther. All the four sizes of violins as we see them in the Orchestra, can be mentally put together so that they form one ideal transcendent instrument, the super-violin, which is heard when the so-called string quartet plays; its voice is what we hear, not that of the single violin which sinks away at once into the universal violin with a sort of pantheistic absorption, "like a drop of water in the sea." In this sense the orchestral mass of violins has the representative voice of the Infinite, into which the finite voice of the single violin is taken up; or if you dare exalt yourself to such a height you may hear the process of the All becoming one, and of the one returning to the All in the psychical process of the Orchestra—the act of creation set to Music. Goethe, a far-flying poet as well as a level-headed scientist, could say on hearing some of Bach's music that it was "as if the eternal Harmony entertained itself with itself, as it might have done perchance in God's bosom before the world's creation." (Letter to Zelter, who was a musician.)

It is characteristic of the violin that its members, in spite of their large number, form a closely related family, not two distinct tribes like the much fewer wind instru-

ments, which tribes then divide into families. It is noteworthy that each family, be it of the strings or woods has the tendency to embrace the entire musical scale (over seven octaves) of which each member takes a part, higher or lower. From the highest note of the strings to their deepest bass lies a range equal to that of the piano. Each family of the wind instruments has the same aspiration to compass the total audible range of musical tones though with varying success and never completely. From this point of view the Orchestra is composed of a number of tonal families, each with its own domestic timbre. On the whole it is these family choirs which sing in the best Orchestral music, though often one of their voices may be detached from the rest for service outside of its own immediate kin. Important it is therefore, to hear distinctly these family choirs which are associated in the Orchestra, each with its own timbre. Altogether the largest and most characteristic of these choirs is that of the violins.

These form a domestic group in many senses. They are alike in general shape, in manner of excitation, and in timbre. Yet of course with differences, first of all which is size. There are four sizes among the members, called respectively, from smallest to

largest, violin, viola, violincello, double-bass. It may be affirmed that these four sizes were all evolutions from one intermediate size; the violin having evolved toward smallness and the double-bass toward largeness. Thus the present family as accepted in the Orchestra is usually called the string quartet from the size and not from the number of parts played, which is mostly five and may be more.

There is an immediate unity and fusion of sound among the members of this family which makes them almost represent in music a kind of domestic love and harmony in which the individuality of each is sunk. Of course there are several other kinds of families in the Orchestra, those of the wood-wind and the brass-wind, as already described.

The violins proper in the Orchestra are primarily divided into the first and second violins, each with its own distinct part. Here is the twofoldness which is also found in the flutes (first and second), oboes, clarinets, bassoons, etc.—two instruments of the same range carry an upper and a lower part.

But still other divisions are made among the violins. Some play *pizzicato,* which breaks the continuity of tone, while others play with the bow at the same time just this continuity, which thus sounds like a piano or

harp with the string quartet bringing out a strong contrast. Then some play harmonics while others play the natural notes, which might be called the contrast between the super-sensible and sensible, or between the ideal and real, or between fairy-land and actual life. So Berlioz explains his own procedure in his treatment of Fairy Mab in his *Romeo and Juliet* (Treatise on Instrumentation, p. 17 and 18). Wagner sometimes divides his first and second violins into sixteen groups, which gives such a peculiar ideal or spiritual color to many a passage. Likewise some violins may play *tremolo* or *vibrato,* while others play the part of firmness and will by the opposite manner.

The violin family is excited by the fingers of the left hand sliding along the strings, hence the stops are absolutely movable, and flow into one another; herein lies a very significant contrast with the wind instruments, which have definite stops in the vents and keys, except the trombone and to a certain extent the French horn. This is a characteristic of the violin family; man has to make the stop and the intervals, they are not made by a machine, are not fixed rigidly. Hence the violin is more adjustable to the various instruments of the Orchestra than any other; on the contrary the oboe is said to be the

least adjustable, hence it gives the tuning note. For the same reason the violin can be made more responsive to the inner mood of man, being more under his control for expression. He can shade his notes better; D sharp and E flat are not the same to the skillful violinist, he is not bound to a fixed distance between stops, as is the fate of the pianist. In all these facts we see the spirit of the violin as the most flexible, the most unifying, the least mechanical and rigid—the instrument whose character is to be the sympathizer and reconciler, the mediatorial instrument, most universal, showing a side for all.

We shall next consider the parts of the violin whose co-operation through the player constitutes what may be called its process. Its essential parts are three: the bow of tense horsehair, the stretched strings which the bow strikes, the hollowed resonant shell or body of the instrument. Observe that the first act is one of percussion, which is the first stage of the total Orchestra; the second act is the separation of the notes on the strings through the fingers, corresponding to the second orchestral stage; the third act is the unifying of the strings by the one body, which causes the flowing together of tones through its resonance. Thus we see

that the process of the violin repeats that of the whole orchestra in its triple sweep; in fact each note of the violin is a kind of germinal reproduction of the orchestral whole. The three parts of the violin and their meaning we may look at in a little detail.

(I) First we shall study the function of the bow which in many respects gives to the violin its individuality. The bow is itself made up of many little strands of horsehair which are rosined; the particles of rosin catch the violin strings and give them a very small pluck or pizzicato; hundreds of little fingers, as if from fairy hands, reach out from that wisp and give their tiny twitch to the instrument. Each particle of rosin on each hair of the bow causes a low tone, by itself quite inaudible probably, but this multitude of low tones unite both synchronously and in succession, producing both mass and continuity of sound. More than in the wind instruments (except the organ and its class) is the note of the violin continuous, persistent through Time, which is a very important characteristic in music.

Yet there is no doubt that the violin sprang from a stringed instrument which was picked or plucked or struck, like the modern mandolin or guitar. But the bow differentiated

it emphatically from all that class of instruments, and brings out of it a wholly different sound with a wholly different character; no longer a momentary note (stacato) cut off in Time, but a prolonged note made eternal, as it were, or at least suggesting the eternal and lasting.

Also the bow produces a combination of many sounds at the same moment, that is, a mass of sound, hence the violin calls forth a feeling of the many swallowed up in the one, while the plucked tone remains one and separate—a distinct individual. This is the work of the bow with its thousand fingers in unison; thus the bow is what fuses the limits of tone and breaks down its separative nature, or its individuality. Such is the fundamental character of the violin—its masses sound together and successively; and just as the one violin masses its many sounds into one, so the many violins mass their sound easily into one, being in that respect very different from many flutes or wind instruments in general. Most profoundly and effectively, in our opinion, does Wagner bring out into music his pantheistic idea, particularly in Parsifal, through his treatment of the string instruments.

The bow is also tense, is in a fashion a stretched string, or mass of stretched strings,

the counterpart to the violin strings, the one being employed to stimulate the other. Through the bow the hand is, we repeat, many hundreds of hands touching the violin strings; one of the chief problems of the player is: How can my one hand control and bring into play this multitude of hands reaching out of the horsehair and tingling the fiddle? A good bower has already quite a little Orchestra in his bow.

Through the bow, chords of two, three, and even four sounds can be made, and prolonged. Thus the violin has an outlying horizon of harmony, in which the virtuoso can work marvels. Berlioz is inclined to confine the average orchestral violinist to the double chord. Thus the bow readily sets two kinds of notes in motion together, or two violin parts, and so again suggests the first and second violins of the Orchestra. In fact the latter realizes or makes explicit what is implicitly contained in the single violin well bowed.

The bow has to a certain extent determined the form and size of the instrument, as well as the manner of its being played. For convenience of bowing, the violin is placed on the breast near the left shoulder. It is thus brought into more immediate intimacy with the whole man, especially with the heart,

than any other instrument. There is a kind of congruence with the nature of the violin in the motion of the violinist when he raises it to his heart in order to play it. Ole Bull had a habit of caressing it, while playing, by certain little gestures and looks, which were not out of character with the music of the passage or with the instrument. The violin has been called the woman of the Orchestra, loving yet chaste, compassionate and self-forgetful, yet capable of a caprice or even of a tempest, quite absorbed in her family, which is here the well-known violin family.

The form, as well as the size of the violin is a development and hence has a history. The peculiar curved notch in the side seems to have been made for the sake of convenience in bowing, as the plucked string instruments do not show any such deep notch, even if they have a curve.

The violin family divides into two classes as regards position: the violin and viola are raised to the shoulder and thus are held in a line nearly horizontal, while the violincello and double basses have to be nearly perpendicular when played. Consequently the bow in one case rests on the strings, and in the other case has to be held to the strings. This must make a difference in the effective power of the bow; it requires more muscle and is

more difficult to handle with facility in the latter case than in the former.

Also the bow can be made to cut off sound and individualize it to a certain extent; so the violinist uses the point of the bow, and even strikes with it in a kind of jump. But on the whole this runs counter to the nature of the instrument.

(II) Next in the process of the violin come the strings which, four in number, stretched along a finger board, are the source of the separate notes, of the individual tones of the instrument. The right hand uses the bow, while the left hand with its divided fingers, specializes each string into its distinct line of sounds. Thus the total violin may be said to individualize itself into its single notes. Observe this stage of the process of the instrument: it separates into its units or atoms, of which it, as a musical whole, is constituted. Or we may conceive the unrealized mass of sound potential in the violin to be now brought to a realization.

Undoubtedly these atomic notes, having been thus separated and for the moment isolated, are to be put together again into a new form which constitutes the musical work. These tonal units, having been borne to the ear, must be associated and therein must enter upon their new career, which leaves them

not in their separation, but conjoins them into a musical society which has its own life and movement. But of this we can at present take no account; our stress is upon the process of the violin as such, which process here shows its second phase or act in calling forth the separate note which is the primal unit of music.

Now this separate note which strikes the air and sets it to vibrating was also reached by the wind instruments, but through a wholly different channel. It was human breath driven into and out of a tube which produced the individualized note in that case, and pulsed its vibrations through the aerial medium. The result was a very distinct and sharply defined tone which asserted itself and largely kept to itself. But the violin note is not breathed and then definitely tubed and confined; the string quivers, the note quivers, the shell quivers; the consequence is that the tone has a large fringe of quiverings, easily penetrable and readily combinable, which therefore flow of themselves together, forming that coalescence which is peculiar to the strings. Manifestly such a note is already giving up its individuality, is longing to fuse with others, and thus become one with the violinistic totality of the Orchestra. Hence, though there be

fifty or a hundred violins playing, we hear but the one voice of the super-violin. Moreover this principle of unification the strings carry over into the rest of the Orchestra, and embosom in their golden fringe of sounds the more recalcitrant notes of the wind instruments, which still preserve their individuality in the absorbing unity of the violins.

Such are the two ultimate notes, the tonal atoms we may call them, of the strings and the winds, quite opposite in character, yet to be associated finally in the one great harmonious whole. Still there is another part of the violin to which we must give a thought or two.

(III) The body or shell of the violin is much the largest and most prominent part, and is usually called the violin, taken by itself. It is composed of peculiarly constructed sounding boards in the form of a box, and on it the four stretched strings are excited by the bow and get their increased resonance from this sounding box.

It is declared that the violin is derived from the ancient Hindoos, among whom such an instrument can be traced. The statement is also made that it did not appear in Europe till the eighth or ninth century A. D. The rise of the violin into its present impor-

tance is within the last two or three centuries, and was called forth by the corresponding rise of the Orchestra and Opera. The demand for such an instrument produced a golden age of violin makers (1650-1750), Amati, Stradivarius, Guarnerius, chiefly of Cremona in Italy. The social principle of the age was working in music and even manifested itself in violin-making, hence sprang the effort to produce a perfect instrument for organizing the Orchestra and the Opera, the highest forms of social music.

The violin has long been and still is a popular instrument, on the whole the most universally employed and enjoyed instrument in the world probably. Certainly in America it reaches the humblest class of the people who have their performer from their ranks, playing their kind of music. The fiddler is the communal musician of the country and of the small village; usually every town has its little band of "catgut ticklers." They furnish the music for the country dance especially, as well as for the local entertainments, school exhibitions, parties, etc. In the village store they will sometimes meet and play their tunes, transmitted popular airs, jigs, hornpipes, and no inconsiderable variety of dance music. The violin is plainly a melodic instrument, it has some harmony,

yet its general character is suited for the "tune," to which the body moves. Its continuity of tone suggests dance rhythms easily, and its ready blending of notes evokes a playing together. The little village orchestra of strings, sometimes with a flute or clarinet, or even a "bass viol" is the germ of the complicated modern Orchestra. So it may be deemed the chief popular instrument on account of its intimate relation to the voice—both being stretched strings—and its natural rhythmic relation to the movement of the human body; also it is easy to learn by ear up to a certain point.

Of course there are many details about the violin, several of which may here just be mentioned briefly. The strings are usually called catgut, and are said to be made of the intestines of the sheep or goat, so that the fiddle has really no connection, not even the remotest, with feline music. The G string is wired and thus made to vibrate less rapidly, hence it produces a lower note than the others. Then there is the bridge, separating the strings into two unequal portions, and raising these up for the convenience of bowing and fingering, being also a very important communicator of vibrations to the sounding box. To the bridge is applied the *sordino,* a weight of some kind which damp-

ens the tone by interrupting and changing the vibration in amplitude (loudness), and which is used for producing many subtle, dreamy, weird effects, especially in the total Orchestra. Here we may note the peculiar tones called harmonics, or flageolet tones, which are produced by touching very lightly the vibrating string; this feathery touch does not produce the fundamental tone which is obtained by pressing down the string, but an overtone, which thus sounds without its fundamental. The sordino as well as the harmonics bring out a new quality or timbre of the instrument, whose general character is to unite with every instrument, and fuse them all together, reconciling these conflicting individualities of sound.

The violin is naturally continuous in sound, more than the wind instrument which is dependent on the breath of the player, whose lungs have to be filled to produce a sound blast. The violin player has also to renew his bow at last, but this is a more rapid process by far in a skillful hand than the renewal of the breath. This continuity of sound is also varied by many devices in manipulation; it can be made undulatory in the *tremolo* by many rapidly repeated short motions of the bow, hence called a trembling, or a thrilling, expressive of all kinds of agitation,

inner and outer, little pulsations of the stricken soul, or also billowy rolling of the water. A *vibrato* is produced somewhat differently, namely by the hand pressed quiveringly on the strings, and it may be called sentimental, and hence is not so pleasant when excessive, reminding the listener of those singers who in the voice employ *vibrato* to excess. The *vibrato* is more subjective than the *tremolo,* as may be inferred from their different origin; in the former, the hand, the whole violin and indeed the whole body trembles; in the latter the trembling is executed by the bow, and imitates many things in nature—the wind, the susurrus in the trees (Waldweben), and the water in ripples and billows, as well as sound in the undertones of a waterfall.

It is evident that the violin as an outer mechanical fact, splits up into distinct parts, three of them, which have to be put together into their process by the player. Thus his first act is to unify what is separated—which act may be taken as a kind of overture indicating the character of this instrument as well as its deepest function in the Orchestra. How simple is the wind instrument, brass or wood, in comparison with it! For flute or horn is merely one, in spite of the keys of the former or curves of the lat-

ter, while the violin is three which is to be made one ere it can have any tone, which tone thus is the product of a triple instrument, not of a single one, that is, not of one straight or crooked tube piped off into a variety of vents. Undoubtedly solid wood and brass have some natural resonance and impart it to their instruments, but they have no contrivance to produce resonance, which thus becomes a prominent factor in the tone of the violin, giving to it that unique fringe of silken vibration which is its boast.

Here lies the reason why the violin may be called the most perfect musical instrument, though it possesses not the range of the piano, and shows other limitations. But it has the process of the whole Orchestra within itself: percussion in the bow, the separated and specialized notes in the strings, the fuser and unifier of this separation in a particular part, the shell. Hence it harmonizes itself in its own complete process, and therewith it is able to harmonize the other different instruments; overcoming its own inner division and scission, it can mediate what lies outside of its proper family. Besides, through this process of itself, it touches more directly and deeply the human soul which has a similar process, and which is therefore more immediately stimulated by

the violin than by any other instrument. Hence its popularity even in its crudest forms. That ultimate inner movement of the Psyche (the Psychosis) feels its correspondance to the above-mentioned round or process of the violin, and answers the same with a delight sprung of its deepest Self in action.

Still we are to note that the violin family can produce a tempest, has its squalls, its upheavals, its oppositions, its revolutions. It may voice the murmuring multitude, the rising storm on sea and land, within and without, it can represent the struggle of passion against the law (note *Tannhäuser* specially, though this use of the strings is often found in Wagner). For the violin has separation also as a part of itself, which may break loose and assert itself against its own unifying nature. But such is not its general character. It has been already emphasized that the term *family* applies specially to the violins, they have the common domestic note of concord, though capable of outbreaks and dissonances.

Taken together, then, the Orchestra may be regarded as one vast sound-whorl, which embraces an enormous variety in quantity and quality of tones. It is one instrument associated of many instruments, which out-

wardly manifests and inwardly stimulates the psychical process which we have already named the soul-whorl. So we reach back to our starting-point, and find still in the complexity of the Orchestra the primal basic unit of Music (see first pages of this Introduction). The simple sound-whorl with which we began, has associated with itself an untold multitude of its kind, but it remains at bottom the same process, having the same psychical appeal.

The Fine Arts.

The general purpose of the present book is to define and put in order the so-called Fine Arts in accord with their psychological evolution. It should be premised that by the Fine Arts we mean what may be more definitely called the Sense-Arts, those which man receives through the senses of Sight and Hearing or that cycle of Arts beginning with Sculpture and ending with Music. Evidently in such a classification of the Fine Arts, Poetry does not belong; it has a different psychical starting-point, namely the image; in other terms, it is not a Presentative but a Representative Art—a distinction which modern Aesthetic has not sufficiently

recognized. Psychically, then, we must include in a distinct class of their own those Arts which are taken up by us as immediate percepts, discriminating them sharply from the Arts sprung of mediate images, which are percepts transformed and worded.

It is evident, however, that we apply the common term Art to both Sense-Arts (Fine Arts) and to Image-Arts (Poetry, Novel, etc.). Still further, Thought has its Art, as well as Percept and Image, and so to the two previous divisions we must add that of the Thought-Arts (for instance, Plato may be well deemed an artist in Thought), though the word *Art* is thus stretched beyond its usage which confines it mostly to the Fine Arts or Sense-Arts.

But not everything seen by me is a work of Art, nor is everything imaged or thought by me. I see a huge pile of stones, it is not an artistic object; but if an architect appears who can transform it into a Parthenon, it becomes a wonderful work of Art, which thrills us and which we call beautiful, even divine. It is composed of the same material as before, it is the same pile of stones; and if I could in some way jerk out of the structure the invisible something which transforms the visible, the whole of it would drop back into its former inartistic condition. Now

the question presses forward, what has the architect put into this dark fragment of chaos to transfigure it into a radiant appearance of the cosmos? We may at least think that he has manifested a spark of that divinely creative power which called forth and ordered the universe. Or let the old Greek sculptor appear and re-shape those same stones after his Art; then will come forth the God Himself, the original creator from whom the artist derives his genius, and who will find a fit abode in such a temple as the Parthenon. In some such fashion we may conceive Art to have descended upon our Earth, or rather into our human consciousness. The divinely creative principle had become a Presence visible to man, and there is no original Art without some such Presence. Herewith arises the question concerning the need and the meaning of such a Presence to the beholder who is really the folk, the little community or the great nation. What is the use of the Pyramid to the Egyptian, which he built at such an untold outlay of physical and mental power? We have the faith that it was a mighty national act in which the Egyptian people beheld itself in its God-sent greatness, and therein became conscious of itself as a people. Such was truly the supreme service of the work of Art, just

that indeed which makes it a work of Art. Utterly absurd is the common notion that the Pyramids were constructed by forced labor inflicted by tyrants upon their subjects and slaves to gratify vanity or some petty personal motive. On the contrary they were a colossal Presence to the folk of its own colossal selfhood God-created, which it held up before itself and kept rebuilding, repeating them for a thousand years. We with our peculiar mentality may not deem them artistic products, may not deem them beautiful; let us then widen our view of Art, and make it something more than our pretty plaything. It associates a people, uniting them in a common bond of national consciousness by some grand eidolon of themselves and of their God as their creator. And we today must project ourselves backwards into that pyramidal spirit of old Egypt, and see with its eyes, if we would rightly appreciate it and its Art.

In like manner a statue of Zeus was a divine Presence appearing to the Greek and rousing in him the feeling of nationality. Art was a manifestation of religion in Hellas and kept its people associated when political ties were not only loosened but quite destroyed. The artist was a deeper spirit than the statesman; Phidias could do what Pericles could not—unify Greece by his Zeus set

up at Olympia. That was an example of the true function of Art in its highest manifestation.

Art in General. We are now to grasp the fact that Art in its widest aspect is educative; it teaches man his associated, his institutional life and character; we may call it a branch or department of the complete educative Institution. It is not a College or University, or the Common School, as we ordinarily see them; still it is a School in which man is to acquire his supreme self-knowledge, knowing himself not merely as individual but as social. We often hear that the ultimate end of education is ethical, and if we take this word not merely as moral, but also as embracing the social and institutional man, it can be accepted. For we do not grasp the full scope of education till we see that it includes every individual of every age and vocation, who is through it to be trained into an institutional consciousness internally and into an institutional life externally. Take humble Arithmetic and bethink that man could hardly live at present as a member of society and act with his fellow-man without some knowledge of that branch. In a very different way Art in one form or another has always been needed for human association, and for expressing the deepest fact of human

consciousness. The Roman Pantheon, for instance, both manifests and associates the Roman Empire, associating in one temple the Gods who associate Rome. Something of the kind one can hardly help feeling at the view of the Capitol at Washington; it unifies and nationalizes its people. So did the sight of the Pyramid for the old Egyptian.

We affirm, then, that Art is not its own excuse for being, that Art exists not for Art's sake merely, that Art is not self-end ultimately, though it has within limits its own independent sphere of production. Art is for man's education, is properly a stage or department of the total Educative Institution, or the University of Civilization; its supreme object is not pleasure, though it may give and ought to give pleasure, nor morality, even if Art can stimulate the virtues. But its chief content is to keep alive and active in the individual man the associated man, not neglecting indeed the individual. Hence, Art at last belongs to the Educative Institution, whose highest function is to reproduce and preserve the whole institutional world in every human learner, old and young.

A question enters at this point concerning the origin of this world of institutions. What is the essence or power which makes

man associative, which creates his institutions, for instance his State and its law? The Oriental mind has generally declared that these were the work of the God. The law was of directly divine origin to the Hebrew, and the God Ptah was the primal builder to the Egyptian. So to certain peoples the immediate Presence of the God, the creator of their social and institutional life, became a supreme artistic need, and thus we have Sculpture. But our consciousness, the modern one, is inclined to take the man, the great man of the age as the builder of the new institutional order. Accordingly, Art must somehow cast his impress and that of his work to the end of making the people conscious of themselves and of their hero, who represents and indeed is their very selfhood made personal.

America, or at least our part of it, has such a hero in Abraham Lincoln. Since his death many have been the attempts to express him and his supreme deed in Art. A struggle which we might almost call desperate has been witnessed to manifest him at salient moments of his career in Painting, Sculpture, Poetry. We read in the newspapers that the Nation through Congress has voted to erect to his memory a vast architectural edifice whose construction is to begin this year (1913). In the line of Biography also the at-

tempts to set him forth as he ought to be are getting multitudinous. Whatever may be deemed the success of these portrayals of Lincoln, they certify at least to the national longing to see him truly and eternally visaged in Art. He is now recognized to have stood at an epochal turn in the Nation's destiny, yea, at a significant node of the World's History. Can you reveal, O artist, this universal side of him in some individual shape or act of his, so that we, the People, can feel or even see his greatness? For it is just that upper, world-historical, eternal Lincoln who is to be brought down from the invisible or ideal world and made visible in a work of Art, so that all will exclaim: Yes, there he is! behold the grand epiphany! Lincoln is a name which associates a great people in a new institutional order, has united them in a new Union literally. This is what an artistic memorial of him should recall and re-animate in every beholder. Such a work would be, therefore, educative, a sort of national training-school to keep alive nationality, an institute to make man institutional. Therein lies the highest function of Art.

The Fine Arts organized. It has been already stated that the main object of this book is a treatment of the Fine Arts, that is, of the Sense-Arts, which are taken up and

appropriated by man through the senses, specially those of Sight and Hearing. In Art the thing sensed is primarily a simple object of sensation, but it brings with itself something far more than mere sense-knowledge; it gives along with the created thing the creator; the supreme work of Art is to suggest to the Ego of the beholder or hearer the divinely creative Ego in its process. To be sure not every thing called artistic shows such a power; still this is what originally brought it forth, and what produced the technical skill of the artist, though this skill may be afterwards employed for lower purposes. But all true Art is permeated with a universally creative suggestiveness. When you merely see a block of marble, it has no explicit indication of its own generative principle; but in a temple or statue filled with the artist's genius, it is endowed with a new capacity; it speaks to the spectator, to the recipient Self there before it, of the supreme creative Self, the world-maker, who has specially made that institutional world in which he and his people live. Such at least was the God made visible to the senses in the antique time; today the artist can hardly rely upon a popular faith of that sort, and hence he falls back upon the Great Man or Hero. But if the shape which he produces he can irrad-

iate with an immortal sun, so that all can behold its sheen, then his work will be beautiful in the best sense.

We may well think that every object which lies before us out yonder in the world of mere sensation, has within it a vastly higher potentiality of being; it is to be made over, to be re-created by Art, so that it attains its true destiny, which is to manifest directly the exalted semblance of the Divine Self who originally created it. That is what the artist in his highest mood is to see and to embody so that we too may see it and commune with it.

This gives the supreme point of view from which we are to regard the Fine Arts, and also to put them into their just order, which should also reveal their inner psychical process. They are divided as follows:

I. *The Somatic Arts;* the Arts which employ the body, especially the human body as the sensuous bearer of what is highest. It is evident that Sculpture belongs here first of all, then Painting, then what we class as kinetic Arts, those of the body's motion, the dance, games, festival, etc.

II. *Architecture;* this, when seen aright, must be deemed to be the second or separative stage in the total movement of the Fine Arts; in the previous stage the separation of

the spirit from the form was only implicit, potential, in the bud so to speak. But in Architecture that separation becomes explicit, developing into the twofoldness, which we see realized in the outer dwelling-place of the inner spirit, even of the spirit's body, as the statue of the God indwells his temple.

III. *Music;* this is given by a different sense from the two previous stages, that of Hearing with its world of sounds based on time; thus it takes up into itself not merely the one point of action, but the total process. Music, therefore, moves and makes Art move with it in a round which is ultimately psychical in itself as well as in its appeal to us. The elemental unit of Music, the sound-whorl, we have already seen to be a going-forth and a coming-back, a continual self-return which stimulates the corresponding movement of the Ego. And finally we are to conceive this self-return of Music sweeping back to Sculpture, the first Art, and starting the universal creative Self which has there become fixed in stone to moving in its own right and to manifesting its own creative process in action, without being confined to one crystallized moment, though it be the most significant.

Such, then, are the three divisions or stages of the total cycle of the Fine Arts, which are

to be grasped not by some outer description of facts and details, but in the very throb of their inner soul, whose process must be first felt and then seen to be one with our own. All the Fine Arts will thus be found to be inter-related psychically. The special forms, Sculpture, Painting, Architecture, Music (to which list Poetry is usually added) have long been separately designated and duly recognized; books on Aesthetic have sought to put them into some system and to classify them in one way or other. Not much attention can be paid here to these theoretical views of Art, though they have their history and form of themselves an interesting and suggestive evolution. In our opinion they must all be reconstructed and be organized afresh upon a fundamental principle which is psychical. Using a somewhat technical expression, we would call the above triple round the Psychosis of the Fine Arts. We hold that they form in their true conception a rounded whole in whose process each has its characteristic part. We shall, accordingly, seek to show each of these Fine Arts in its own special movement as well as in the higher movement in which it participates.

CHAPTER FIRST.

The Somatic Arts.

There is need of a term under which to classify the three Arts which, taken together, are co-ordinate with Architecture and Music. Sculpture, for instance, stands in a much closer relation to Painting than to Architecture; yet both these Arts, in fact all three of them, are usually classed side by side as if they were equally related. It is plain, however, that Sculpture and Painting employ essentially the human form as the bearer of their artistic message, while Architecture eschews it (or ought to do so), as well as Music. We must accordingly put together under a common rubric the Arts which seize upon the organic, in contrast with those which use the inorganic, be it dead heavy matter (Architecture) or the undulations of air producing sound (Music). Very differ-

ent, therefore, is the material employed by these different Arts, wherein lies the primal difference of their character. So it comes that we shall apply to the organic Arts the term *somatic* (from the Greek word *soma*, which means primarily the living body) as uniting them in a common bond distinct from the other Fine Arts.

With the Somatic Arts, then, the start is to be made in organizing and unfolding the present sphere, being the first and most immediate form of artistic presentation. Various objects of sense may be taken and made over by them; but in the main they seize upon the highest visible thing to express the invisible. This is the human organism which is not only the home but the organ of spirit, is that through which it acts and therein utters itself. Moreover, it is the external seen manifestation of the very self, whose inner process it suggests in outer shape, with its two symmetrical halves in vital unity and process. Hence the artist instinctively chooses the natural home of the individual Ego, the physical human Body, recreating the same in a sensuous material, which he thereby transforms into the image of the universal Ego, through his creative genius.

The Somatic Arts will fall into three kinds or stages, in which again the student will

see an inner psychical movement. Thus they are primarily conceived as in a process among themselves. The first Art in this somatic process is *Sculpture* which for the most part reproduces the Body in its immediate sensuous fullness, preserving its three dimensions, length, breadth and thickness. To be sure this field will embrace other partial forms like low and high relief; the whole has been called the Plastic Arts. Next is *Painting* in which the Body is set forth not in its three dimensions, but in its three abstract magnitudes—surface, line, point—which may be given in a varied play of colors or only in black and white. Here too are several departments which may be summed up as the Graphic Arts. This is manifestly the second stage of the process of the Somatic Arts since the Body is separated from its concrete spatial fullness, and is made into a kind of shadow or ghost to uncover what is within or the soul. The third division we call *the Kinetic Arts*, which employ the Body in motion, and thus produce animated pictures whose content may be elevated into Art representing the Highest, yea the God, as often in the ancient Dance and Procession (*kinesis* in Greek means motion). So this third sphere may be said to return to Sculpture and to take up its solid

forms again, which, however, it starts to moving from their fixed position whereby they can be made into a painting of living pictures.

In this way we can glimpse in advance the inner psychical movement which threads through and organizes the somatic division of the Fine Arts—their Psychosis. For it is this which unifies into an organized knowledge as well as brings into their inner kinship, the largest sweeps as well as the smallest parts of a great theme like Art. The student has to realize in his thought that every division of a whole must have the process thereof in order to be a division of that whole. So we shall find all the divisions and sub-divisions of our science (often called Aesthetic) to be inter-related and indeed inter-organized through the one basic process of the self whose semblance as universal is just what Art at its best seeks to embody. This fact we are now to witness in its primal and perhaps most striking application, which we take to be Sculpture.

But before passing on, let us grasp again and turn over in mind the thought which not only permeates and holds together, but creates the entire Art-world. This we may call truly a *Theophany*, the appearance of the God in finite form to his people who thus

behold what makes them a people. Undoubtedly Art comes to have other purposes and drops from its primal vocation, but that which originates it is the deepest need of a nation to commune with what unites it as a nation, to receive the impress of the Presence which associates all its members in a common faith. The work of Art is originally a monument of some sort which reveals the associative God to his folk and so is itself associative, holding many human souls together in a sacred bond. Accordingly Art is religious in its genesis—and this is altogether the deepest fact of it, the first to be held in mind, and the last.

I.

Sculpture.

What may be taken as the typical act of Sculpture? Let us imagine Phidias contemplating in his workshop a block of marble out of which he is to hew a statue of the supreme God of his people. There is the consensus of ages that Phidias was the greatest of all sculptors, not so much by virtue of his technical skill (which was probably surpassed by some later artists) as through the fullness of his vision of the Divine Idea and his ability to transform this into a human shape. Looking at a crude piece of matter, he seemed to see the creator of it and of himself, and of his world, too, with the most intense longing of the artist to inform the clod with the God. Such is what may be called the ideal of his Art, the immediate Divine Presence in every work of his, directing apparently every stroke of his hand. His fame through all time rests upon his power of God-making; of men born on this earth Phidias is acclaimed chief God-maker. Most deeply must he have shared in the religious consciousness of his age and nation; he saw and communed with the Divine in

this visible way, his worship of deity rose to making the latter's statue. Moreover, while thus satisfying his own spirit's deepest need, he wrought also for his Greek people, revealing the very face and form of their God who made them a Greek people with their Greek institutional world.

Thus the supreme Olympian order was visibly individualized to Hellas by her artists in accord with her deepest national faith. Still the sculptor is not to copy merely some individual man in form and visage; his work, though shaped after the human organism, is not a portrait, or rather it is the God's portrait, not the man's. The body he must have as the vehicle of his Art; but this vehicle is to bear an Immortal down to earth, not simply to carry a mortal around in some finite journey. When Sculpture became essentially a portrait-maker, it had lost its vocation and its end as an Art had come. In some such forlorn condition we find it in the Roman Empire.

Sculpture of all the Fine Arts may be taken as the most open, direct expression of the Divine, which appears in its own person, literally, in all the amplitude of Nature's own body. Its intention is to shun concealment, even though drapery be sometimes used; it is honest to the senses, it is not

ashamed of being natural. On account of this outwardness it lacks inwardness; the statue seems cold to our subjective play of emotion, too impassive and fixed for our love of action. We shall find that Sculpture itself will come to feel this its limitation and try to surmount it and enter the more internal domain of Painting (see for instance the Laocoon group). So it comes that Sculpture will only once attain its supreme artistic bloom in a given religious consciousness, the Greek. Only once in the sweep of history will Zeus appear in right form to his people, being transfigured into a visible human shape of beauty from his Olympian world through the genius of the artist. Sculpture is, therefore, in its deepest character an historic Art; we can bow the knee to Zeus no longer, and hence Sculpture can never be for us the Supreme Art. There can not rise now any importunate natural or world-historical call for a Phidias to bring down a divine epiphany in stone before our longing eyes. If there throbs up to the surface some such consciousness, we feel it at once to be born out of its time belated some thousands of years. And yet Sculpture lives and is active today in its own new field—whereof something may be said later.

One reason why Sculpture should be

placed as the first of the Fine Arts is that it gives the descent of the God into his immediate corporeal, sensible form. This may well be regarded as the primal creative act not only of Sculpture, but of all Art, its original divinely genetic starting-point. Every artistic work worthy of the name to the end of time will repeat in some shape just that first sculpturesque act, which brings to man the Divine, the Supernal, the Universal, or the Pampsychosis (if you can manage the word), in sensuous semblance. Such is the overture to the Fine Arts, whose lofty note will be heard through to the last—the most direct and smiting visible realisation of the highest ruling Power. So we still look with wonder at the statue. Indeed the first great artistic outburst of Sculpture, and hence of Art itself, the first colossal statue of the ages is yet extant in all its rude elemental magnitude, and can be seen still at the head of Time's long art procession. Such a place is held by the Sphinx of the Nile Valley, in our opinion, as we shall try to show in the proper connection. It has been already remarked that Sculpture is pronouncedly an historic Art, that it shows, therefore, great landing-places in its evolution down time. On the whole we find that History, political and institutional generally falls into three

ultimate stages or periods, Oriental, European and Occidental. The first belongs for us and especially for Art to the past; the second, though long since begun, is still active and of the present; the third is yet young and belongs to the future, but it has started on a career of its own, with its own distinctive institutions. These three grand divisions of the world's territory, and also of the world's spirit are mirrored in Sculpture and of necessity in all Art, which has in its last supremacy to reveal through its varying forms the one world-historical process.

Accordingly there will be an *Oriental* stage of Sculpture, which like the Orient is incipient, self-infolded, potential, full of all sorts of possibilities, some of which have never yet been realized. There are several centers of Oriental Sculpture, especially in West Asia; here we can only take account of Egypt, which is for Art and History the chief Oriental seed-field. Egyptian Sculpture shows the Body still unfree, hardly yet evolved to its own organic independence; hence the God is still held fast in the determinism of Nature. *European* Sculpture will attain freedom of the Body in its Greek period, and thus will elevate the Man and the God represented by the Body into the

region of free self-activity. But this new individual though liberated in his organism is still fettered in his spirit, whence will spring the European dualism with its manifold conflicts which will be reflected in its Sculpture and in all its other spiritual products. Egyptian Art tells us for thousands of years in varying forms that neither the individual nor his deities could liberate themselves from the mere outer domination of Nature in the Valley of the Nile. On the other hand European Art tells us for thousands of years and is still telling us of the struggle of the free individual with his unfree institutional world, which he is seeking to transform and even to make transformable in response to his spirit. Sculpture seizing upon the Body will reflect in it the manifold turns and wrestlings of the European soul in its evolution from the serenity of Phidias to the contortions of Rodin.

But what about *Occidental* Sculpture? For historically a real Occident has arisen, which is as distinct from Europe (once called the Occident and still so called by itself), as Europe is distinct from the Orient. That is, a third and new social and institutional order, the American, is taking its place beside the other two in the World's History, and is asserting itself in various ways, especially in

the political and economic spheres. But in Art it is as yet almost wholly imitative, copying Europe. Only one truly national or we might say Occidental product has America brought forth in the realm of Art: that is the High Building of Architecture, which keeps shooting up skywards even under the curses of American architects (European-bred of course), evidently in deep response to the people who behold in it the architectural image of their aspiration, of their consciousness. Sculpture in the Occident can point to no such original and originating product with such inner power of self-reproduction over the whole nation. Even in the Orient and Europe the High Building is reported to be propagating itself. Still it cannot be denied that Sculpture in America has shown some few national streaks of which it is well to take note, even if it has hardly yet attained to what may be deemed a national type.

The tendency of the American institutional world is to become *man-made,* originating from the people, who primarily make their own law. Can Sculpture present such national consciousness worthily? That is its problem. On the other hand in the Orient man's institutions are given him from above, are *God-made*, and hence are not to be

changed by him without the overthrow of all order. So it comes that there is a lasting fixity and sameness in Egypt, notably as regards its Sculpture. The body seems clamped into a sculptural mould from which there is no escape without overturning Egyptian Godhood itself, which event will at last happen historically. Europe has taken up both these tendencies (as already intimated) whose dualistic struggle winds through its entire institutional life.

With this brief outlook upon the sweep of Sculpture through time and place, we shall start in Egypt, dwelling with special emphasis at some length upon its one greatest sculptured monument, which to our mind illustrates the Oriental Type of the present Art better than a multiplicity of lesser works. A new gigantic semblance of deity appears to burst up suddenly out of the Earth in the twilight of the Nile Valley; let us look at it with what faith and insight we can summon, for it may be taken as the first germinal work, as the primordial act of Sculpture and of all Art.

Oriental Sculpture—The Sphinx.

In the world's gallery of Sculpture reaching from old Egypt down to our own time and city, we shall, therefore, put the Great Sphinx first, as the most famous and suggestive of all graven images made by man, and doubtless the most generative of its own future Art. People still go to the land of the Nile to see the Sphinx and its next neighbors, the Pyramids, to which it bears close kinship in a number of respects. So for thousands of years a stream of visitors has been pouring through this earliest art-museum at Gizeh, the prototype of many since and of more still to be. There, better than on any other spot of our globe, we are brought face to face with the primal human consciousness manifesting its mightiest impulse to express itself in artistic forms. The colossality of the work shows forth the colossality of the longing for utterance. This cannot be confined in any walled building; Heaven's dome is the only symmetrical abode for such vast creations. Thus we seek to make our start at the very beginning of time's procession of the Fine Arts, which opens with the Sphinx rearing its prodigious head above the sands not far from the Nile.

Such a statement brings up the question of chronology. The only ancient document on this subject alludes to Kafra (Cephren) as the maker of the Sphinx, an Egyptian king of the fourth dynasty, who also built the second Pyramid, and the so-called temple of Sphinx. These three works seem to be connected with his name, and makes his personality a creative one in all Art which appears to germinate out of him and his Great Deed. As to the Sphinx some consider it a rude effort of pre-historic man in Egypt, others place it later than the age or dynasty of Kafra (Cephren). Dropping these helpless disputes, we may rest upon the fact that the Sphinx is contemporary with the great Pyramids, or probably somewhat before them in time; it is the first supreme act of Sculpture, and indeed of all Art, even antedating Architecture in the Pyramids. Twelve average men on top of one another would barely reach its crown, and the length of its recumbent body is usually put at 172 feet . The salient fact or mystery of it is that it sets the human head on the body of a lion. What is the meaning of that, the beholder must ask of himself. But just therein lies the enigma, which every period has to solve in its own way, perchance every individual. Thus a line of answers

runs down the ages in response to the Sphinx riddle.

The huge simulacrum lies in the necropolis of the old Capital of Egypt, Memphis, which stood on the left bank of the Nile, where the river still shows its ever-recurrent battle with the sands of the desert. Here in the middle of Nature's primordial struggle the old Egyptian was placed, and beheld on one side the Preserver and on the other the Destroyer, apparently in a fierce wrestle over just him, the puny mortal. His chief Mythus, accordingly, shadows forth the desperate fight between the two Gods, Osiris and Typhon (or Set), the positive and the negative, with the victory of the latter, who cut up and scattered the corpse of the former in all directions. But Isis, the wife of Osiris, gathered the parts, and gave to them the rite of sepulture with an unconquerable conjugal devotion. When the son of the pair, Horus, had grown up, he renewed the conflict with Typhon, and captured him after a furious and long continued combat, then handed him over as a prisoner to Isis, who let him go again, for which she is not to blame, since she could not help herself. So it comes that old Typhon always returns and has to be put down afresh by Horus. Osiris after his death was given a

fresh lease of life and power in the under world, of which he became king and judge. But he was still regarded as the source of Nature's renewal and fructification in the Nile Valley, being re-vivified and re-incarnated in his son Horus, as well as in other forms.

Now the Sphinx represents in its primary significance this Egyptian divinity Horus (Hor-ẹm-khu, sometimes spelt differently, and indeed endowed with various titles). This God is often identified with the Sun, which goes through the Osirian process of brilliance, eclipse, and restoration, every day and every year, not to speak of vaster cycles of time. Below on earth the Nile, Egypt's divine provider, passes through the same round of rise, fall and return with the seasons. The mind within could be observed by the early Egyptian rounding a similar movement which is indeed that of consciousness itself. And the human body, yea, every living thing, is not lost, but will be restored in one form or another after its round, according to the Egyptian faith.

From this brief account may be felt the depth and vastness of meaning which the Osirian Mythus had for the people of Nile and indeed for all thoughtful men who came into contact with them. The world without

and the world within, were strikingly foreshadowed in its storied outline; it suggested the one supreme process of God, of Nature and of Man in a divinely enacted history; it set forth mightily, even if to us crudely and horribly, the clash of the positive and negative forces of the universe and their reconciliation. This Osirian Mythus may well be deemed the most nearly universal Mythus which man has produced for mirroring the All and its process. Now the Sphinx as an artistic work sprung of the mythical soul of the Egyptian people, called up to every native beholder the Osirian Mythus as the utterance of what lay deepest in the national spirit. Such was just its function: to reflect the folk-soul back to itself, that it might become self-aware. To be sure, there were many other Gods in the Egyptian Pantheon, many other Trinities, and many other mythological accounts concerning them; but Osiris was the culmination and indeed the summary of all the different deities who were in comparison local and communal as belonging specially to some city or district. Herodotus tells us that Osiris was still the favorite God of later Egypt (say about 450 B. C.); the monuments show that he had already won his pre-eminence 3,000 or possi-

bly 4,000 years before the time of Herodotus, even before the epoch of the Pyramids.

Thus, Sculpture in its primal and most colossal manifestation has arisen, springing from the deepest faith of the people expressed in their supreme Mythus, which tells them the process of their divinity, the movement of their universe. It is the direct epiphany of the God in stone, visible there before them. Herein we may note what called Sculpture primarily into existence and indeed all Art. In some way man must see his God, be it with the outer or inner eye, or both.

The Sphinx has, therefore, still something to say to us in this age of evolution, if we examine it and its connections with worthy interest and penetration. First of all, at its view rises the suggestion of the soul's immortality which is the very pulse-beat of the Osirian Mythus. The God, the All-in-All, manifests the process of life, death and resurrection; the negative Typhon, though ever at work, is still to be conquered; behold his master, Horus, here embodied, and embracing the total round of the divine process, which is thus eternal life. No portion of the human race ever showed such faith in immortality, which was the bed-rock whereon the Egyptian soul reposed. Other peo-

ples have believed in the future state undoubtedly, but to Egypt it was the ever-present fact of mundane existence. Hence ancient travelers noted that the Nile folk were the most religious of mortals. This sense of awe-stricken religiosity, of the God's real presence may be held to be expressed in the look as well as in the colossality of the Sphinx.

Very deeply pervading and controlling Egyptian spirit was the belief in immortality; but a still deeper and more compelling doctrine rose to utterance through the Osirian Mythus, the divine process of the Trinity known as Osiris, the father, Isis, the mother, and Horus, the son. Thus Egypt sought to express mythically the creative movement of the universe in a Holy Family, the very genesis of the All in its threefold personality. Primarily the God had this triune process; but the Egyptian saw it in the earth at his feet with its bloom, decay and rebirth; saw it in the Nile before him with its rise, fall and return; saw it in the sun above his head with its diurnal and annual cycles; saw it even in his own physical body which must also go the round of life, death and resurgence. Thus everywhere to him was manifested the Osirian process in Nature, and this process he could not help developing still further and applying to him-

self, to that soul which moved so mysteriously within him and showed the same triune cycle which his supreme God had manifested. We hold that Egypt was the locality where the evolutionary man first broke through into consciousness and became self-aware for the first time, no doubt very slowly taking Egyptian millenniums for each tiny step. Thus the Osirian Mythus with its triune movement of deity utters the process of Man, of Nature, and of God, both together and separately, as one and as many. It is no wonder then that the Sphinx takes such a grip in the soul, yet calls up such manifold interpretations, representing, as it does, so many particular processes, and the universal process, that of the universe itself. No wonder that it has been called the riddle, yea, the riddle of all riddles, allowing every beholder his own interpretation, without rebuttal. The Sphinx is the Sun, is the Nile, is Egypt, is Man, is human consciousness rising from animality (the supposed answer of Greek Oedipous), is a thousand things, and just therein is still the Sphinx.

But not Egypt alone felt and unfolded the Osirian Mythus, it has streamed down the ages to the present. As far back as the fourth century B. C., especially with Alexander's conquest of the country, it began to color the religion of the Greeks. Rome also

took it up, and during her imperial age in the distant provinces on the Danube and the Rhine, altars were raised to Osiris, Isis and their son. We may see in Plutarch what an Egyptian strand it wove into Greek philosophic culture. But its mightiest influence was perpetuated through Christianity. The doctrine of the Trinity, of immortality, as well as the dogmatic formulation of doctrine, came into the early church from the Egyptian religious consciousness where they had long existed. History declares that the first people to become permeated with Christianity were these children of old Nile. The first Christian Apologists were of Alexandria, and also the early fathers of the Church, notably Athanasius, the chief formulator of the Nicene creed. Thus we may well think that the Osirian Mythus, doubtless with many a transformation, has wound through civilized Europe into our own time. If this be so, that old Egyptian Sphinx is in us still, and its image lurks in European literature from the ancient Greek till our own. We dare think it the most influential work of Art, and hence the most significant that the human mind has yet achieved. Strangely distant have been its peregrinations which we may follow in Asia and Europe; but how did they ever extend

to Yucatan and Southern Mexico, where the Sphinx is found lying amid ruins of cities which flourished long before the discovery of America?

The word *Sphinx* is Greek and means the choker or strangler; but no such action can be ascribed to the present shape, reposeful as far as can be seen, though the whole body has never been uncovered to modern eyes, being veiled in sand not unlike that other famous Egyptian statue at Sais. Probably the Mythus gives the clew, Horus being the strangler of Typhon, darkness, desert, death, the Egyptian devil, wherein the ethical suggestion common in Egyptian lore is found —good overcoming evil. The hieroglyphics call the Sphinx the watchman—of what? Of this necropolis, of the dead generally, of the Pyramids, of the Nile, of Egypt. In all these matters we may conceive the final function of Horus as mastering death, destroying destruction, negating the negative, wherein he represents the third stage of the Osirian Trinity, overwhelming Typhon. And still the combat rages; the Sphinx is largely covered with sand, being almost buried in his own graveyard; only his huge head rears up from underneath his Saharan bedclothes. Several times during the nineteenth century the front part of the Sphinx

was excavated and examined, especially by Egypt-lover Mariette, but angry Typhon with his whirling sand-winds entombed the exposed body again. It is recorded that already in antiquity an Egyptian king disinterred the Sphinx afresh, bringing about a sort of new epiphany of Horus. Herodotus does not mention the Sphinx though that very inquisitive traveler visited and described the Pyramids in the same locality. Probably during his visit even the head was invisible, being wrapped in the folds of Typhon. One cannot help reflecting that in Egypt nature is still making her own symbol out of this man-made symbol, and refuses to allow the secret hieroglyphic to be entirely revealed.

The Sphinx stands as a kind of challenge to civilized man to find out its mystery. It is continually being interrogated, cross-examined we may say, to make it yield up its secret. This very month (January, 1913) we read of fresh explorations of its interior and new discoveries are claimed; it is said to be ramified with hidden passages, and like the Pyramids to be a royal tomb, a view found already in Roman Pliny and doubtless derived from Egypt. So Nature has been a guardian of the Sphinx, keeping its grave covered and its secret. Still some

day its total form will certainly be disclosed, as has been that other ancient Egyptian mystery, the source of the Nile, yea, even the hieroglyphics themselves. But when we see it before us whole, its spiritual problem remains, perchance only the more impressive.

An Arabian observer, the poet Abdellatif, born in the twelfth century, speaks of the face of the Sphinx as graceful and beautiful, and gives to it a subdued smile. He probably saw it in a more perfect condition than it is at present, with battered features and nose broken off, while the severed beard has wandered into the British Museum. The year 1378 has been transmitted as the date of its special disfigurement at the hands of a fanatical Arab Sheikh, who must have been filled with Semitic hate of the idol. Still it gazes imperturbably down upon the coming and going of nations, religions, races—even its own. Seen aright it preserves its elemental and eternal character even through its mutilations, which are but temporal strokes of Fate. What is that character? The Sphinx looks Time and just as well the Time-defyer; it visages immortality and rays the same out into our very consciousness. The slight smile we may grant it, though somewhat set and changeless, for it

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is immortal too—the timeless smile of triumph over Typhon. Barely finite enough is it to show a faint joy at the mastery of the finite, for the shape is still a thing limited, material, terrestrial; Time-transcending yet in Time.

From the published accounts it would seem that the material of the Sphinx is composed of three structural portions: the body hewn from the native rock, the massive head separately chiseled out of granite, and an artificial substructure in front for its support. Still we must remember that the body of the Sphinx has never been disrobed of its drapery; indeed only a small part of it to the fore has been exposed to light. Undoubtedly the complete excavation of the entire shape would be something of a task; but how small compared to its original creation! Strange seems the fact that the prying inquisitive spirit of our age has not yet dared to peep behind the veil of the Sphinx. Perhaps it cannot, its bent turns too strongly elsewhither. But the day will come. Then will be seen again in full the primal genetic statue of humanity, genetic of all other statues and indeed of Art itself. Even now it compels our bound-bursting spirits to thoughts far-reaching beyond ourselves; though in Time it rises co-eval with Time,

and becomes to the soul aught supra-temporal; though in Space it widens out co-extensive with Space and becomes to the soul aught supra-spatial. Through duration it seems to transcend duration, through colossality to transcend magnitude. And those men, if they were men in our modern sense, who conceived and shaped the Sphinx, unquestionably after themselves or after their ideal, and who built the Pyramids, must have been men of the same pattern as what they build, possessors of a pyramidal personality, else they never could have left such monuments of themselves, and of their world. For we feel that at Gizeh lies a world, a human world embodied in its own right at the start, a sort of overture to coming civilization, a prophecy not only of Art but of History. Accordingly we may well think that the Sphinx is the first incorporation of the World-Spirit, the earliest revelation of the idea which overrules man's historic development. The vast effigies whose countenance expresses a huge potentiality, looks down the future which is also only potential, being the unfulfilled, yet striving toward fulfillment.

On the other hand the Sphinx suggests the past of uncounted ages, with its transition of the animal into man, this shape still

embracing both sides, the human head and the lion's body. Thus is intimated in external form the rise of consciousness itself, which doubtless took place in this Nile Valley, requiring millions of years for the evolution. Finally the artist was evolved, the complete man who can look back with deepest instinct and recreate in image his own origin and that of his people. Both he and they felt that past, that universal ascent of humanity in themselves, now forever won, and gave to the same an enduring presence in this double-natured shape of stone. Thousands and thousands of Sphinxes, large and small, with many a variation of its parts, are still found in the soil of Egypt, indicating its popular hold upon that Egyptian consciousness whose character it so suggestively represented. Thus the sculptor set forth an image of the folk-soul looking back upon its origin. In this regard we have to compare it with the spirit of the Nineteenth Century and its Darwin who also unfolded the ascent of man from the animal, not in a sculptured form but in a printed book which similarly has proved itself a true utterance of the age, and like the Sphinx conjoins shapes an aeon apart.

Another noteworthy fact is that this vast shape is the work of associated Egypt. The

whole people were its artists, not so much the single individual who doubtless directed. In Greece the particular artist rises to prominence, and his name is usually known, being often graven on his production where we still may read it. The Greek artist is individualized as well as the Greek God. But in Egypt a great multitude of hands must have wrought on the Sphinx for years, the tools being simple, the mechanical appliances few, and the material very hard. Slowly the work must have evolved, like Time's own evolution of the body, which the artists were re-evolving in an artistic form, shaping what was truly an image of their own consciousness. The Sphinx we have to think as the great national act of its age, participated in by the associated people, who therein are getting to know themselves as a nation. It was not some tyrant who built the Sphinx by forced labor, as a whim of his arbitrary power. The mighty impress of a mighty nation is stamped upon this visage; its colossal outline could only have been conceived and executed by a social spirit equally colossal.

Viewed in this light the Sphinx is of the same gigantic race as the Pyramids. Both are the deeds of the associated folk in its primordial grand outburst into Art as the

spirit's utterance. The Pyramid is architecture, the genetic structure out of which all the supreme edifices of the future can be seen unfolding. The Sphinx on the other hand is sculpture, but also germinal for its art. So we may repeat that the art-gallery of the ages starts from and streams out of these two shapes down to our own time. There they stand, the Great Pyramid and the Great Sphinx, in each other's company, so that they seem to be in an eternal conversation. What are they talking about? Perchance about their posterity, which now quite circles the globe; for they are the hoary parents of the two visible or formative Fine-Arts, which in these days of evolution, have to go back to the ancestral fountain and trace their historic origin.

More completely than any other human monument does the Sphinx rise on the dividing line between Past and Future, in so far as any such line can be fixed. It connects in its form with man's long previous evolution out of the animal to the stage of his human appearance; just that supreme transition lasting possibly millions of years it would seem to embody in one single colossal shape and bring before the consciousness of the primal Egyptian folk and therewith perchance of the race. It deals with that mys-

tery of mysteries, man's individuation on our planet, or for that matter in the universe; we may deem it Egypt's huge hieroglyphic or sacred document hard to decipher by any outside mentality. All other Sculpture takes for granted the evolved human body, but this hints its genesis, forming how our form got to be.

The Sphinx has left its mighty impress upon Literature. It has been fruitful of legends, of adages, and of interpretations. Every age has to spell it over afresh. Very suggestive is it when reflected in the imagination of great poets from Greek Sophocles to German Goethe. Strangely, however, the historians and interpreters of Sculpture have never rightly appreciated this greatest monument of their Art.

But it is time to give a brief outline of Sculpture as it unfolded in the land of the Nile after the time of the Sphinx. We shall find this development to run quite parallel with Architecture; both these Arts likewise reflect historic changes in accord with the national spirit.

Egyptian Sculpture in general. There is a great deal of it, but the account must now be made brief. Still we have had good reason to delay long over the Sphinx as the most significant and creative work of Sculp-

ture ever hewn out by the hands of man, and still today probably the world's greatest piece of statuary, not only in size but in creative import. But the artistic activity of Egypt lasted thousands of years after the time of the Great Sphinx and overflowed the land with its production. Egyptian Sculpture was as copious as the Greek; the valley of the Nile became a sculpturesque world, as well as architectonic; the main business of the people, who were furnished so bountifully and so easily with food by their paternal River was Art, especially the Art of the builder and sculptor. The image and the dwelling-place of the God who made and kept them a people were what they had to see—and to see by perpetually creating and re-creating them. Every stroke upon the statue must have been a prayer, these mighty works could not have been accomplished without devotion, whose power and sincerity we may feel still, if we can sympathetically struggle back into their spirit. Such was the Egyptian's way: he put his act of worship into stone seeking to make it immortal as himself. And that is what we are to see still in these millennial monuments.

But we are also to note the limitation of this Egyptian Art. It fell fixed into a traditional type, which was religious and so

not subject to change. The artist lost his freedom in adhering to the great ancestor. The result was that Egypt's spirit became petrified like its granite. The community, the whole nation, not merely the individual body was transformed into a mummy. The physical organism transmitted from the past was held of supreme worth and had to be preserved by embalment as the prime condition of the soul's salvation. What could have been the cause of this sudden crystallized condition after that first grand originality? It would seem that Egypt was stupefied at her own colossal monuments, the Sphinx and the Pyramids, and could do hardly more than repeat them forever in time. At any rate the impression today remains that the national spirit itself underwent a process of mumification after its mighty creative outburst at the beginning; it was overwhelmed by its own greatness, and almost stopped evolution, though not quite.

Egyptian Sculpture very strikingly reveals itself in its own paralysis. The form is not the free living, self-acting body, but stiff, cramped, fixed to the outside, weighted down by gravity. The organism is self-hampered, and cannot rise to be self-determined. The hands and feet are not

alive but helpless, straight and moveless as if in a vice; no nerves and veins, little of bones and muscles. The back is often joined to an upright slab or pillar, and thus is not yet separated from matter. But even when the body is quite free on the outside, there is an inner heaviness of parts, which makes it still appear unfree. The Egyptian soul is as yet enslaved to its corporeal portion; so says the embalmed mummy as well as the statue. Here too we may consider the Sphinx, laden with its animal half, as the Egyptian prototype beyond which it could not evolve in its thousands of years. Characteristic is the fact of which experts tell: the Egyptian sculptor executed the animal shape far better than the human. Technical skill in sufficient degree he possessed to make a free human form, but not the consciousness.

In Egypt's Art the body of man never fully evolved to independence. It is determined by its past, by its former stages, not through itself to its completed self-movement. Thus it was truly representative of the Egyptian mind. That the real man, for instance the artist, could move about freely, is certain, yet his sculptured man had no such freedom, even in appearance, and indeed no such body. But the human form as

artistic is to represent the institutional soul, not simply the individual one; hence in Egypt Sculpture shows the body unfree as imaging the unfree world of spirit, which is fastened to the transmitted unchanging order, unable to make it over, and thereby to develop it creatively. What a sameness of look and of repetition in statues! Egypt pictures the identity of pure Time, like form following like, as one minute repeats the other endlessly; see the long line of Sphinxes at Carnac, one after the other, repeating the past in its greatest shape.

Still Egypt shows some evolution in Art and History even through its prolonged monotony of adherence to the past. There were upheavals in the Nile Valley, political and religious; there were changes coming from within and especially from without. Very indistinct they seem now in dates and in events. Egypt rose and fell in civilization, like her Nile; she had her epochs of bloom and decline, periods of outer conquest and inner subjugation; her long dim history can be discerned as moving in great cycles, subtly consonant with her own spirit. In a general way we can outline three large sweeps or resurgences, which have their echo in Art.

I. The first and greatest outburst of

Egyptian spirit is seen in the Pyramids and the Sphinx, whose origin is usually assigned to the Fourth Dynasty, which dates about 4,000 B. C., according to most authorities, though some place it 1,000 years sooner. Now this earliest spiritual bloom was altogether Egypt's mightiest, her one supreme original deed, done at the beginning of her history, yea of all history. And the strange fact is that this primal deed of a people was not political, but artistic; or we may say, that the highest political function was just the artistic. The Nation at this early period must have been strong and probably a conqueror and ruler of other nations; but it existed not to found and perpetuate an empire so much as to produce enduring Art in the image of its gigantic spirit. For the man of those days must have been as monumental in character as his monuments, colossal as the Sphinx, pyramidal as the Pyramids. The first great deed of Greece has a decided political strain which we feel still in Marathon and the Persian War; Greek Art rose especially at Athens as an outgrowth of the new-born national spirit, but not with this Egyptian magnitude and exclusiveness.

Significant is the fact that Art in this earliest period had greater freedom than ever again in Egypt. The statues of Ra-

hotep and Nefert (Fourth Dynasty) now in the Museum at Gizeh, are good examples of this first untrammeled Art; they follow nature, they have more life and expression than any later sculpture found in the tombs. It would seem that the very colossality of this First Period cast such a spell upon the people that they clung to its forms in Art, religion, customs, government; thus Egypt seemed to be poured into one primordial mould which it could never fully break, even if it evolved a little within its fixed limits. Perhaps we today may realize somewhat of the same effect; when we view these stupendous works we feel wonder-crushed at the sight, with individuality quite obliterated for the time at their overmastering presence. Be this as it may, Egypt's first period was so oppressively great that she never afterwards could free herself from her own greatness.

II. The second epoch-making resurgence of Egyptian history is assigned to the Twelfth Dynasty. What about the eight dynasties lying between these crests of greatness, and embracing at least 1200 years? Sunk out of sight and lost, except some lists of kings and a few monuments relatively small and unimportant. Egypt after her prodigious labor reflected in her

Art at Gizeh, goes to sleep for twelve centuries and more in order to recuperate. So we may help ourselves out with an easy conjecture. Possibly with the further resurrection now going on in the Nile Valley, we shall get some news of this submerged period.

But with a surprising suddenness, or what seems sudden at this distance from the event, a new king, yea new line of kings leap up from the dormant ages and perform notable deeds which are recorded. Among these are extensive conquests in Asia and Africa, showing the outbreak and overflow of the national spirit. At home this Dynasty was noted for its works in regulating and utilizing the Nile, the divine giver of Egypt's food; its Kings constructed dykes, dug canals, excavated reservoirs, most famous of which was Lake Moeris. The Labyrinth (the wonder described by Herodotus) was built at this time, though it had not the character of eternity, like the monuments of the Fourth Dynasty, since its site can hardly be recognized. Thus Architecture droops, and the like must be said of Sculpture; it was the utilitarian age of Egypt.

But that which received a vast development was the subterranean tomb. The Sphinx and the Pyramids were doubtless con-

nected with sepulture, but they were erected above ground. This burrowing underneath the surface must have had its parallel in the consciousness of the time. The doctrine of the future state, always intensely present in Egypt, assumed a new phase; it now distinctly announces future judgment and penalty for deeds done in the body. Also a dim idea of Purgatory seems to show itself with its stress on expiation. The so-called respondents, sculptured images of the deceased person located in his tomb, are supposed to have had a vicarious power. Doubtless the Labyrinth with its endless intricacies above ground and below as well as through its magnitude is the most suggestive artistic symbol of this period, which made the Nile itself a vast Labyrinth of canals, lakes, dams in service of the people whose welfare now has special emphasis.

Still Sculpture need not leave this age with wholly empty hands. Petrie (Hist. Egypt I. 158) tells of a finely wrought statue of black granite found at Tanis which has no upright slab for its back, but stands *free*, like a Greek statue. As far as known, such a work is unique in Egypt, which never before or afterward liberated the body from its conjunction with outer support. This statue is of the second King, twelfth dynasty

(about 2750 B. C.). Thus it foreshadows the Sculpture of Greece, individualizing completely the human form. Herein it is the counterpart of the proto-Doric Column of Beni-Hassan, which also must be deemed an Egyptian prophecy of a chief member of the coming Greek Architecture, and which also is assigned to this same Twelfth Dynasty. But such a column and such a statue were but momentary flashes of the future, and were never realized in Egypt, being in advance of her consciousness.

III. The third mighty resurgence recorded in Egyptian History is assigned to the Eighteenth Dynasty, more than a thousand years after the second one, which also did not last. There was a fresh decline and subsidence after the Twelfth Dynasty. Egypt decayed internally and then was seized and subjugated by a foreign race, the Semites doubtless, whose Kings are known as the Hyksos, who ruled Egypt more than five hundred years. But there came a new outburst of the Egyptian volcano from its long quiescence which overwhelmed the oppressors and drove them from the land. But that was not the end: the roused nation burst the barriers of the Nile Valley and overran a large part of Western Asia. Two great conquerors arose, Thotmes III of the Eigh-

teenth Dynasty, and Rameses II, of the Nineteenth Dynasty. Each of these Dynasties had its own character, and intervening between them lay a great religious upheaval, which threatened for a while to uproot the old Egyptian religion; but there came again a great national recovery and renewal, this time seemingly inspired by religion. Still the present was Egypt's last cycle of renovation from decadence. Possibly the reason lay just in such refusal to transform her religion.

Now this mighty upburst and overflow of Egyptian spirit during the Third Period had its parallel in Art as the expression of the national life. The almost superhuman monuments still to be seen in the Thebaid belong chiefly to these two Dynasties which are essentially one in spirit, notwithstanding the above-mentioned difference, and are to be looked at together in their products. In Architecture the temples of Karnac and Luxor still illustrate the grandeur of this Period.

Even mightier are the works of Sculpture which manifest a striving after colossality of expression comparable only to the Sphinx and the Pyramids. Indeed just this indicates the character of the Period: it is a return to the First Period with the attempt to equal it

if not outdo it in magnitude. The twin colossi of Amenophis (Eighteenth Dynasty) are still in place, seated figures over sixty feet high, one of which was the famous singing Memnon which would send forth musical sounds on being struck by the rays of the morning sun. Some writers say that there were originally eighteen of these huge statues in a row. Even more impressive are the four colossi of Rameses II (Nineteenth Dynasty) at Ipsamboul, each seventy feet high, seated before the entrance of a rock-temple. These are the largest sculptures of the Period which produced many others only a little less in size.

As before said this Art recalls that of the First Period, yet with a difference. The Sphinx transmits its colossality to man, and his human body. On the other hand the animal part of the Sphinx loses its huge size, but turns into many smaller repetitions and is made up of two animals, as we see in the long row of criosphinxes at Luxor. In fact the statue of the King has become the Sphinx at Ipsamboul with its Egyptian look of stolid timelessness. Reckoning back from our own day we are to think that the Great Sphinx of Gizeh is about twice as old as the colossi of Thebes and Ipsamboul. How Egypt has the power of shedding Time whose years beat

upon it like falling rain-drops, and then vanish, leaving it quite the same!

Egypt, the head waters of Art and civilization sent forth its streams in various directions toward the future. Through Moses and the Hebrews flowed one current which turned away from Sculpture and its idols. In the valley of the Euphrates the Sphinx evolved to the Assyrian bull.

One rivulet flowed into the so-called Hittite Art, quite recently brought to light. Phoenicia and the Greek borderland, Cyprus, Crete, Asia Minor show Egyptian influence in their pre-artistic remains which belong more to archaeology than to art. All these smaller stations must now be left behind, in this survey of the summits that we may at once leap over the Oriental boundary into Greece and Europe, where another artistic Type welcomes us.

But the supreme conception of all Art, however diverse its Types, must be kept before the mind—which conception we seek to concentrate and keep alive in the word *Theophany,* which we have already defined as the divine descent into individual form, as created by the artist. This is what unites the Egyptian and the Greek Art worlds, though otherwise so different. The common human consciousness of both the Asiatic and Euro-

pean demands the appearance of the God who thus is manifested in the work of Art as the associator of his people. The original artistic monument is the unifier of the nation through its faith in its Creator whom the artist makes appear by means of his own creative genius. This is what we are next to witness in a new manifestation on Europe's side of the Aegean.

European Sculpture.

With the advent of the Greek into history, a new Type of Sculpture is born and slowly unfolds to maturity; the statue steps forth endowed with a new body. Behold the Sphinx slough off its animal part and become human in form—the Hellenic solution of the Egyptian riddle. Drop down 2500 years or more (a longer time by several centuries than has elapsed since the Christian Era) to the colossal statue of Amenophes III, and see the singing Memmon rise out of its chair of rock in which it is not only seated but imbedded, and become a free human shape, capable of self-movement, perchance a Greek Hermes. In some such fashion we may image the great transition from the Oriental and specially the Egyptian Type to the European. The Body which Sculpture takes as the bearer of its Art, is transformed, is indeed evolved into a higher stage; it is set free from the outer trammels of matter, with which it seemed ingrown in Egypt; it is liberated from that overwhelming thrust downward of gravity which even the face shared in the Egyptian statue. Thus the Human Body is shown completely individuated from external Nature and self-evolved; it is de-

animalized and de-gravitated in this new stage of Art which we call a Type, so deep and lasting is the change. Within this European Type, however, we shall note many significant and far-reaching changes, which can be named Styles.

We observe first the outer geographical environment of this supreme transition. The civilization of the Orient rose chiefly in large fertile river valleys where a vast population was gathered and huge cities were built. The earth itself was massified, and the swarms of humanity hung dependent from the bounty of Nature. Egypt in particular was more bound to the Nile than any other people of the East to their river, being furnished by it not only with food but with soil annually. This unique physical condition of Egypt, unique on our globe, gave the spot where could be enacted the evolution of subhuman life into humanity, which mightiest step of progress ever taken by man Egypt remained dimly conscious of still in her historical period, imaging it in her greatest work of Art, the double-bodied Sphinx whose shape she strangely kept repeating in large and small as long as she was Egypt. But in Europe the land was divided up by Nature, specialized, made individual; especially was this the case with Greece which had no great

plains or large river-valleys in which to mass the folk. Their sea was full of their separated islands; their continent was divided up by mountains. Nature was the first Sculptor of Greece, chiseling ever her territory into sharply marked forms of distinct individuality. The Greek land and sea thus furnished the outer setting for the arrival of the new man, and with him of the Art, which will reveal a creative Type for the future.

The next fact is that an altogether new institutional world will arise in such an environment. Politically the Orient tends to absolutism, and its history is largely the establishment of great empires through external conquest. Europe will show the tendency to break up this Oriental consolidation of authority, and to divide itself into many commonwealths, which may be republican, aristocratic or monarchic. A multiplicity of independent States has been the basic world-historical fact recorded of Europe; this multiplicity has changed in form, but has remained to this day; anciently within its borders flourished many city-states, then came many tribal states, now we see many nation-states. A special word should be employed for this deepest characteristic of Europe; elsewhere we have called it polyarchic. But at present we wish to note that European

Sculpture reflects this trait of European institutions, for just that is its supreme call. Already we have emphasized that Art springs from and depicts man's institutional world. The European artistic Type as a whole is polyarchic, separating into many individual centers, communal and national, each with its own character and its struggle against others. Moreover the artist will be free to assert himself against too much tradition; he also has his individual right. Particularly in that marvelous galaxy of Greek City-States, Sculpture will rise to be the Art of all Arts, and will reach its supreme perfection, becoming the very utterance of the Greek folk-soul, when this is at its fairest flowering as the bearer of the world's civilization.

Egypt's Sculpture is largely sepulchral; not a little of it has been found inside the darkness of the tomb, where it was conceived to help make the deceased immortal. But the Greek statue shuns gloomy Hades and is itself sunshine in marble. We think of ancient Egypt as unrisen, unrevealed, a land of tombs, and today it is still for us a vast graveyard; but when we cross the sea into Hellas, we seem to pass from death to life, from the hidden to the open, from the hieroglyphic to its interpretation. To be sure we may ob-

serve premonitory Greek pulsations in old Egypt, but the child remained there unborn.

European Sculpture will therefore keep the evolved and liberated Human Body and make it the bearer of the social and institutional struggles of the future. The Gods of the community, tribe, city, nation will be still represented in sculpturesque form, and will reveal the triumphs, the defeats, and even the agonies of their respective peoples. In the total sweep of European Sculpture can be observed three leading stages which we shall call Styles. First is the *Classic Style* which is essentially Greek, but overarches all antiquity including ancient Rome. This embraces the Art of the heathen world till the latter changed its religion or God-conception, which brought about the second or *Christian Style* of European Sculpture, which prevailed during the Middle Ages, especially, and was dominated by the dominant church. On the whole the religion of this time tended to discredit the Human Body, and even to torture it with its own self-inflicted pain. Thus arose on one side a Sculpture of the grotesque but on the other a Sculpture of suffering. Finally came the reaction and the return to the antique which produced the third great period of European Sculpture, the revival of it known as the *Ren-*

aissance Style which reaches back some four or five hundred years from our time, but is not yet ended, as far as can now be seen.

It is evident that the supremely creative epoch of Sculpture, in which it became a world-historical Art, with a message not only for its own people and time, but for all civilization and the future, was the Classic. Yet this too showed inequalities. We shall find that Classic Sculpture had its various stages of excellence.

The Classic Style.

The Sculpture of the Classic period lasted hardly a thousand years in its own right; to be sure in another sense it lasts today, in fact it has been re-animated to new life within the past century. So vigorous and persistent has this resuscitation of the antique become that we have to think it still has its niche though not very large, in the artistic expression of our age.

Classic Sculpture springs from a God-world, comes down out of the same, as it were, and brings along the thousandfold shapes of deities, revealing them in statues to the eyes of the believers. This presupposes a polytheistic faith of the people, and also their demand for the immediate divine presence appearing to their vision. The God must be manifested in external form to the Greek religious consciousness; when this belief began to wane, the Art expressing the same necessarily followed in the decline till the light went out. But this descent of divinity lingered long in the hearts of the common people after the intellect had undermined conviction; indeed the old faith and its forms can often be seen flickering

still in Mediterranean lands by the watchful observer.

The Classic world, then, is the world of the Gods, whose literary bible is old Homer, but whose permanent visible appearance is Sculpture. But why so many? Each community, tribe, city, and the whole nation, had its own deity, who was its divine protector against its foes, even against other hostile Gods. We recollect how Homer portrays the Olympians divided into two parties, for and against Troy. We have, therefore, to conceive Godhood individuating itself into the vast multiplicity of Gods; Hellas turned the universal One into many individuals. That was just its consciousness, and its place in the World's History, which made it the scene of the divinely sculpturesque appearance for the one time on this planet. It was a rain, yea storm of Gods falling upon that Greek earth during that time in response to the fervent prayer of the people. We dare affirm that no such petition since then has been sent to the upper realm from any national folk-soul though this still prays to its Maker, yet with a wholly different consciousness back of its worship. And the artist, who could perform the act of divine individuation, making the Gods appear in their most adequate visible shapes to his folk, was the universal

mediator of the spirit of his time, ever rememberable along with the warrior and statesman. To be sure there was an aristocratic prejudice, even at Athens, against the artist as a workman; still his vocation stood nearer to the heart of the people than that of any other man, and Art occupied a place in life which it has hardly since attained even in its most favored periods. In Greece the World-spirit became sculptor for once and for all.

But now we are to note the fatal birthmark on this Classic God-world, for it has within itself the strain of finitude and dissolution from the start. Each little Greek community would be of itself the complete political individual, hence its pivotal word was autonomy. It would have its own self-sufficient life, its own government, its own laws and law-making power, yea its own Gods. The result was the Greek community became dissociative in spirit, exclusive, quarrelsome with the neighboring community which, however, was of the same temper. Thus Greece, having united once in a great national deed to repel the Persian, turned internally to a seething caldron of jealous, selfish, warring towns and cities, till it fell under control of an external ruler, first Macedon and then Rome. Now this strife in the lower world of

men has its counterpart in the upper world of the Olympians, quite as we see it foreshadowed in Homer. Accordingly there took place in Greece a long, desperate battle of the Gods, whose prefigurement we may again note in the Iliad, that magic looking-glass which the poet held up before pre-historic Greece and which had the power of foretokening her future historic destiny. The result was that the Greek Nation sank beneath its own blows re-inforced by outer powers interfering at the right moment to help her kill herself.

So it comes that the Greek God-world enacts a grand tragedy upon the stage of universal History with rise, culmination, decline and death—truly the creative source and ideal prototype of all lesser Greek tragedies so well known in Literature. But what concerns us here is that Classic Sculpture taken together embodies this tragic action in its full sweep, in its most direct and impressive appeal to the folk, making it indeed divine, the very process of the Gods. Then the Art itself perishes along with the consciousness which produced it and which it so faithfully and intimately represented. For Sculpture as the Classic Art dies also at the end of the tragedy of the Classic World, so inborn and bound-up was it with its own theme.

It will not outlive its own Gods. And this hint of its end it had from its beginning.

In the sculptured faces of those antique deities there is the strain of Fate, which springs inherently from their multiplicity and their particularity. Their limitation is stamped upon them, they give an undertone of longing for what they are not, of seeking what they have not; they would be eternal yet are finite, would be immortal, yet must die. An inner self-contradiction of the God lies in the polytheistic conception; then these many Gods fall into outer conflict with one another. So they are at last fated and show it in their look, yea in their bounded form. With all their much-praised serenity—yet the Gods cannot be forever serene—there interweaves a tinge of divine sorrow, deep, quite superhuman sorrow that they have ever been individuated into their finite shapes from the One-and-All. So we may interpret that touch of infinite regret which we can feel in the serene Gods looking down on us from their best statues. But still they mirror their own people in its profoundest soul, and forecast the destiny of that social and institutional order which they adumbrate. It may be here added that the sculptured God-pain, so softly soothed into serenity by the earlier or perchance Phidian ideal, will break forth

into volcanic convulsions in the Laocoon belonging to the later Hellenistic time. Still both must be seen as genuine stages of the same sculpturesque God-world of Hellas.

Here another fact should be noted. That supereminent realm of deities had its own peculiar expression in the Greek Mythus which was an elemental product of the Greek consciousness. This Mythus is what Sculpture seized upon in order to inform its highest conceptions. Moreover the Mythus was familiar to the people who made it and kept re-making it as their own utterance. Now this popular material of all Art and Poetry the sculptor took and formed anew according to his idea, using it as so much elemental stuff for his work. Many illustrations we shall have of his procedure in this regard. Here, however, we emphasize that the artist found created for his hand the people's Mythus with its ready-made God-world whose shapes he was to render visible, actually tangible, even in the crisis of the hour, so that Divinity should become an immediate presence to the folk.

The Sculptor lived in historic times, and was himself a product of the historic consciousness. He shares deeply in the soul of his age and is to express its pivotal conflict in his Art. But this conflict of the moment

he is to transfer to the upper world of the Gods through the Mythus; thus he raises the great event out of its temporal wrappage and clothes it in the form of the eternal, so that it endures through time, and we look at his work today, though it be in fragments. In some such way we have to construe him shaping the groups in the pediments of the Parthenon for instance, and even the peculiar medley of figures known as *The Farnesian Bull.* The old Mythus is transformed into the bearer of present History by the sculptor who therein brings to the immediate vision of his people the existent state of their institutional world, not as external history but as the inner spirit of history. Here again ancient Homer sets the example, and is the best commentary. He has the two realms, the lower one of human events and persons, and the upper one of the Gods who bring about what transpires below. The supreme function of Sculpture is to set forth that upper divine realm, though it portrays also the man in action here below, and even makes portraits.

It has been already intimated that the Classic Style of Sculpture keeps step historically with the periods of the Classic World from start to finish. These are seen to be in the main three, with many side-currents and

counter-currents which play into and around the one forward roll of the mighty stream. To these lesser branches we cannot pay attention in this brief account, but we shall be content to mark the chief outlines of the forementioned three Periods of the Classic Style. First is the *Hellenic Period* which rises to fulfilment in the one great artist of Greece, Phidias the Athenian in whom and in whose city the Sculpture of Greece concentrates and puts forth its finest bloom, representing the triumph of the Greek world, especially of its distinctive political institution, the City-State, yet not without fierce inner conflicts. Then comes secondly the *Hellenistic Period,* in which we behold the Greek institutional world subordinated to an external power and alien to its spirit, with which alien power it is in desperate struggle. Now it is this furious fight of Greek with non-Greek, of city-state against other political forms, in general of Hellenic civilization against an overwhelming outside energy which crushes in upon it—this is the convulsive fateful epoch which Hellenistic Sculpture mainly portrays with a tremendous outlay of national pathos and writhing. The Laocoon group is the best representative of the Art of the Period, which ends in the complete domination of Rome lasting several centuries. Hereupon

follows the third or *Helleno-Roman Period* of the Classic Style, in which Greek Sculpture again centralizes itself in a city, but non-Greek, though the capital of the ancient world, and becomes largely an imitative art living on its past glory and copying the great masterpieces of its freedom to decorate the abode of its foreign master.

It is to be observed that through all these three Periods prevails the common Classic Style, which sought to preserve the free Human Body idealized by a divine content, and which sprang from a God-world descending into visible form for the people who kept the faith. We can behold in the Emperor Trajan's reliefs the Classic Style alive and active still, even if decadent. That imperial world-ruler whose empire had swallowed up the independent Greek City-State, endeavored to keep its Art world-historical to represent Roman conquest and greatness—really a contradictory task. But we may carry our retrospect yet farther back and look at the European Type with its liberated body in contrast with the Egyptian Type, and the Oriental generally, which could never quite set free the individual human organism in its Sculpture, which therein, however, mirrors the spirit and social order of the East.

Undoubtedly Art both in the Orient and in

Hellas, is religious, is primarily to manifest the national God who makes his people a nation in their common religion. Still there is quite a difference between those two worlds, Oriental and European, in their attitude toward the religious and political institutions. As this attitude decidedly influences their Art, we may note the following distinctions:

(1) In the Orient Religion makes the one State, is indeed one with it, both being concentrated in one head or ruler. Such at least is the tendency.

(2) In Europe, however, the State separates from Religion and divides into many states, from Greece down to the present time (polyarchy). On the other hand European Religion tends to unity; Greek Religion unified Greece religiously underneath all its political separation; in modern Europe the many Nation-States have a common religion —Christianity.

(3) In America (the true Occident) the State has risen to be what unifies or federates the people, while Religion separates them (the many sects). The artistic outcome of this new condition is not yet unfolded, though on some lines it may have started.

But European Art, with which we are now dealing, will have a unitary tendency amid all the political diversity, as it originates in a

common religion. But the later Art will tend to split up nationally when it drops away from its originative source.

But we have reached the opening of Greek Art, indeed of all Art in the European sense; that is, the Art of man is to assume its European Type, starting with the Classical Style as the original mould of what Europe deems the artistically beautiful. But this Style has also its movement in time, its supreme flowering and then its decadence and even death, which movement becomes in itself a type or model of all the Fine Arts in their historic development. This primal creative round of Europe's Art is now to be set forth in its three Periods.

A. THE HELLENIC PERIOD.

The greatest Greek statue, by the greatest Greek artist, on the greatest Greek theme, in the greatest period of Hellas: that may well be deemed the complete summation and embodiment of Sculpture itself. There is a consensus of judgment, ancient and modern, that such was the work of Phidias the Athenian when he shaped the sculptured presentment of Zeus at Olympia. He brought down the universal God of the Greeks to their immediate vision when they were assembled at their supreme national festival, and united them in one vast act of worship which stirred their Greek blood from the farthest outlying rim of colonial Hellas to its center. So we may consider this the mightiest act of Hellenic Sculpture done by its mightiest hero, a concentration of the whole Art into one creative point which had the power of reawakening in each soul the common Hellenic consciousness.

Now comes the other side of the fact: this statue has perished and there is not a single worthy copy of it at present known to be in existence. We moderns, therefore, have to reconstruct it in imagination from the state-

ments of ancient writers who saw it, from the general character of Phidias and the ideal of Hellenic Sculpture which we can still observe, and from a few small images of it on coins as well as from certain ancient busts which probably show some lineaments of the face and head. More suggestive, but subtler and harder to trace is the imitation in later Art of the Phidian Zeus, which became a type not only of the highest God but of other divinities of the Pantheon, even of heroes. Most significant is the fact that Laocoon has a Zeus-head, though this identification has been often denied. Phidias more than any other Greek sculptor was the creative God-maker, and his divine shapes continued reproducing themselves, undoubtedly with many variations and shortcomings, to the end of Classic Art. In fact if we enter the British museum and watch the eager copyists of the Elgin marbles, we can see that the influence of the Phidian ideal is still at work today with pervasive power.

First it would be well to catch up some salient expressions of ancient authors who were eye witnesses of the God's appearance in the statue at Olympia and who testify to the divine grandeur of the vision. Our favorite of all these Classic utterances is the epigram of Philippus of Thessalonike who

probably lived in the time of Trajan, hence in the decline of Greek Art.

"Phidias, say, did the God come down to thy workshop in person,
Or to Olympus didst mount, viewing him there in his home?"

This pointed alternative pivots upon the artistic character of Phidias as the immediate beholder and shaper of the Gods. The Roman commander Aemilius Paullus, according to Plutarch, regarded the Zeus of Phidias not merely in the light of the Homeric conception embodied, but as the very presence of the God, and would sacrifice to him as to Rome's Capitoline Jupiter. The Roman rhetorical writer Quintilian declares that this Olympian statue had helped to keep alive the existent religion, as revealing visibly all the majesty of the supreme God himself. Plotinus, the neo-Platonic philosopher, probably of Egyptian blood, speaks of the artist beholding in the Spirit how the Great God would take this shape, were he to speak to us face to face. Thus we have the words of men of diverse nationalities and faiths witnessing the divine epiphany at Olympia in Sculpture; this would seem to arouse not only in the Greek but in all men the real presence of divinity, reaching down we may well think,

to the original elemental God-consciousness which rises in the rise of humanity itself and unfolds with the same, being also the ultimate ground of its Art. Such were the depths of the soul which could be stirred by the vision of this statue, as the record runs.

A somewhat different phase of its power is set forth in the deep-toned words of Dio Chrysostom, the golden-mouthed rhetor: "Whoever is heavy-laden in spirit, and oppressed with many cares and sorrows, such as human life brings, so that he is no longer restored by sweet sleep: let him but stand before this image of Zeus and I believe that he will forget all his burdens and anxieties: to such a height of excellence, O Phidias, hast thou thought out and wrought out thy work, such light and grace lies in thine Art." In this passage one hears almost a Christian note, an influence not impossible, as Dio was a native of Asia Minor and wrote about 100 A. D. Legend has recorded the miraculous sign of the God's acceptance of the artist's work: when his long labor was finished, Phidias prayed Zeus for an omen of approval; at once a flash of lightning shot through the open roof of the temple from the sky and struck the white pavement where a stone of black marble ever afterwards marked the spot, indicating the God's recognition of his

supreme artist. So Pausanias, the old traveler, reports in his guide-book from personal inspection. There is no doubt that Phidias had a deep religious faith, and communed immediately with the Olympians, otherwise he never could have been the great God-maker to his folk, re-creating the Creator himself in a mighty act of divinely creative energy.

But whence did the artist get his primal suggestion, the impulse and the joy to do his work? That was the nod of Zeus himself as recorded by Homer in a famous scene (Iliad, Book I). Several ancient authors have reported the anecdote that Phidias on being asked what was the original model of his Zeus, responded with the citation of the famous Homeric nod:

"Speaking, Great Zeus then nodded above with eyebrows cerulean,
And then he shook the ambrosial locks of the ruler immortal,
Round his head, with whose nod high Olympus was twirled in an earthquake."

So sings old Homer, not in English hexameters, verily, but in Greek. Still we shall try to give the echo of the ancient lines, hinting the will and majesty of the highest God of Hellas which stirred Phidias to his primal

conception and its realization. In fact the latter is still the best commentary on the old Hellenic bard, transforming Homer's God-world into Sculpture. But there yet remains the query: Why just then? Can we find any hint why at that time's conjuncture not simply the God, but the God of all the Gods for once only in full visible revelation should descend into the work of Phidias? The answer calls for some account of his life and institutional environment.

1. *Before Phidias.*

A brief account of Sculpture antecedent to Phidias has its place here, since there was an early, indeed pre-historic evolution of this Art on Greek soil. The pre-Phidian time is just at present the subject of a very minute and wide-spread investigation; everywhere on the Greek islands and the mainland excavations are the order of the day. The result is an enormous mass of crude antiques which have not yet been sifted and ordered, and whose artistic value is often exaggerated by the narrow specialist.

The borderland between Greece and the Orient—Cyprus, Crete, Asia Minor—has yielded many curious forms of transition out of the old East into the rising West. At the

same time traces of an indigenous civilization with its Art have been uncovered at Mycenæ and at other places excavated by Schliemann and his successors. A background of Art has been dug out of the earliest Greek poems, those of the Homer and Hesiod, and its parts pieced together with skill. Perhaps the most interesting fact brought forth by these investigations is to observe how every Greek commune had its need of Art, and frequently its own artistic tendency. From hundreds of little centers Sculpture was shooting up out of the soil, as it were, or rather out of the sprouting Greek consciousness. Thus early we may feel the universal impulse of Hellas to artistic form.

In this throbbing mass of Hellenic communities we begin to observe a twofold division quite at the dawn of history: the division into Ionic and Doric Greeks, which is likewise reflected in Art. We shall see that this distinction holds out in Sculpture to the end. Another and deeper division is also manifest: the separation from and conflict with the Orient. This was the fate hanging over both the Ionic and Doric tribes, and which we find already in Homer whose theme in the Iliad is based upon the struggle between East and West. Homer's heroes before Troy were really the protagonists of Hellas

against Asia, and the Persian War to the Greek consciousness was the continuation of the Trojan War. The well-known statues from the pediment of the temple of Athena at Aegina are mythical figures of Troy, but represent the historic struggle at Salamis against the Persian, in which the Aeginetans won the palm of bravery. This temple with its sculpture was doubtless erected as a memorial of that event. A similar procedure we shall notice running through all Greek Art: a long-past mythical event is taken to heroize present history.

About the time of the Persian War Greek Sculpture had blossomed into a number of thriving schools, each of which had its pupils and its constituency. This Art had flowered with the flowering of the Greek City-State of whose spirit and ideal it was the supreme artistic utterance. Argos, Sicyon, Aegina had become famous centers of training and production—all of them Dorian. But Ionic Athens was not lagging; it had produced two sculptors of special distinction, Calamis and Myron, before the rise of Phidias. Myron in particular was famed for his fidelity to nature; his sculptured cow called forth many a Greek epigram, and excited a word from modern Goethe. His Discobolus and his Marsyas are still extant in fairly well certi-

fied copies, and show a strong realistic sense in seizing the concentrated moment of an action which indicates both a before and an after. Naturalism was his bent, he was still a follower of the Doric school at Argos where he received his chief training, and gained a marvelous proficiency in technical skill. But he has no strain of the Attic idealism which is soon to become so prominent in Phidias. Pliny, doubtless reflecting ancient criticism, says that "Myron concerned himself only with the body, not with inner states. In his realism he was the first to attain versatility." Still there remained in his work to the last an element of archaic stiffness and conventionality. His Art was not yet free.

But the supreme artistic counterpart to Phidias was his somewhat younger contemporary, Polycletus, highest product of the Doric school at Argos. He was, like Phidias, a pupil of the great Argive pedagogue in Sculpture, Ageladas, from whom sprang the two diverse tendencies streaming through all the later Art of Greece. This division corresponded to that of Athens and Sparta, Ionic and Doric, idealism and realism, democracy and artistocracy, progressivism and conservatism, to which list many other contrasting categories might be added. The two artists Phidias and Polycletus became a

fountain of rhetorical comparison like Raphael and Michelangelo, Goethe and Schiller, Pope and Dryden. Doubtless Roman Quintilian summed up the best judgment of antiquity in ascribing to Polycletus the highest excellence in treating the human form, but in denying to him the sublimity required to represent the Gods. This statement is made in face of the fact that Polycletus produced some statues of deities—his Argive Hera was much celebrated by a certain class of ancient writers, probably those who preferred a pronounced realism even in the divine form.

We may, therefore, conclude that Polycletus was no inspired God-maker, like Phidias; his field was to give the noblest shapes to the human body, as we may still see in the remaining copies of his two chief works (the Doryphoros and the Diadumenos, to which may be added several figures of his Amazon). He wrote a book on the canon or the standard type of the human form and its right proportions of which the Doryphoros was the example. His favorite model evidently was the victorious athlete, product of Doric training. A certain rigid formalism or squareness (the word of ancient Varro) may still be noted in his figures—a Spartan fixity in the given rule or canon. His Art is not yet

free, we have to think, with all its Doric excellence; his shapes cannot be the transparent abode of the God in the descent into human form and finitude.

So we behold Sculpture, the sovereign artistic expression of the Greek consciousness, cleaving into two basic tendencies of mind, often called the real and ideal, each of which has its representative in a supreme Greek sculptor. This twofoldness permeates, yea rends asunder the whole Greek people along with their history, making them Ionic or Doric, followers of Athens or Sparta, champions of Phidias or Polycletus, in the realm of Art.

Still Athens will win the palm and become the center of Hellenic civilization at its highest; in like manner Phidias will win the palm and become the greatest of all sculptors. He will unite the dissidence of the real and ideal, of the human and divine at one supreme moment of his artistic creation. But after him the old cleavage will start afresh till in Lysippus the breach becomes complete. Accordingly there will be a post-Phidian development of Sculpture, which will be characterized in its place.

But at present we are to stand ourselves on the very apex of plastic Art, and to observe its perfection as far as possible. Never

again will Sculpture attain such plenitude and pre-eminence of utterance; it envisages not merely Hellas but Civilization itself of which Hellas is now the chief upholder and representative. Moreover it concentrates in one personality which we may call heroic in its way. So we are next to consider Phidias who is the product of the antecedent evolution already given.

2. *Phidias.*

We may well think that the greatest of the statues of Phidias is himself. Most of his forms have perished, still we can discern the colossal form-maker of these forms amid or behind their ruins. Through him the World-Spirit for the first and last time expresses itself in Sculpture. In this light we shall try to project some faint image of the man, his works, and his career.

Phidias, son of Charmides, was born at Athens probably about 500 B. C. (this date has been disputed, and is not documented, but it best agrees with the known facts of his life). He was, accordingly, a boy about ten years old when the Athenians under Miltiades marched out against the Persians and fought the battle of Marathon. The impress of such a local, yet world-historical event upon the mind of such a youth, whose relatives

and neighbors must have participated in the struggle, could not fail of stimulating his native bent. He must have heard how Pallas Athena, the divine Protectress of the city, appeared on the field of battle and assisted in person her people. Thus ancient Herodotus recounts the appearance and he, while gathering many years afterwards materials for his History at Athens, could still have heard the marvelous story from Marathonian survivors. Now this elemental faith of the people in the visible manifestation of their deity, at the critical moment, is the deep source from which Sculpture springs; they call for this Art as their soul's last need, and sustain it when arisen with zeal, yea with worship. The youth Phidias was nourished on the Mythus, not as some plaything of fancy or illustration of moral truths, but as an ever-welling fount of popular conviction. There is little doubt that Phidias shared in this faith of the folk-soul; in fact it was the primal condition of his becoming the supreme artist of his city and of his nation. The ultimate creed of every true Athenian was that the Gods fought along at Marathon; far otherwise had run the tale of the conflict if they had not been present and taken hand in the fight. Moreover another article of faith lay fermenting deep in the Greek conscious-

ness: it was that Troy and Marathon belonged together, both being stages of the one long and desperate battle against the Orient, and both showing the same descent and intervention of the Gods of Hellas in the fray of mortals. So the spirit of the time was sculpturesque, calling for the artist not merely as man-maker but as God-maker in the material shapes of Art.

In the ten years between Marathon and Salamis the boy grows to be a young man with complete athletic and military training. No person could escape the duty; everybody at Athens and throughout all Hellas knew that Persia was getting ready for a more overwhelming onset against the whole Greek name. And every Athenian was well aware that his city on account of Marathon was the special object of Oriental vengeance. Phidias grew to manhood under this desperate anxiety of his city, seemingly marked for destruction unless Athena, their divine Protectress again should come to the rescue. One may well think that it was a time for the exercise of faith in their Gods—a great training in their religious spirit, which seemed to inspire those Athenians with an equal part of self reliance and God reliance. So we may construe (unhistorically, of course) this decen-

nial discipline of Phidias for his coming work.

At last the blow fell. The handful of Spartans died fighting at Thermopylae—a very valorous, but unfruitful, yea senseless act of heroism. Athens cannot resist the deluge of foes; its people betake themselves to their ships, to "their wooden walls" on the advice of Themistocles, and, with the other Greeks, win Salamis, the most significant naval battle of history. Sadly they return to their ruined city and begin building it anew, after the defeat of the Persian at Platææ. So Phidias, then a young man of 20-21 years, doubtless as a sailor and soldier, must have gone through this nation-testing experience with his people, whose faith in themselves and in the Gods had become the paramount trait of their character. He had moved with the great transition out of the East to the West at its chief crossing in time, he had turned a node with Universal History, he had been present at the new birth of Athens, of Hellas, yea of Europe, and of civilization. In his responsive soul he must have felt dimly and unconsciously, the mighty parturition of an epoch of which he was to become the supreme interpreter through his Art.

In such a way we conceive the apprenticeship of Phidias to his people and age. He had

already found his artistic bent as sculptor, though he also learned to be a painter. The traditional forms of his Art he could acquire at Athens, and it has been handed down that he went to Argos to study with Ageladas, then the most famous sculptor of Greece. Thus he could learn technique, skill in anatomy, especially the athletic presentment of the human body. But the indwelling of the God therein he could not get from his Argive master; that had to be his own. Perhaps his most distinguished contemporary and rival, Polycletus, was a fellow-pupil at Argos, who stayed in the Peloponnesus and kept up the Doric element of his Art, rather than the divine.

The general sweep of the artistic career of Phidias we can make out fairly well, and, therein trace his inner development. He keeps step with the evolution of Athens which at that time, more than any other spot on the globe, was the scene of the World's History. His life runs on a parallel line with three greatest Greek statesmen, Themistocles, Cimon, Pericles—each of whom had in his soul not only a civic and national outlook, but also a world historical strain, of which their fame still today is a witness. This movement of the artistic Phidias we shall look at in its three main stages.

(I) Upon the expulsion of the Persian host (479-78 B. C.) the Athenians had as their first duty, after housing themselves mid their city's ruins, to secure their independence, which was always endangered by the jealousy of the Dorians, especially of the Spartans. Hence Themistocles hastened to build the walls of Athens, which was done with such precipitation, that everybody was pressed into work, and every object seized for the construction. Only when the city was engirdled by such a defence, did it feel itself safe and autonomous. Then began that free inner flowing of its spirit which has been the wonder of time. Through the spoils of the Persian war, the Athenian treasury became well supplied with funds, and upon the inducements of Themistocles, artists and artisans flocked from all parts of Greece to win a golden harvest and help build the new city. In such a seething artistic environment Phidias must have lived and wrought till about his thirtieth year when Themistocles was banished (471 B. C.), and Cimon became the head of the State, who upheld with increased energy the adornment of Athens with public monuments. But Cimon in turn was ostracised after some ten years (461 B. C.), and his place at the helm of government was soon taken by Pericles, the favorite of the people and the great promoter of Art.

During this period of his life Phidias was deep in his work, and the names of some of his statues have been handed down. Among the better known was the Delphic group, whose center was Miltrades placed between Athena and Apollo, doubtless an offering of Cimon, son of Miltiades in honor of the Marathonian victory of his father. Much more impressive was the colossal bronze image of Athena Promachos on the Acropolis, whose helmet and spear-tip could be seen by friend and foe approaching from the sea. Indeed Phidias during this period seems to have been chiefly employed on statues of Athena; we hear of such at Pellene, at Lemnos, at Platææ, besides those already mentioned. Of this Goddess he created the accepted type for the future, though he varied it himself especially in the Lemnian statue, which was accounted in antiquity his most beautiful work. In recent years this statue has been much discussed on account of its attempted reconstruction by the German archaeologist, Furtwängler. In general it may be said of Phidias during this period that he was specially the sculptor of Athena, the divine protectress of his city, coming therein to feel the immediate throb of the people's faith, in deep accord with his own. Also his productions appear to have been in-

dividual examples, or connected only in external groups. We lack the evidence for tracing the artist's gradual transition into his next period, but the difference becomes epochal for the man and his Art.

(II) The second Period of Phidias can be designated as Periclean from his friendship and alliance with Pericles in making Athens the artistic city of the world. It may be supposed that their co-operation began when the artist was about forty years old and lasted more than twenty years till the completion and dedication of the Parthenon with its ivory-golden statue of Athena (438 B. C.) which has perished, and can be re-conceived only from inadequate copies. But the sculptures in the two pediments of the temple have been partially saved and they enable us to get a fair idea of the art of Phidias. On the whole they are pronounced by the best judges to be the greatest examples of statuary now extant. Since they were set up in the British Museum (generally known there as the Elgin Marbles), they have been widely and deeply studied till they have changed the standard of criticism for their Art, and have begotten an admiration somewhat one-sided in its excess, as we think. Still they are rightly considered the center and culmination of all Sculpture of all times.

The main fact of this new departure which constitutes properly the Second Period of Phidias, is that he organizes Sculpture, whose shapes remain no longer separate and individual, but are associated by a deep inner bond which united them as integral parts of a great Whole. Undoubtedly attempts of this sort had been made previously, notably at Aegina. Now we can say of Phidias that he not only perfected the single human shapes of Sculpture, but that he also socialized them, making them in themselves institutional, while they mirrored the Greek institutional world. So we have to regard the groups of figures belonging to the pediments of the Parthenon, when we grasp them in their highest creative source. Undoubtedly each statue has first the right to be considered in itself, in its own beautiful individuality; but then it must also be taken as one single member of a large sculpturesque society embracing not only the Parthenon but the entire Acropolis. This fact doubtless mirrored an early ambition of Pericles and of his people too, who would associate most, if not all the City-States of Hellas with Athens. The political part of the program failed, but the artistic part succeeded marvelously, for the hegemony of Athenian Sculpture established by Phidias exists today, in fact it

has flowered out recently into fame, with wondrous new life.

The epos of Sculpture we may call this work of Phidias, a statuesque Iliad with Gods brought down from Mount Olympus to dwell on Acropolis hill in a kind of social order which also has its Homeric prototype. For the Iliad is a great organic poem, not an external group of scattered ballads (as some critics try to make out), having an order of Gods above and of men below organized into a poetic system. Phidias, however, practically dethrones Zeus in his Parthenon on the Acropolis, and puts in his stead Athena, the darling deity of Athens. Thus the artist shows a breach with the old religion, which he was ready to transform, though not to destroy by any means. Phidias undoubtedly shared in the new Periclean consciousness, which had its strong opponents even at Athens, but especially in the Doric communities of Greece, which thwarted the great statesman and at last drove him to the fatal Peloponnesion War.

But the Parthenon is finished and dedicated, Athena Parthenos is installed in her new temple as the supreme divinity of the Athenian city-state, yea of the so-called Athenian empire which was an association (often forced) of many other city-states chiefly

Ionic, under the headship of Athens. But just here occurs the rift which split all Hellas through and through into two hostile sides, and which kept growing wider and more hostile. Athenian supremacy was the cause. Phidias as Greek must have felt the deep and growing scission in his nation, perchance in himself. Athena was not the universal deity of Hellas and could never be; his work was not, therefore, universal, but only for a part of his countrymen. His second Period had in it, accordingly, a breach, a slowly widening chasm, which divided his Hellenic world; can he, in some new work overcome that profound scission of its spirit, yea of its very Godhood, and unify afresh by his Art the disrupted consciousness of his dear Hellas? Thus he must rise out of his hitherto limited Athenian career to the Pan-Hellenic work of his genius, he must rise from Athena to Zeus.

(III) This is the ground of the evolution of Phidias into his third or last Period; doubtless the transcendent one of his life. So we may judge, though its monuments have perished. Still we know the effect of what he did: he made the supreme artistic synthesis of total Hellas in his Zeus above described, whose statue he realized at Olympia, as the supreme Greek Theophany.

There is a good deal of confusion and uncertainty in the ancient accounts concerning Phidias during this last Period. One statement is that he was banished or fled from Athens on account of being detected in an embezzlement; the charge of sacrilege was also raised against him for placing a likeness of himself and of Pericles on the shield of Athena Parthenos. There is little doubt that Phidias had to endure political attack and probably some persecution; he belonged to the new order, to the new Athens, to the new Hellas; he introduced the new Art, and made the new Gods. There was always an old reactionary, conservative, aristocratic party tilting against the Athenian democracy and its leaders, especially seeking to undermine and discredit Pericles and his associates. His friend Phidias could hardly escape assault, being doubtless the most prominent man in the city after the statesman. But whatever may be the external ground, there was a very coercive internal ground for the artist to accept the commission from Elis (the province of Greece in which Olympia is situated). Finally when his great Athenian task is done, he is done with it and sets out to conquer a new world which not only beckons him from without, but mightily impels him from within.

Here we have to note another chronological obstruction floating down from antiquity. It has been supposed from an ancient account that the stay of Phidias at Olympia took place before his Periclean engagement, hence that the Zeus was antecedent to the Athena Parthenos. Some modern authors accept this chronology, but the best of recent authorities reject it as improbable. Certainly it contradicts the inner evolution of the artist, who could not help making at last a supreme effort to rise above his narrower communal environment at Athens when he had fully portrayed it, in order to bring down into visible shape the one supreme God of all Hellas. That would certainly be the fulfilment of the life-work of the great Hellenic God-maker, when he made the greatest Hellenic God in the greatest perfection. What higher deed is left for him in his Art?

To be sure, in one respect he was probably disappointed. He may have intended to reconstruct the temple of Zeus at Olympia, especially in the Sculpture of its pediments, making it correspond in excellence to the God's statue in the cella. If he had any such far-reaching plan to overtop even the Parthenon, he failed, for the German excavation at Olympia has shown the relative inferiority of the statues in the pediment there,

which are not Phidian. So the artist was not able to do for all Hellas what he had done for Athens, and thus completely realize his Pan-Hellenic ideal. The new epos of Sculpture had indeed its Olympian Zeus, but nothing else in proportion; the God, like Phidias, stood alone.

On such outlines we construe the three Periods of inner evolution in the life and Art of Phidias. At the conclusion of his work in Olympia he is said to have returned to Athens after an absence of six years (438-432 B. C.). But his native city seems to have been deeply estranged from its greatest artist, it threw him into prison where he died, one account says from poison. His old associate, Pericles, could not or would not protect him, probably the two were no longer in sympathy. Athens was very bitter against the Peloponnesians, who had treated Phidias with distinguished honor for his work—he having lived among them during his supreme period. Next year the long-expected war broke out known as the Peloponnesian. These events compel us to think of a sad alienation between Phidias and his native Athens, including his former patron, Pericles. The artist had transcended the narrow provincial feeling of his city, which was ever getting narrower, more imperious and more hostile

to other portions of Greece, especially to the Doric, which, however, paid back the enmity in full. Phidias in his last period, passing out of his purely Athenian second stage, went back to his early time, even to Salamis when all Athens showed such noble Pan-Hellenic devotion. In such a spirit and in such only could he conceive and embody his Pan-Hellenic Zeus, the one supereminent God over all Hellas.

But the deep national rent has arisen, and Phidias falls a victim to his greatness, like so many great men of his country. He thus becomes a tragic character in the tragedy of the Greek world which is approaching. Still he completed his task as far as it could be completed, and his life passes before us as a well-rounded, mightily finished work of Art, like one of his statues, of which we can feel the soul's process. Thus he in making Zeus, makes himself at the same time the Zeus of his own Art, the sculptor even more immortal than his statue.

At this point the fact is to be noticed that the works of Phidias during the first and third Periods, have all vanished, some without a trace, others leaving a faint shadow in later copies and doubtless in not a few imitated traits. Their names and sometimes their characteristics are mentioned in old

books. Individual statues were these works, standing singly or grouped externally as far as we know. But the associated Sculpture of Phidias on the Parthenon, has happily survived, though not wholly, and with many a mutilation. This is what we can know of his Art today by direct inspection. Another fact should not be omitted: classic writers and observers confined themselves almost entirely to the single statues, to those which have perished, paying little attention to the collective work in the pediments. It surprises at first how meagerly Pausamas in his ancient guide-book describes the sculptures which we esteem so highly, when he gives his account of the Parthenon. Evidently he did not think them the best, amid such a multitude of other great works. But today they are regarded as the standard of all Sculpture, its canon ideal if not sacred. For this reason they have to be considered specially by themselves in a few paragraphs.

The Sculpture of the Parthenon. This is often called decorative, somewhat disparagingly, but just therein lies the advantage that it is not merely a single statue, like Athena standing in solitary grandeur on her pedestal, but it is composed of many statues more or less closely united together, and made into a society which has its own prin-

ciple of unity, and of which each individual statue is a constituent member. Such kind of work gives the salient character to the second Period of Phidias, as already set forth. This socialization of Sculpture in the Parthenon moves on three different lines. Or we may say, forms three different societies: first the *Metopes,* in high relief, whose parts are not very closely connected; second the so-called *Panathenaic Procession* in low relief probably celebrating the dedication of the Parthenon; thirdly the fully wrought *Statues of the Pediments,* the two pedimental societies we may name them (for they are far more than groups). It should be added that these three kinds of Sculpture form an association of which the one chriselephantine statue of Athena in the cella is to be deemed the center.

Of this sculpturesque world the most significant parts now surviving are the two societies in the two pediments. Of the latter a word may be said in explanation. The Greek temple fronting eastward and westward had necessarily two faces, and hence two foreheads, which term may figuratively be applied to the triangular space included between the roof and the entablature. The technical name for this space is pediment, whose enclosing lines plainly show a rise to the comb

of the roof and then a drop back to the first level. Now it was this frame into which the Greek artist put chiefly his sculptured conflict of Gods and of Heroes, since the two sides are suggested by the triangle, whose apex also points the culmination of the struggler in the supreme protagonists. The Parthenon had, of course, two such pediments with ascending and descending lines of statuary, which on each front culminated in Athena separating from her father Zeus here, and from her uncle Poseidon there, both of them old Gods belonging to the old order relatively at least, which had to be transcended by the new deity and her special people named after her, the Athenians.

An extensive literature which cannot here be taken into account, has heaped itself around these two Pediments, especially since they have become the center of ancient Art and archæology. We shall simply state our view with small regard for the erudition of the subject which of course has its own interest and value. The *Eastern Pediment* has for its germinal action the birth of Athena, who, according to the legend, sprang from the head of Father Zeus full-grown and full-panoplied. This central part of the work is lost, and we know the theme of it only through the one brief sentence of ancient

Pausanias. But to our mind the general purport is plain enough; it means the birth of the new deity, of the new divine order which specially appeared at Athens after the Persian War and had risen to full bloom during the age of Pericles and of Phidias. Thus it represented the Athenian people who would at once feel themselves in the image and its conflict. Athena is the tutelary deity of Athens; behold her appear, the new-born Goddess of the new-born city, which is now being rebuilt out of the old ruins left from the Persian destruction. Moreover she stands for mind, intelligence, skill of all sorts, instead of the old rude force of the Gods. Zeus long ago supplanted his parent (Cronus) with her help indeed, according to the story, but here in turn the daughter reborn has supplanted her parent. The sculptor is celebrating in his Art a new theogony enacted at present at Athens. So he seizes the consciousness of his folk in its very genesis, catching up the Mythus as the plastic material of his spirit, which he shapes to reveal his idea.

But is it the historic fact that Zeus was shoved into the background at Athens during this period of her supreme intellectual flowering? The Athenian democracy was not friendly to monarchy of any kind, not even to

that of the Gods, for it did not represent their highest ideal. How could they worship as divine, on Olympus, that which they hated on earth? Zeus the King (so named) was not popular in democratic Athens, and he was rarely allowed to appear in her Art, being quite banished from the Acropolis. Still today there is a striking witness to this aversion. The temple of Zeus (called the Olympieum) near the Ilissus was begun by Pisistratus, tyrant of Athens (about 535 B. C.), in honor of the tyrant of Olympus (so the Athenians doubtless regarded the edifice). But this temple was never finished, for the old tyranny of Pisistratids was put down by the rising Athenian democracy, which then fought the Persian War against the Oriental tyrant. Very significant is the fact that this temple of the highest God lay unfinished for more than six hundred years till the time of the Emperor Hadrian (another tyrant in the Greek sense) who erected a splendid structure to the glory of Zeus and of himself, both autocrats. The Athenians of themselves never would finish the work which ran counter to their strongest faith. But they did finish in a few years the Parthenon, which, being dedicated, could look down from its height on Acropolis hill at the incomplete tenantless Olympieum then aged nearly a

century. Such we take to be the best contemporary interpretation of the Eastern Pediment, whose birth of Athena meant the birth of a new order, that of Intelligence in the city of Intelligence.

Another document showing the spirit of this same Athenian age is the drama called *Prometheus Bound* of the poet Aeschylus. Here again is a divine character starting on a new career of his own in opposition to Zeus. To be sure Prometheus is punished and suffers, but cannot be destroyed or subdued even by the highest God, who has become an enemy of the new man and his progress through the arts. Very Athenian, yea Periclean sounds all this. Moreover the cult of Prometheus was popular at Athens and he was in various ways associated with Athena, having his altar in her sacred precinct.

Hence, he is present as one of the figures on this Pediment, which sets forth the birth of the new divine order. How can he be left out, especially here at Athens? But which is he? Observe the colossal shape seated and propped on its elbow, as if it was just getting erect, yet looking in eagerness and joy at the rising sun with steeds of Helius (in the right hand corner of the Eastern Pediment). That is Prometheus saluting the dawn of the new world, not only seeing it but foreseeing it, as

his very name implies foresight, here the foresight of what is taking place higher up—the Birth of Athena. One legend indeed makes him strike the blow with his club on the skull of Zeus, whence Athena, released, springs forth to freedom. This statue, though hands and feet are gone, and though its face is badly weather-worn, is still the most imposing male figure transmitted to us from antiquity. The muscular undulations over the entire body have an oceanic grandeur without the least turgidity: best example of the colossal in repose and yet full of character. The point of this character lies in the prophetic look of delight greeting the new sunrise—which look is reflected still in his storm-battered face, in his raised right arm and leg, in the wavy thrills over the surface of his body. All kinds of names have been given him except the right one (in our judgment); oftenest he has been called Theseus, but also Olympus, even Bacchus, etc. One can hardly help feeling the hand and soul of Phidias in this supreme statue; for Phidias was himself in his way a Prometheus, introducing a new order in defiance of the old, a co-worker with Pericles who was charged with impiety for this very reason. Phidias could well have known Aeschylus, an older contemporary, the poet of "Prome-

theus Bound" which the artist must have heard and doubtless read, since it was a kind of forerunner of his own work.

Next to Prometheus, on the way upward, are sitting two draped female figures to whom a third is hastening with upright stride. This last is usually considered to be Iris, the messenger of the Gods with the news of the great event taken place above. But who are the two seated women whom she is approaching? Many the conjectures, but our pick of them is Brunn's who calls them the two Attic Horæ (Hours), daughters of Themis who was also the mother of Prometheus—he is therefore their brother—according to Aeschylus. The Hours are agitated over the news and well they may be; as sisters of Prometheus, the one next to him probably imparts the message, which is really the fulfilment of what he prophetically gazes at in the sunrise. So the Hours whose Homeric function was to open and close the gates of Olympus, are forewarned and made ready for this divine new birth of Time.

Alas! the topmost figures of Athena and Zeus with their immediate attendants are wanting, and leave a huge gap in the very heart of the work. So we look at the other half with its triangular line of descent from Zeus downward. There we observe on the

right-hand side a new trinity of draped female figures in striking parallelism yet in the strongest contrast with the three on the other side, who show action, readiness, if not aggressiveness. But the second three women are in this regard quite the opposite; they are the passive, the overcome, showing resignation to the mighty stroke which has fallen upon them, also upon their world, yea, even upon their God; they repeat thrice, each in her own way, the sad echo of the dethronement of Zeus on their side of the pediment. A world-pain overwhelms them, and yet they do not give way to unseemly grief, a trinity of woman's sorrow not for their own personal loss but for the loss of their divine order we see and feel in these shapes of sculptured resignation.

What are their names? Herein again rises a great variety of opinion among the archæologists. The title which clings and will probably cling to them is The Three Fates. But those Greek sisters are not here to be taken as the active dispensers to mortals of their lot; on the contrary the Three Fates are themselves now fated and manifest in their figure and attitude divine destiny. Their own deed and character turn back on themselves. Very impressively they illustrate rather than enact Fate, which is sus-

pended even over Olympus. Their charm of appearance has enlivened the fancy of many expositors; Brunn has poetically called them the Clouds, which, however, seem not to fit well into this tragic decline of Zeus; Waldstein conceives two of them as Thalassa (the sea) in the lap of Gaia (the earth), which simile is ingenious but disconnected from the whole. Let them be nameless, if need be; Olympian renunciants as women they appear, having endured a divine suffering which they reflect in their bodies, in their drapery sorrowing godlike.

On the whole there is quite a general consensus that we here behold the finest work of statuary transmitted from antiquity. The Prometheus already mentioned may be deemed the world's supreme male figure, and is more complete, as it retains its head—the only head by the way on any of the Elgin marbles. The most immediately striking fact about these three figures is the play of the folds concealing yet revealing the beautiful body as the home of a divine distress. Especially the reclining woman, she who is most deeply stricken by the blow, or at least takes it hardest, shows in the voluminous rolls of her drapery the exquisite carelessness of a Goddess in sorrow. The negligent exposure of her one breast is not for mortal

allurement, but lets us glimpse the depth of her calamity. It should be noted that there is a gradation in the three figures from above downward; the first receives the shock, withstands it, and possibly questions it (the head of this statue, now lost, may be seen in Carrey's old sketch where it is turned toward the central catastrophe); the second (middle) figure is both recipient of the pain and its consolation, she suffers in herself yet soothes the suffering of her prostrated sister, sustaining the latter with a godlike sympathy. Such is the sculpturesque trilogy of the Fated Sisters, participants in an Olympian catastrophe which they reflect in their shapes, in their attitudes, even in their folds—not in their looks which are lost.

We cannot resist the thought that Phidias in person set his hand and heart to make these shapes with their world-lost Olympian sorrow in such sharp contrast with the uplift of triumphant Prometheus on the other side of this pediment. There we witness the ascent, here the descent even to the setting of the moon (Selene) in night—if this last scene be not rather a sunset than a moonset. But how about the transcendent artist in such a double part? Undoubtedly he gloried in the victory of Athena, which was that of Pericles, of his new city and of his new Art.

But at the same time there lay deep in his soul the recognition of Zeus, the Pan-Hellenic God, national not simply communal; hence springs the deep sympathy with which he wrought out the shapes of these Fated Sisters in whose tragedy he might forefeel that of all Hellas and her whole God-world. In this work Phidias seems to reveal the inner as yet unconscious strain which will lead him from Athena to Zeus, from Athens to Olympia, from his civic narrowness to his Greek universality—from his second to his third Period, when he takes up and enshrines in his Pan-Hellenic Art the entire folk-soul of Hellas. So it comes that hereafter he will reverse the triumph of Athena over Zeus, as portrayed in this Pediment, whereof he gives a presentiment in the profoundly sympathetic throb which he sends through the shapes of the three Fated Sisters. Possibly too he may feel a shadowy forecast of his own destiny, for he also will not escape his Olympian lot, just as little as did Zeus.

So this trilogy in marble of the Three Fated Sisters is crowned as the supreme existent work of Sculpture. In its very fascination it seems to prelude Hellas herself, the beautiful, the tragic, the fated. Very full and rounded are the members of these women, yet not voluptuous or sense-titillating; hu-

man shapes they possess in all perfection of flesh, but filled with an Olympian soul; the Phidian ideal they illustrate luminously, the mortal body transfigured as the bearer of a divine spirit. The artist can be here directly witnessed in his supreme excellence as the God-maker. Since we cannot see his Zeus of Olympia and his Athena Parthenos, regarded as the supreme triumphs of his Art in antiquity, we can still commune immediately with his artistic soul in the two remaining masterpieces of this Eastern Pediment of the Parthenon, doubtless the greatest of all existent statuary, the finest specimens of sculptured man and woman—the Prometheus and the Fated Sisters.

But the Western Pediment is waiting for a short survey. Here the destructive hand of time has left us mainly fragments, with some headless torsos. The theme is the contest between Athena and Poseidon (Neptune) for the land of Attica. Around this contest spins a great mass of mythical and symbolical lore, which must here be omitted.

But what should be first grasped is the purport of this struggle between what might seem land and sea, hinted in the respective emblems of the two deities, the olive sacred to Athena and the salt-spring of Poseidon's domain. In our opinion this is a phase of the

conflict already set forth in the Eastern Pediment, the conflict between the old and the new Gods. Athena is again the divine protagonist of the incoming order of intelligence. She thus is the central figure unifying both works. The significance is that the Athenian Goddess is henceforth to dominate the sea through her skill, especially as to navigation. Poseidon's realm is not in the future to be an independent kingdom, full of tempests and other dangers which man is to shun; mind is to conquer it and to employ it as his implement; so the Athenians did in the time of Pericles, making its broad shoulders the bearer of their victorious triremes. Already Themistocles had shown this spirit when he persuaded his people to betake themselves to their "wooden walls," in which Athena would be the victor; she had first to conquer Poseidon before she could conquer the Persian. The naval victory of Salamis had occurred some fifty-two years before the dedication of the Parthenon; many a surviving veteran of that battle must have looked at this sculptured drama of Athena's triumph over Poseidon—what did it mean to him? And to the people whose dearest memory was Salamis, which was followed by the supremacy of the Athenian naval power? To that popular consciousness the artist appealed

in his work; the spectators saw in it their city and its great deed, saw themselves in their strongest aspiration. So we at present must not behold a merely negative victory over Poseidon who after defeat runs off and stays by himself in his sullen element, while triumphant Athena clings to the land or even to the Acropolis. Not at all; she goes forth and becomes mistress of the sea, and thereby causes her city Athens to be born anew with a maritime empire, which of course starts in the mastery over Poseidon. And we have to project ourselves back into that old consciousness and make it live, in order to understand the Art of Phidias and indeed any true Art.

This Western Pediment was almost entire when Carreys made his sketch (alluded to previously) in 1674. Since then it has suffered greater havoc than the other Pediment. Of this mass of chips and torsos and conjectures no account can here be taken. The triangular form of the frame work again shows a rise, culmination and decline or flight; this last seems to represent Poseidon and his retinue of marine deities aligned down into the sea. Looking at Athena's side we behold the prostrate figure usually called Cephissus or Ilissus, two Attic streams between which Athens with its Acropolis is situated. These

designations though taken from the locality, may be questioned on several grounds. The so-called Cephissus is the best known and most striking figure in this Pediment. It lies heavy, relaxed, yielding to gravity especially in the lower body, while the upper is in a struggle to rise, propping itself on its left elbow, but unable as yet to overcome the lethargy of its flesh. It is still half asleep, but it is dumbly striving to get entirely awake, when it will master the present down-bearing weight of its corporeal part and stand on its feet. Most prominent is the dualism of its body: the lower half is sunken, sodden, even one with the earth (so chiseled by the sculptor); while the upper half is rising, striving we may think toward Athena. It is a fight between flesh and spirit, between nature and mind, between Poseidon and Athena, represented here at the start in a single body. Such a mighty up and down cannot be the ripples of the rivulet Cephissus as the interpreters will have it. Who is it then? I like to think it as the original Athenian himself, the folk, the elemental Demos springing from the clod, rising from his sleep and starting to be the people of Athena, of intelligence. We need in this work of art, if it be complete, the presence of that wonderful earth-born Athenian Demos, the

protoplasmic substrate which underlies all the greatness of Athens, out of which sprang all her illustrious men, in such abundance and eternal supremacy of genius. Here he lies, the giant awakening to his future, the Athenian Demos, we name him, the evolving earth-man (*dé* in old Greek means earth) who is roused out of his sleep by the conflict of the age.

Such is the general scope of these sculptures as we conceive them, though many questions have to remain unanswered. The Metopes we shall have to pass over, and also the very suggestive Panathenaic Procession, in which we catch a glimpse of the Kinetic Art of Athens turning plastic. It is evident that the Athenian Festival in its varied movements and representations was a highly developed artistic manifestation, in which many people took part. This Procession, wrought in low relief, is known as the Frieze of the Cella, and presents an ideal communal act to the citizens who could view themselves participating in it as a sacred function to their divine Protectress Athena. So it belongs to the Parthenon, as the home of all the plastic Arts in its architectural enclosure.

3. *After Phidias.*

We are now to consider the third great sweep or stage of Sculpture during the Hellenic Period. In one sense it is a time of decline and dissolution; in another sense it is an advance of the Greek mind to a completer manifestation—the fruitage following the marvelous Phidian bloom. We find too that the total Period rounds itself out in this third stage which on a number of points goes back and connects with its first stage; its last great artist, Lysippus, returns distinctly to the Dorism of the pre-Phidian time, especially as shown in Polycletus.

First we must look to the institutional substrate of the folk, from which all Art worthy of the name springs and which it represents. Phidias stood for an era which brought about the world-historical separation of Europe from Asia; more especially for Athens and for all Hellas it vindicated their peculiar form of the political institution, called the Greek City-State. Hundreds of these City-States, independent, autonomous, began to show a wonderful energy and individuality; two of them were leaders and opponents, Athens and Sparta, Ionic and Doric. Now the artist of this communal flowering was peculiarly Phidias, and its center was Ath-

ens. In other words Phidias represented and embodied the new spirit of autonomous Hellas in its triumphant conflict with the Orient. Thus his work stands for the Greek communal consciousness in the time of its unity and supremacy, yea at the moment of its world-historical grandeur.

But jealousy, friction, disintegration set in among these self-asserting City-States which could be held by no political authority outside of themselves. The result was the furious upheaval and inner disruption called the Peloponnesian War, in which Athens was sapped of its best blood and fell exhausted at last beneath the Spartan. Then Sparta in her turn became the despotic City-State of Greece, much worse than Athens, and was after a generation of tyranny overthrown by Thebes, who assumed the leadership and showed herself as tyrannical and as insufficient as the other two.

In general this epoch of dissolution shows the Greek City-State in conflict with itself till it drops into a condition of complete decadence and debility through its own self-undoing. And this is the time of post-Phidian Art which we are now to consider. The institutional world of Greece was going to pieces, the old order was destroying itself through its own internal corrosion, till the

strong hand, that of Philip of Macedon, reached in from the outside and put an end to the self-negative process of the Greek political world of fighting City-States. All of which, we repeat, will be the deep underlying content shining through the Art of the time.

The City-State of Hellas triumphant against the Orient, is the institutional life which brings forth a Phidias; *the City-State in its self-conflict and final self-undoing* is the frame work of the post-Phidian world, till it is brought to a close by Macedon and the Hellenistic Period starts. The Hellenic Period as here set forth, is co-terminous with the life of the autonomous City-State of Greece, winding up with its tragedy on the stage of the World's History.

And now of this Greek tragedy or rather of this tragedy of Greece herself, is there any master artist like Phidias? No such pronounced genius of his age can be pointed out in Sculpture; really it was a time which was rending the Greek world, tearing down the Greek Pantheon and its faith; how could there arise a supreme God-maker like Phidias from such a consciousness? Still the deities will be sculptured, temples will be erected, and the ritual will be gone through;

yet even the Gods of the age will show their disease.

And yet a masterpiece has come down to us which mirrors the time with a very impressive, deeply sympathetic power. It is the group of Niobe and her children drooping around her in death, smitten by an unseen supernal hand. Let the purport of the work be spoken out at the start: Niobe is Hellas, and her children are the sons and daughters of the land under the doom of the Gods. Such is the conviction from which this Art wells up in all its tragic intensity; we feel that these shapes are chiseled by the folk-soul itself giving utterance to what lies deepest in its consciousness, and working through the genius of the artist who always communes immediately with the spirit of his age. It was not known even in Roman antiquity who was the artist of the Niobe group; Pliny states that there was a doubt in his day whether it be the work of Scopas or Praxiteles. In modern times this doubt has widened out in all directions, till it is sometimes affirmed to be no Greek production at all. And so here as elsewhere the archæological controversy rages with a vast outlay of erudition and conjecture—all of which must be here dismissed. The Niobe group, then, is the most characteristic work

of the post-Phidian Sculpture of the Hellenic Period—which Sculpture lies in general between the end of the Peloponnesian War (404 B. C.) and the battle of Chaeroneia (338 B. C.). Let the sculptor bear what name he may, one fact is certain. Hellas, tragic and conscious of her tragedy, conceived and wrought out this masterpiece in which she beheld herself and her destiny—and that is what we are to behold also.

As usual in Greek art and poetry, the sculptor has seized upon a Mythus to reflect the character of the age and to utter what was evidently throbbing in his own heart with a mighty intensity. The soul of the artist who formed the Niobe group felt in himself the fate of his country, and chose the best mythic material for his work. The story had been told by Homer, and the people had wrought it over with many a variation upon the tragic theme. Particularly during the fourth century B. C., the Greek folk had special reason to repeat the sad tale of Niobe as their own. She was the daughter of Tantalus and belonged to the Tantalids, a family famous in legend for its divine violations, which filled Greek literature with its tragedies. She was queen of Thebes, that fateful Thebes which seemed the home of ancient sacrilege, and she was admitted to the Olym-

pian friendship of Leto, wife of Zeus. Then came the ungrateful act of blasphemy: she, the mother of twelve blooming sons and daughters, boasted her superiority over Leto, who had borne only two, though they were the deities, Apollo and Artemis. These she forbade the Thebans to worship, and commanded them to worship her in their place. Down fell the blow from above: all her children were strewn dying around her palace floor, in divine judgment, and she was changed by the Gods into stone and transferred to Mount Sipylos in Asia Minor, where the mountainous image of a weeping woman with a rivulet running down her face was seen by the ancient traveler (this image is now referred to the art of the old Hittites). At any rate Niobe was changed into stone by the artist and her hapless figure is looked at all over the world in numberless copies.

The mother clasping the one smaller child while the rest are drooping near her in various grades and attitudes of death still starts a shiver of horror in the spectator. But to the Greek of that God-doomed time the work must have whispered his very destiny. Niobe, however, shows no convulsions like the Laocoon; overwhelming is her sorrow, still she is mistress of it; her upturned face recognized the divine doom, but she will not

yield; no prayer to the upper Powers, no repentance, hardly resignation, rather she shows sorrow's defiance of sorrow. The old pride which caused her primal insolence toward the Gods may be still seen in that look haughtily untamed, yet furrowed with stony grief in spite of itself. Heroic she is, yea divine even in her resistance to divinity. She is superhuman in her suffering, no mortal could endure it, only the God in her dares so divinely hold out against supernal judgment.

At this point we may observe where the artist of Niobe connects with Phidias, the God-maker. The Olympian ideal the present sculptor could also call down into human shape, making it the bearer of something beyond the human, forming it not merely as this particular person, but infusing into it the universal spirit of the age. At the same time we are to note that the Gods, who are not here present in their own shape, have turned the destroyers of their own favored mortals, who are Niobe and her offspring, that is, the divinely endowed Greek people, still defiant and remaining defiant in transgression till they be turned into something stone-like, being deprived of their free, self-active autonomy by an outside power. At any rate one may well feel lurking in Niobe's

overhanging doom a divine prophecy of Macedon if not of Rome.

When this group of statues was made, who made it, where it was set up in Greece, how it was set up, and many other similar historic questions, cannot be answered. A brief notice by Pliny speaks of it as adorning a temple of Apollo in Rome, whither some conqueror had brought it in triumph from its home in Hellas. We can conceive that the Romans took pleasure in looking at the work as a representation of the divine punishment of Greek pride, of which punishment the Romans had been the instrument, after the Macedonian domination. We like to imagine the work to have originated in the years after the battle of Mantinea (362 B. C.) at which Epaminondas was slain and the Theban headship went to pieces, leaving all Greece helplessly drifting till Philip of Macedon smote it at the battle of Chaeroneia (338 B. C.). That was practically the end of Niobe and her children in their autonomous City-State. Still the tragic tendency had been long at work, ever since the beginning of the Peloponnesian War; we can read it not only in the Athenian poets but even in the calm passionless narrative of Thucydides; to see it, however, in all its pathos, we need but look at Niobe and her children.

Such was the institutional character of the epoch, and such its envisagement in its own national Art. Another phase of the time should be noted: the defiance of the Gods set free the individual from his traditional bonds, from his old beliefs and ways of thinking, even from the established law of the State. It was a universal sweep toward enfranchisement from the past and its so-called fetters, the grand era of the liberated individual, who turned back to himself as the standard of all spiritual valuation. The result was the whole objective world of law, the social order and institutions became shaky, being doubted and often denied, and at least being summoned before the tribunal of each man's subjective self for judgment. A famous maxim of the crisis was: "Man is the measure of all things," that is, Man, as individual. This doctrine became the world-view of the time's culture, and found its chief expression in the class known as the Sophists, who were the higher teachers, the traveling university of the age. Sophisticism was not confined to a philosophic clique, but tinged the whole Hellenic consciousness and became a tendency rather than a formulated set of principles. In fact it was hostile to any such formulation, and hence ran against the great organizers of Greek and of

all Philosophy, Socrates, Plato and Aristotle. The thinker of today will be at once reminded of what is now commonly known as Pragmatism, which is the old Greek Sophisticism brought down to date, Americanized as some say in a tone not altogether friendly.

But the pertinent point here is that the Sculpture after Phidias embodies this new stress upon the individual, becomes more man-like and less God-like, deals more with the subjective play of the human soul than with the everlasting essence of deity. Already we noted in case of Niobe that the avenging Gods were kept invisible, while the mortal sufferers were set forth in varying shades of their agony. That may be taken as a kind of overture to the time's tendency of the Art, which is already receding from the lofty ideal of Phidias and moving toward a more pronounced realism. Many were the artists, and that wonderful snow-storm of Gods in white marble from the heights of Olympus did not cease or diminish. Every little town had its sculptor or at least its practised stone cutter with skill enough to hew out a God according to the transmitted norm. But of great creative artists who best caught and moulded into shape the spirit of their age, three may be briefly characterized —Scopas, Praxiteles, Lysippus.

Of these Scopas is to be placed first both on account of the time of his birth and the nature of his work. He still communes with the ideal shapes of the Phidian God-world, but he puts into his divine presences an intensity of passion, a subjective glow of emotion, which herald the new time. Scopas has the best right to be named maker of the Niobe group, though his claim cannot be documented. He was not an Athenian but a Parian, born during the Peloponnesian War. We hear first about him as builder of a temple at Tegea (394 B. C.), which must have occupied him some years. Other works he completed while in the Peloponnesus, when not far from his fortieth year he betook himself to Athens, still the great center of the Greek Art-world. This Athenian period, lasting more than twenty years, was doubtless the bloom of his life and work. Finally he went to Asia Minor where he took part in the erection and adornment of the tomb of Mausolus, King of Caria, who died in 353 B. C. This work, called the mausoleum and reputed one of the seven wonders of the world in antiquity, has been in part re-discovered, and some of its sculpture set up in the British Museum. The impression given by the structure as a whole and by its decoration is Oriental, non-Greek, though Greek Mythol-

ogy, Greek Architecture and the other Greek arts, and seemingly the Greek Gods are all invoked to glorify the mortal king and queen, Mausolus and Artemisia, whose colossal portraits as statues crown the edifice. Very suggestive is it as a prophecy of the Hellenistic outreach to the East through Alexander and afterwards. As to Scopas his part of the work is difficult to identify, since other artists were engaged with him. But in general we probably have the right to say of him that the spiritual conflicts of his age are reflected in his work more profoundly and more intensely than in that of any other contemporary sculptor.

Praxiteles follows next in order of time and idea. He was born at Athens probably about 390 B. C., and must have been some twenty years younger than Scopas with whom he is so closely bound up in fame and in the evolution of his Art. Thus the best years of his activity must hover around the middle of the fourth century B. C., whose character was mirrored by his works in his own peculiar way. Indeed he is the most famous artist of his time, and his appeal to it, both in its strength and weakness, must have been very direct and intimate.

The general attitude of Praxiteles to the deeper spiritual struggles of his period was

that of withdrawal, refusal, flight. The tragic throes of his folk he did not share, as far as we can judge of his favorite themes. His most admired statue was that of the Knidian or naked Aphrodite, descending into the bath, endowed with all the sensuous fascination of woman but with a coyness which heightened the charm. Divinely beautiful was the appearance of the Goddess whose worship was an intoxication of the senses. Such was the chief Olympian revelation of Praxiteles to his age, which evidently was ready for it. Several other statues of Aphrodite are ascribed to him, doubtless variations on the same theme. Perhaps next in fame was his presentment of Eros, the God of Love, portrayed as the adolescent from whose looks, acts and attitude youthful passion is vigorously though unconsciously sprouting. In line with the foregoing we may place the two images of Phryne, his model and his mistress. Such were the most lauded works of Praxiteles in antiquity; they all indicate the age's dedication to sensuous love, in whose oblivion men might drown the woes of their country. Very different was the appeal of the Phidian Art which took such strong hold of the grandfathers. Praxiteles was the sculptor of Hedonism, and one of his best interpreters might

have been Epicurus. Another class of this artist's works is represented by the Faun (or Satyr) so well known through the romance of Hawthorne. Bacchus also was a favorite deity for the imagination of Praxiteles. But no Zeus, no Minerva do we hear of among his productions, though his workshop at Athens must have been overlooked by the Parthenon. Still he told of his time in all its exquisite self-indulgence, and of its reaction against former strenuousness. His Venus was not the Venus Urania whose ideal form once charmed the chisel of Phidias till she came down out of Heaven—not even the Venus Genetrix, for this woman of Praxiteles does not intend to be a mother, she has other business.

In recent years the name of Praxiteles has been spoken oftener throughout the civilized world than that of any other Greek sculptor on account of the discovery of his Statue of Hermes with the Bacchus baby, which was unearthed by the German excavations at Olympia. Pausanias mentions it as being located on the spot where it was dug up. So the statement is made that this is the only well-verified original statue by one of the supreme ancient artists in modern possession; moreover its surface is well preserved, though some parts of the body are still miss-

ing. Much discussion has arisen over it; even in its face, which is perfect, have been read several very diverse meanings. To us it is a pleased face whose look is toying with some little antic of infant Bacchus; no heart-burdened troubles shadow this countenance, this Hermes takes the world easy, having just now a tiny amusement with the wee wine-God, of whom he is certainly not the educator or the pedagogue, as some have held. Very fine is the texture of the flesh which shows a certain soft liquidity or youthful juiciness. Humanly beautiful but not grandly godlike, the statue bespeaks the Praxitilean character as already set forth; it is a flight from the time's bitter wrestle with approaching fate, showing an untroubled idyllic serenity quite similar to that of the Faun. The same trait dominates a copy of another statue of his called the Apollo Sauroctonos, or the Delphic God playing with a lizard running up a tree stump. Very gracious, delightful, and self-delighted is this divinely rural form; but what an occupation for a God in that time, and Apollo at that! Still this is just Praxiteles through and through, idly idyllic, very pleasing and very pleased in himself, always more Faunlike than Godlike—even his Gods are Fauns, and his world recalls Theocritus rather than Homer.

The third capital sculptor of the post-Phidian epoch is Lysippus whose highest activity ran parallel with that of Philip and Alexander. Thus his artistic life moves out of autonomous Hellas into Macedonian Hellas, and makes the passage from the free Greek City-State to the subjected one, after the battle of Chaeroneia. This great institutional change of Greece we may expect to see suggested in the Art of Lysippus. The exact dates of his birth and death are not known; but it is emphatically known that he was the favorite sculptor of Alexander the Great whose image has been transmitted from his workshop in numerous copies. His artistic activity seems to have lasted more than fifty years, and it bridged the fateful chasm between communal independence and communal subjection in Greece. There is little doubt that Lysippus, though a Greek, was or became sympathetic with Macedon in this supreme national crisis, possibly recognizing the historic fact that the days of the free Hellenic world were over.

Accordingly we may understand how Lysippus turned away from all that Athens had represented and upheld in Art and institutions. Athens had fought Philip and Alexander, as she once fought the autocratic Persian, in defence of the autonomous City-State

as the peculiar political institution of Greece. Then she was victorious and bloomed forth into the triumphant Art of Phidias to express her victory; but now she is defeated and her chief artistic utterance flees to the school of Lysippus who was born at Sicyon in the Peloponnēsus, and hence a Dorian. The result was that Dorism rises to the surface again in Sculpture, after a subsidence of a hundred years or more. Polycletus with his realistic tendency in contrast with the idealistic movement of Phidias, reappears in Lysippus, who again celebrates the athletic rather than the divine element of the world's order, reflecting the physical yet well-trained and skillful might of his hero Alexander. His best known statue (the so-called Apoxyomenos) has immortalized the victorious athlete scraping the oil and grime from his right arm with a strigil after the conflict. It was carried to Rome and set up in public where it became a great favorite with the Roman people who probably glimpsed in it some image of themselves. It represented, moreover, the so-called canon (rule or modulus) of Lysippian sculpture which modeled the head less in size and the body more slender than the transmitted canon of Polycletus, which made the human frame more heavy and stocky in its proportions. Such

a change means an increase in physical dexterity and speed as compared with the old Doric norm. (Compare also the early Doric architectural columns with the later ones, or with the Corinthian.) An added elegance of form may also be observed, characteristic of the time. Recently another athletic statue supposed to be by Lysippus has been brought to light, known by the name of Agias (or Hagias) which some connoisseurs hold to be a better sample of the artist's work than the foregoing Apoxyomenos. Very doubtful is such an estimate (only the latest art books have its picture). In general, however, it reaffirms the athletic character of the art of Lysippus and of the time, with its love of strategy and strength in war and combat.

It has been handed down that Lysippus started in life as a common workman in bronze, but rose through his genius to be the creator of shapes instead of a mere mechanical copyist. Much to his credit is such an advance from below upward, which may suggest the mainspring of his artistic character. The producer of 1500 statues—so the account runs—must have known how to turn out his products mechanically or by collaboration. Doubtless all of his work can be roughly divided into two kinds; that of the artisan and that of the artist. Lysippus was no inspired

God-maker like Phidias, still in his shop he would fabricate a Greek God according to order, doubtless for fair compensation. Thus he put up at Tarentum a huge simulacrum of Zeus, evidently very different from the work of Phidias at Olympia, as it has sent down no such echoes of admiration from antiquity. A colossus of the sungod at Rhodes seems also to have been one of his enormities. Enough; Lysippus was no ideal God-maker, but a clever practical God-smith ready to turn out of his smithy—for he worked wholly in bronze—any number of deities on demand, for they still were cherished in the faith of the masses. But for the artist himself Olympus with its divine folk topped by Zeus was hardly extant any longer, being supplanted or indeed overthrown by Alexander, who had shown himself mightier than the Greek world aided by all its Gods. So we may construe the fact that the artist could no longer shape the Olympians into a divine epiphany by his Art.

Another loss may be noted in this connection. Lysippus seems to have avoided the form of the beautiful woman; fair Helen, who by her beauty caused the Trojan War, could not have enraptured his Doric heart. Only one ideal figure of a woman is ascribed to him, that of a drunken female flute player.

He made some portraits of women, notably one of Praxilla the poetess, but as far as known not from any charm of her verse or of her person.

Finally Lysippus was specially the maker of portraits, the shaper of natural real men rather than of the ideal Gods. Thus he celebrated the individual, endowing the same with certain personal subjective traits. The best illustration in this field is one of his busts of Alexander (that of the Capitoline Museum, also often reproduced). Very massive are the features, even heavy, suggesting a veritable fortress in defense, or perchance the solid Macedonian phalanx in attack. Still the head is thoughtfully bent sidewise, indicating that it can think, and even feel sympathy, if not sentiment. The brow and hair are leonine, indeed the type of Zeus (doubtless the Phidian) is suggested, Alexander now being the actual Olympian over Greece. So the artist may be supposed to herald in his way the end of one great Period, and the start of another.

A word should be said about the material employed by Lysippus—the dark earthy bronze instead of the white snowy marble, used mostly by the Athenian artists. In this choice of material also lies character. Marble has a tender sparkle which is akin with the sunshine and the Upper World: bronze even

in its brighter hues largely sheds light or absorbs it, wills it not but the opposite, and so this metal is truly of the Lower World, naturally undivine, even if Gods were at times made of it, embodying that elemental contradiction between Erebos and Olympus. Then the bronze had to be melted and mixed and poured into the fixed mould taken from the clay model, and not directly chiseled from Nature's own gift of material. Such a work had in it necessarily more of the man than the God, more of reflection than inspiration, even if Praxiteles also worked in bronze, and possibly Phidias in a few instances.

With Lysippus concludes the post-Phidian epoch of the Hellenic Period which rounds itself out in a return to the pre-Phidian realism characteristic of Doric Sculpture. This Hellenic Period contains the greatest sculptors of Greece, and hence of all time; it was a Period when our human consciousness was sculpturesque, and when plastic Art reflected the race's highest world-view, which it has hardly done since. We may repeat that then for once and for all the World-Spirit turned sculptor for its highest self-expression.

But Lysippus fulfills another function; he forms the bridge from Hellenic to Hellenistic Art; through him we make the transition between the two supreme Periods of Greek Sculpture. His work marched with the vic-

torious stride of Alexander, out of the old order into the new. His idealizing portraits of his hero scattered over Hellas the visage not merely of an Achilles, whom Alexander once took as his model from the poems of Homer, but of the newly-descended Zeus of the Greek world in his final triumph over the Orient. Alexander regarded himself later as a divine epiphany, and Lysippus was his chosen sculptor thereof, in a sort of rivalry with Phidias who was the sculptor of Zeus. But Zeus never did or could lead his people to conquer Asia as this young God has done. So Lysippus created a new sculptural type of a kind of God-man, which left its permanent mark on the Art of succeeding times. The old Greek Gods were not indeed overthrown, but a new one was admitted more or less consciously by the people into their Pantheon. The Trojan War and the Persian War, both of them directed by Greek deities against the Orient, seemed small affairs compared with this new war which subjugated the East as far as the Indus. There resulted a mighty wrench in the Hellenic world-view, a deep breach which cleft to the bottom the Greek consciousness and which kept widening more and more through later historic occurrences. All this is found reflected artistically in the second great Period of Greek Sculpture, of which we shall give a brief outline.

B. THE HELLENISTIC PERIOD.

The general significance of the term *Hellenistic* is that Greek culture, having attained its highest fulfilment at home, is to pass out of its purely national limits and is to be imparted to the rest of the world, that is to those peoples whom Greece called barbarous. Greek Philosophy, Poetry, Architecture, Science, break through their old bounds and become universal. The political career of the Hellenic City-State is finished. Another work falls to the lot of Greece which is to scatter its spiritual acquisitions far and wide, becoming really the University of Civilization for several centuries. The world *Hellenizes*, and this is what makes the Period Hellenistic as distinct from Hellenic. It was no local or national movement merely, but truly world-historical, wherein its Sculpture participated along with the other Arts.

Now the mighty crash which first shivered the old hide-bound Greek spirit was Alexander's conquest of the East. What an upheaval in the mind of Greece this sudden and surprising event produced we may still conceive faintly by noting the deep conviction which it uprooted almost at a blow. For

many centuries the grand struggle of Hellas had been against Asia. The Orient was the line of Fate itself drawn in the Greek soul—the mighty monster ever threatening to swallow it up. The long-continued struggle upon the border between Occident and Orient, had called forth Greek poetry from Homer to the Attic tragedians, Greek History, even Greek Mythology to a large extent. And the great and glorious deeds of Greek heroes, both mythical and historical, were enacted in that contest, warding off Fate from the Greek world. But behold! in the span of a few years that ancient Fate is grappled with, hurled to the earth and totally subjugated by this new hero who deems himself a Greek, and claims to be fulfilling Greek aspiration in conquering the East. Thus the stamp of Destiny deepest and oldest in the Greek consciousness is of a sudden wiped out so that it practically no longer exists. The event was a mighty earthquake which shook Olympus to its base, for its Gods had never been able to bring about anything like that overturn. Such was the grand inner cataclysm of the Greek Spirit, whose narrower and somewhat crystallized limitations were now breached for its passage out of the old Hellenism to the new Hellenisticism.

At once Greek culture followed the wake

of Alexander and streamed outward into Asia, which was first Hellenized. Later the same process swept westward over the whole Roman Empire. But at present we are to note that Greek Spirit becomes at once expansive, centrifugal, whereas in the Hellenic Period just considered its tendency was on the whole centripetal, making Athens its chief though not exclusive center. So it comes that during the Hellenistic Period Sculpture quite abandons Athens and the Greek mainland, establishing its new home of originality chiefly in Asia Minor and in the Greek islands not far from the coast—hence locally we may call it Anatolian.

Moreover a great and far-reaching institutional change of the Greek world starts and develops in this Hellenistic Period. The Greek City-State independent, self-contained, autonomous, which produced the wonders of Greek Art, Literature, Philosophy, indeed of Greek Civilization, is no more. To be sure the places and people are still existent, but the distinctive institutional characteristic of Hellenic Hellas, namely, autonomy, has departed forever. Alexander and the Macedonian rulers suppressed it from the outside, but the Romans will at last organize it out of existence. Communal freedom from which bloomed all the finest flowers of Greek Spirit,

becomes a memory, a hopeless longing in the soul of Hellas during the Hellenistic Period. Here indeed we may glimpse her new Fate, the inner one to which other outer Fates will be added, in place of the departed Oriental Destiny. It is true that the Nation will seek to recover her lost institution by alliance, by revolt, by the league, notably the Achaean League—all in vain. Hellenistic Sculpture will not fail to illustrate this deep underlying struggle of the folk-soul for its vanished liberty in some of its most impressive works.

The Mythus will still be employed by the artist to express what is fermenting most deeply in the Greek heart. To be sure there are some exceptions. The irruptions of the Gauls was an awful outer Fate coming down upon Hellas during the Hellenistic Period, and in its way it took the place of the Oriental menace of barbarism which hung over the Greek world during its Hellenic Period. Now Hellenistic Sculpture will seize directly upon these new barbarians, and show forth the furious contest with them in many realistic shapes, of which quite a number still are extant scattered through the galleries of Europe. The so-called Dying Gladiator is the best known example. The terrible Gaul seemed Fate realized, which, therefore, needed no mythical vesture for its por-

travaL Still the Greek imagination will for the most part continue to employ its ideal Mythus to mirror the reality of present History. Especially the strong deep undercurrent of hostility to Roman domination for destroying the dearest institutional heritage of Greece, her communal autonomy, we shall find expressed repeatedly during this time by Sculpture in themes derived from the Greek Mythus. Such an undercurrent of meaning pulses passionately through the Laocoon, and the so-named Farnesian Bull. Hence the Greek folk will not surrender their mythical inheritance when they give up their liberty, but will invoke it anew to express their most intimate heart-throbs in the time of their humiliation, as it once did in the time of their glory.

To be sure Greece had undone herself, and she knew it in her deepest moments of self-communing which her Art will not fail to hold up before her. An inner Fate had overwhelmed her, the Fate of her own conduct, ere the outer Fate in the form of Macedon and Rome had appeared. History shows—see Thucydides *passim*—that the Greek City-State had literally ground itself to impotence, and that its autonomy was its tragedy. So the world-judge above all nations has decreed its cessation, or its evanishment in a

higher principle of the Divine Order represented by Rome. Still the Greek mind clung to the autonomous City-State as its sacred institutional anchor during the whole Hellenistic Period which is therefore in the fiercest mental struggle with the new incoming institution. We may say that the deepest note of Hellenistic Spirit is its battle with the World-Spirit. Therein lies its ultimate dualism, its terrific wrestlings within and without, which are characteristic both of its body and its mind. The contorsions of a Laocoon are not merely those of an individual, but of a people, of a period, yea of the world at a given time. Gone is that divine serenity of the Hellenic age, when the Gods were in triumph; but now Olympus and all its deities toss in pain, mightily writhing in the throes of dissolution. Hence it comes that Hellenistic Sculpture which still has to manifest the spirit of the time in the human body, shows so much corporeal contorsion in its forms, such a swollen muscular energy of our frame work, to make this the adequate vehicle of the age's conflict.

Already we have noticed that the sculptor of Niobe indicates a consciousness of the tragedy of Greece, whose children were perishing under a divine judgment during the Peloponnesian War. Still Niobe remains

collected and self-controlled in the midst of her fearful visitation, and thus keeps up the character of the Hellenic Period. But suffering breaks loose from its human restraint with a violent intensity in Hellenistic Sculpture. We may here add that it also on the other hand takes flight from the tribulations of the time, and seeks refuge in an idyllic life portraying pastoral scenes and an unagitated rural folk in sharpest contrast with urban turmoil. Theocritus has given the same utterance in poetry. Noticeable is the fact that some Hellenistic sculptors employed their best art in a loving presentation of childhood —a treatment quite unknown in the Hellenic Period, for the baby Bacchus of Praxiteles is felt to be a mere by-play. The well-known struggle between the chubby Boy and the Goose, both evidently of the one household, was a great favorite in Hellenistic antiquity. In like manner the frolicsome infantile Cupids now make their early appearance, and will propagate their playful antics through all the changes of Art to the present time. But this flight back to the innocence of childhood we have to regard as a sign of the time. Already, we observed an early form of this idyllic tendency in the Hellenic Period; Praxiteles shows it, for every statue of his, original or copy, is an idyl in spirit, be it

Aphrodite or Eros or the Faun; it bespeaks a turning away from the bitter struggles of the time to some form of happy self-indulgence.

Still in spite of such diversions the Hellenistic Period was one of throeful agony against what may be called its Fate bursting upon it both from within and without. Such being the deepest national feeling of the time, its Sculpture, as the true representative of the folk-soul, will reflect the latter in its pivotal character. And so we may ask, what is the most distinctive work of the Hellenistic Period? As the group of Phidias imaged best the foregoing Hellenic Period, so we shall, first of all, look at the typical group of the time now under consideration.

The Laocoon Group. We wish to emphasize the Laocoon Group as the piece of Sculpture most characteristic and illustrative of the whole Hellenistic Period, and decidedly its supreme work of Art. It may well be deemed an epitome of the age, an artistic concentration of the most distinctive conflicts of the Hellenistic centuries. I am well aware that its worth and importance are belittled by the modern school of archæologists. It is often placed below the sculpture of Pergamum brought to light not long ago and now in Berlin. It has been denied to

have any spiritual meaning and Overbeck even declares it to be no true work of Art in a tragic sense. Interpreters of the present time seem to take delight in flinging a stone at this image which was formerly held in such high estimation by the famous art-critics of the past. Winkelmann, Lessing, Goethe have all expressed the strongest admiration for the work, and have placed it upon the summit of Plastic Art. It is true that these illustrious judges had not seen the Phidian sculptures of the Parthenon, and on this account their defective judgment has been patronizingly excused by some of their countrymen of today. But Roman Pliny, who must have known many originals of Phidias and of the other greatest Greek artists, declares that the Laocoon surpasses all works of Painting and Sculpture—an echo doubtless of the opinion of ancient experts.

This work is, therefore, to be restored to its true place, which is not the highest in all Sculpture, such rank properly belonging to the Phidian marbles of the Parthenon, but the highest in the Hellenistic Period. The judgment of those men of deepest insight—Winkelmann, Lessing and Goethe—we shall still retain with the before mentioned exception. It is not wholly antiquated, and is probably not going to be. Still the position

and importance of this work must be reinforced with new arguments, and indeed grounded on a new interpretation, which puts special stress upon its social and institutional character.

(1) The Laocoon Group is a work of the so-called School of Rhodes, in which city lying on an island of the same name not far from the Asiatic mainland, it doubtless originated. Rhodes became a chief seat of creative Sculpture after the lapse of the Hellenic Period, when this Art seemed to quit continental Greece. For several reasons the Rhodian City-State rose to be more prosperous, and had more inner self-development and greater freedom than its other Hellenic sisters. Hence it bloomed more fully into artistic expression, which, however, reflected the general spiritual struggles of the whole land. The famous colossus at Rhodes, the work of Chares, a pupil of Lysippus, was reputed one of the seven wonders of the world, and had a height of 100 feet or more. It was of bronze, and to cast it took twelve years (292-280 B. C.). It may be taken as a kind of overture of Rhodian Art.

Much later than this the Laocoon Group must be dated, probably almost two centuries though the exact time of its origin is not known. It seems to hover about the year

100 B. C., but may be somewhat earlier. Pliny gives the names of its three artists as Agesander, Athanodorus, and Polydorus. Furthermore some ancient inscriptions mention Agesander as the father of Athanodorus. Hence has arisen the very probable conjecture that a father and his two sons, comprising one artistic family, made the Laocoon Group which is also composed of a father and two sons wrestling with an awful calamity, with Fate itself in the last crisis of life.

No one can help noting the significance of such a fact. The artist father in conceiving and then making this statue must have poured into his labor the deepest struggle of his own soul. We may well feel the personal intensity surging in the throes of the mightily agitated body of Laocoon. Primarily then we behold a domestic tragedy which the sculptor throbbed out of the depths of his heart with such fullness that the overflow passed directly into the outburst and contorsions of the marble. No man ever produced such a work as this without pouring into it his own personality at high tide. Thereby it is not said that he in his own family must have experienced a blow of this sort, but that he must powerfully have felt the Fate of his time to be impending over him and his own, and involving his world in its coils.

(2) Hence rises the question what was this world, or more specially, what was the social and institutional condition lying back of such a work of Art and calling forth the same as an expression of itself? The Laocoon Group, supposing that its origin can be placed some where about 100 B. C., is brought forth at the close of a century of conflict and despair for the Hellenistic world. Between 200 and 100 B. C., the four Macedonian Wars had shown the gradual advance of the Romans into the possession of Greece, which meant the end of her most loved institution, with which she believed her destiny to be wrapped up, the autonomous City-State.

Rhodes for instance had sided with Macedonian Perseus in his revolt against Rome, and had been severely punished for her defection after the overthrow of Perseus at the battle of Pydna (168 B. C.). But the fact indicates how deeply Rhodes must have sympathized with the Greek aspiration for communal freedom, which was slowly being undone by Roman policy and arms. The Achæan League made a valiant attempt to recover the old liberty, but was in its turn swallowed by the Western Monster from Italy. Finally, after the battle of Corinth (146 B. C.), Hellas disappears into a Roman Province. Still there remained the longing

and the hope for the return of their ancient institutional world. Now this undercurrent of aspiration in many forms runs through the whole Hellenistic Period, but especially through the mentioned hundred years of inmost spiritual travail and outer defeat and decadence. But the emphatic point now is that the Art of the time springs out of this strongest and deepest sentiment of the Greek folk-soul, and brings to utterance the same with all its tragic depth and intensity.

There is no doubt that the Hellenistic people looking upon the Laocoon Group beheld themselves, their country and its terrific struggles. The artist has, therefore, embodied the popular consciousness of an epoch, and thus has fulfilled the supreme function of his Art. Every Greek beholder could hardly help feeling the fateful coils of those serpents enringed around his own body and limbs, with the constriction ever drawing tighter till his own muscles would heave and roll in responsive paroxysms. We today can hardly conceive how the man's living organism would thrill in answer to the ominous convulsions of the marble of Laocoon. For they were his own, his Self, and much more; they were those of all Greeks, indeed of the total nation, the contorsions of Hellas herself.

Another fact may be mentioned in this connection. The people today, who stream through the modern Art-museums, will stop longer before the Laocoon Group than before any other ancient statue. If we listen to their off-hand observations, we shall find that they grasp at once the central purport of the work, the desperate conflict with a demoniac inbreaking Fate. Many, perhaps the most, will think that it also shows somehow the penalty of guilt, suggested doubtless by the serpents of which they all have read in the story of Eden. In the Vatican Gallery, where the original stands, I have watched the flow of visitors and noted their preference; that was more than thirty years ago. Only yesterday I remarked the same phenomenon in the sculpture rooms of the Chicago Art Institute. So we have to think that for our time also the Laocoon Group is the most popular piece of statuary coming down from antiquity. It has an instantaneous smiting power which drives home on the spot its first meaning, though the student may have to dig for the second and even the third. But how much more did it signify to the Greek beholder who had its immediate historic backbround as well as its Mythus not only graven on his memory but throbbing in his heart! Undoubtedly the snakes exercise

here their strange diabolic charm upon the human soul, but just that is a part of the artist's conception.

(3) As usual in Greek Sculpture, the artist has seized upon a popular Mythus of the aforetime, in order to express the consciousness of the present. For the Greek folk had the tendency to conceive mythically what lay next to its heart, and thereto the artist made primarily his appeal. Laocoon had become a familiar figure in the evolution of the tale of Troy, though not known to Homer. The later epos and tragedy had elaborated the deed and fate of Laocoon, and made his story popular, which thence passed into the Aeneid of Virgil, whose account, however, in a number of salient points disagrees with the statue. This disagreement has been the source of much discussion, which we shall here pass over. The bare story runs that Laocoon, priest of Apollo at Troy seeks in the exercise of his sacerdotal office to prevent the entrance of the wooden horse, the stratagem of the Greek besiegers, into the walls of his native city, and thus to rescue it from impending destruction. But while in the full act of this patriotic service, the Goddess Pallas Athena sends two prodigious serpents from the sea nearby, which seize him and his two young sons in their coils

and crush all three to death, seemingly upon the very altar where he was performing sacrifice. Thus Laocoon himself became the sacrifice to the higher Power that had decreed the destruction of his country, which he was with noble devotion trying to save.

The statue rises up before us as the culminating moment of the legend and suggests its supreme conflict, that between the outgoing and incoming deities of an epoch. Truly the old Gods of Greece are fated (as those of Troy once were), in the presence of this new Divine Order, here shown indeed only in its negative manifestation. The statue of course says nothing about the Greek Goddess Athena of the Mythus, but it shows the destroyer in the fearful deed of destruction. Laocoon now is Hellas, and his two sons are its children, all of them belonging to the Hellenistic time; moreover he as priest invoking his country's deities represents the religion of his people, dominated and undone by a mightier Zeus than theirs. Olympus no longer overcanopies with protection its nation in face of the new Gods. The features of Laocoon suggest those of Zeus in suffering; the serenity of the Phidian model is changed into the agony of the highest God in the throes of his final conflict. Prophetic Homer, we remember, has repeatedly placed

Fate above even Zeus; behold, the poet's forecast has become the tragic reality in the Hellenistic world, and is expressed through Art in the Laocoon Group. Thus the religious pathos of Art reaches its highest fulfilment when the national deities are shown involved in the time's conflict and going down with their nation.

(4) The tendency of the modern school of interpreters is to disparage the work by declaring it to be largely or wholly a presentation of physical pain without any inner or ethical significance. It stirs to sympathy indeed, but such sympathy is similar to that which one feels at the hospital when some poor fellow is having his leg cut off on account of an accident. The artist reveled in that stormy play of muscles in order to show off his anatomical virtuosity. The bite of the serpent is the sole cause of the body's massive convulsions. Still such an explanation always finds trouble with the head and face and eyes—with the countenance turned toward Heaven amid all its pangs, with a look of untold sorrow for what is going, yet a gleam of recognition for what is coming. In fact the face concentrates the supreme spiritual struggle of Laocoon; he across the last intensity of suffering catches a gleam of the order that is to be, in the final flash of his

soul he glimpses the new Gods, by whose minister he is perishing. Such a glance of recognition, though hardly of reconciliation we must read in this woe-ridged face over all the lines of its throeful resistance. His last eye-shot sees what it all means—and the next is death.

In this respect also the artist brought up to light the far-down unconscious conviction of the Greek folk-soul of his time. It had been made evident in many a battle that Rome had come to stay, that the Greek City-State was gone, that Olympus itself was submerged, its old Pantheon could only be saved by being taken up into the new nation. Laocoon in his ultimate vision catches a glint of the World-Spirit of which he is indeed the victim. Such is the elevation of this work of Art at its loftiest point, it reflects a node of the World's History. Physical suffering—yes, of the intensest, make it as strong as you choose; still it is the suffering of a whole God-World in struggle and dissolution. From this point of view we may call it still a divine epiphany, the appearance of deity in human shape, which is the creative fact of Sculpture, as already often noted. Indeed it is more, it is the plastic manifestation of the passing of the old Pantheon with the intimation of the new one dawning.

There is a line of comparison and also of affinity between the Laocoon Group and the Phidian sculpture of the Parthenon. In the latter's two pediments there was set forth a double conflict between Athena on the one side, the new incoming divinity of Athens, and on the other the ancient Gods Zeus and Poseidon, both of whom were transcended, though not suppressed by the younger Goddess. In this case, however, the struggle took place within Olympus, not outside of it and against it, and was confined to a single Greek City-State, by no means involving the whole Greek Nation. But in Laocoon all Olympus and the entire Nation are the stake and are indeed overwhelmed by a seemingly external Fate which, however, is but the instrument of the rising higher Power. The inner dualism of the Greek God-World, from its start and conception, as already pointed out, has now become the external fact, the mighty historic scission of the age.

Very suggestive does the history of Polybius become in the present connection. He lived in the Hellenistic Period and is its supreme historian (204-122 B. C.). He, as a young man, fought to preserve the Greek City-State in its Achæan form, which, however, lost its independence at the battle of Corinth (146 B. C.). Polybius was carried

as a captive to Rome where he stayed many years and studied at first hand the new institutional order which had arisen on the banks of the Tiber, and was spreading thence over the East and West. It may be said that Polybius at Rome became acquainted with the World-Spirit and recorded his new conviction in his History, which he wrote for the instruction of his stubborn and hide-bound countrymen. That conviction was in general that Greece must henceforth recognize the world-historical supremacy of Rome. Now the Laocoon Group expresses this same conviction as its last pulsation of life, as its final look of recognition of the new divine sovereignty. Such belief rose slowly to be that of the Hellenistic folk-soul, though with many protests, resurgences and inner revolts, pictured vividly in the upheavals and contorsions of its typical work of Art.

Such is the Laocoon's highest pathos, or emotion sprung of a mighty institutional conflict, that of religion itself. This, however, is not the only kind of pathos we feel in this statue—two others are present, the domestic and the political, the father's love for his children and the Greek's love for his country's institution.

(5) When we pass to the numerous details of the work, reflections seem to chase

one another in an endless line. To be noticed first is its pyramidal shape enclosed in a somewhat triangular outline. It is a plastic trinity yet in a complete unity, a triple chord, yet a single note; it is three yet one, thus showing that simple ultimate mathematical harmony, very real, even if very abstract. Each figure is decidedly individualized in look, in act and attitude, still they form one whole linked together externally and internally. Beginning, middle and end, we see in one cast of eye and of soul; the younger son is already in the shadow of death, the elder has been just ensnared and seeks to extricate one leg with the one free arm, but the other leg and arm are already gripped in the fatal coil, and he beholds with a brother's sympathy, yet with terror, what is coming. The father concentrates the action to an almost furious intensity, producing a very maelstrom of outbursting emotion; his struggle is for himself directly yet for all indirectly; if he could save himself against the monsters, he could save his children in the same deed.

The contemplation of the statue in its soulful depths causes it to impart a sense of movement, a round of action which goes through the three stages. We begin to feel, yea to see a process here embracing three

persons yet one spirit; the outer eye seems to share in the inner vision; the fixed marble forms become fluid as if in response to the movement of the soul throbbing through them all. The trinity of three outer shapes is there to call forth the one inner process of the spirit. In this connection may be cited a very suggestive passage of Goethe: "In order to grasp aright the intention of the Laocoon, let the beholder at a proper distance take his position before it with eyes closed; then let him open them and close them again at once, and he will see the whole marble in movement." Such is Goethe's experiment by which he causes the eye from its outer separative sight to pass over into the inner vision of the process of the work, truly a psychical process, or dramatic action of prelude, culmination and conclusion.

Still we are not to forget the unity and fixity of the statue whose peculiar power is to make its soul move while its bodily shapes are moveless. Then it is so instantaneous, concentrated to a moment in which all is rounded out and completed, a stroke of lightning suddenly shot into crystallization. It smites outwardly, but also inwardly at the same time; its first impress carries with itself the inseparable oneness of the physical and the ethical sides, the rudest spectator

feels at first glance that it is not merely a desperate battle with two snakes. Here again we may cite Goethe's hot remarks upon this subject, as if directed against some transgressor: "Far be it from me to split the unity of human nature, to deny to the spiritual powers of this glorious man their co-operation. Anxiety, Fear, Terror, paternal love seem to me to be moving through these veins, to be swelling in this breast, to be furrowing this forehead; gladly do I confess that along with the sensuous paroxysms a spiritual suffering is represented at its highest stage." Such is the great German poet's last confession concerning this statue, upon which he had reflected so long and so deeply.

(6) According to Roman Pliny the Laocoon Group stood in the palace of Titus on the Esquiline, but when or how it was brought to Rome we have no information. It was doubtless a part of the plunder of Greek statues in which the later Roman commanders freely indulged. And the work flattered, unintentionally of course, the pride of Rome as the world's mistress; she was in reality the outer Fate which had overtaken Greek Laocoon and had crushed him, thus furnishing the age's dreadful theme to the artist, even if she were represented as the victorious

serpent, like Egyptian Apophis or Semitic Satan. There can be no doubt that the Roman looked upon this work with other eyes and with very different feelings from those of the Greek. To the one it meant triumph, to the other the last humiliation. Evidently it was a great favorite at Rome and stood in a public place, in the palace of Titus or, according to another tradition, in the Baths of the same emperor. At any rate it was a Greek confession, eternally fixed in all its intense energy, of Rome's superiority, yea of Rome's new world-historical position; and it would strongly appeal, just in its dying convulsions, to the habitual spectator of gladitorial agonies. Hence Pliny's overbalanced praise of this statue, "superior to all the works of Painting and Sculpture," smacks more of the Roman than of the Greek, has in it more of the victor's exultation than sympathy with the pangs of the vanquished.

The Group disappeared in the long submergence of Rome under the waves of barbarian conquest and medieval ignorance till in 1506 it was again brought to light from its Roman grave. A suggestive sychronism lies in the fact that the new Italian Sculpture had arisen and was then at its height in the works of Michel Angelo. The right arm of the father, Laocoon, gripping and thrusting

off a huge coil of the snake is a restoration of Montorsoli. Many critics claim that it is incorrect, though it is not without its defenders. The surface of the statue has been worked over by the modern sculptor, and doubtless has lost not a little of ancient living freshness. A paper war starting with Winkelmann and Lessing has raged over the question whether Laocoon utters "horrible screams to the stars"—Virgil's *Clamores horrendos ad sidera*—or whether only a quicker breath or low sigh or possibly an audible groan pushes out of that open mouth of his in the hardest wrench of Fate. The latter would accord with classic moderation, the famed self-restraint of the Greek hero especially in Art. Let the reader take his choice, for all such opinions are purely subjective, and do not affect the real significance of the work. Another famous discussion, set in motion by Visconti, turns on the morality of the Laocoon Mythus, which recounts how a man defending his country meets death at the intercession of the God.

Good man, wicked God, cries many a moralistic interpreter. But such a view ignores the main purport of the work, which rests upon a conflict in the ethical world, between two principles of an outgoing and incoming institutional order, each of which has its rep-

resentative in the grapple. Morally, both sides may be said to be both right and wrong, each violates a right in asserting a right, and hence morality has no solution for such a world-historical problem. Laocoon defends his country wherein he is right, but he fights against the new world-order, wherein he is wrong, and gets punishment from the Gods. It is an old dilemma, yet one of the deepest of the human soul and of human history. In Laocoon's Troy there was another and greater character, Hector, who had the same inner scission. If we look a little deeper into our Homer, we are faced by a similar problem in his most beloved hero: Was Hector moral or immoral? He fought for his native city against her foes—good, we cry in approval; but Hector believes and says that Troy is wrong in keeping Helen, and reproaches bitterly his brother Paris for that deed of guilt, which, however, his country upholds. In fact the parallel cuts deeper, to the very heart of the matter, when Hector foresees Troy's destruction which he utters in the gloomiest and strongest-worded prophecy in the Iliad. He beholds Fate approaching in the Argive host on the plain below, and involving himself, his wife and child, as well as his country in its resistless coils—still he resists with all his heroic

might. Very like Laocoon's is Hector's conflict, both inner and outer, having the same institutional elements in furious interplay—Family, State, Gods.

There is now a good deal of Hellenistic Sculpture, and its quantity has been rapidly increasing; but it is scattered through the galleries of Europe, and has yet received no satisfactory ordering. The histories of Art usually arrange it according to the supposed cities of its various schools (Rhodes, Tralles, Pergamum, etc.), which arrangement leaves not a little of it without any place at all, and what is worse gives no clew to its thought or inner movement. As the Greek world, during the Hellenistic Period, was in one long struggle with its destroyers, outer and inner, with its Fate, we may say in general, we shall classify its plastic productions from this point of view. This Art will still be seen to be the expression of the God-consciousness of the people who originate it and keep it alive.

I. The Barbarian Fate. The Greek at his height in the Hellenic Period, viewed all the non-Greeks as Barbarians. The Persian was such and the whole Orient, with which Greece had its earliest historic conflict. The Persian specially threatened Hellas from the time of Cyrus who conquered Asia Minor

(Anatolia) and its Greek cities. This may be deemed the first Fate of Greece, which remained for some two hundred years till it was destroyed by Alexander the Great when the latter subjected Asia. Still we are not to forget that the mighty wrestle with this Oriental Fate called forth all the powers of Greek genius, and all the great works and deeds for which we chiefly value her today.

Strangely, not long after the time of Alexander a fresh destroyer begins to threaten Greece from the outside, this time a real Barbarian, very different from the civilized Persian of the East. The savage Gaul, of the Celtic stock starts to break into the Greek world from the North. It is the new Fate, the Hellenistic, or one phase of it, and the grand problem comes up: What is Hellas going to do with it? Will it evoke from her another supreme efflorescence of greatness, as did that first Hellenic Fate? Hardly, still she is to be put to the test.

Already Alexander, before he started for Asia, had felt the Gauls impinging upon upper Macedon, had made an expedition against them, and driven them seemingly beyond the Danube. But after his death they begin their incursions again and carry terror into Northern Greece and into Asia Minor, where later they will have their desperate conflict with

the Kings of Pergamum, which conflict will give rise to the Pargamene Art (soon to be noticed). But another branch of these Gauls will debouch from the mountains of Thessaly and appear before Delphi whose rich shrine they hope to plunder. Here they are driven off by Greek Gods aided by Greek men, as the legend runs.

(1) *The Apollo Belvedere and Its Group.* As a memorial of this divine interposition, there was set up at Delphi a group of the three deities who had participated in the act of deliverance—Apollo, Artemis and Athena. These statues were famous in antiquity, and were carried off, doubtless, by Roman plunderers—the emperor Nero is stated to have robbed Delphi of 500 statues at a stroke. The three became separated far and wide: the Apollo is the long-celebrated Apollo Belvedere of the Vatican, the Artemis is the almost equally renowned Diana of the Louvre, the Athena has been identified as that of the Capitoline Museum at Rome, but is the least known and least satisfactory of the three. Such is the modern re-construction of the Group by a number of recent investigators, but it should be added that some archæologists refuse to accept the reconstructed Group, preferring to leave the three statues in their singleness and separation.

The Apollo Belvedere combines a double action, a movement of the whole body irresistibly forwards to the goal, while the head is turned sidewise with a glance at some obstructing object. It expresses the triumphant sweep of the God over human opposition; we may say, if we think in that way, it reveals the might of the Infinite as against the Finite. This is the perennial charm of the statue—a divine mastery over obstacles. The slightly swollen nostrils show the least effort, the brow gives out a note of serene contempt, as the God strides to victory. Still the work is probably a copy, but of the best; the original doubtless was of bronze. Moreover, the graceful, slender proportions indicate later Art, it is not Phidian in character nor is it even Praxitelean. Some have supposed, however, that the original conception of the descending God belongs to a lost work of the Hellenic Period, which has been transformed into the present Hellenistic shape. But whatever be its history, the Apollo Belvedere has been in the past and still is among the most popular works of ancient Sculpture.

The Artemis of the Group (known as the Diana of Versailles) has a similar double motion; her whole body is striding rapidly forward, while her head turns sidewise as if for a glance at the foe, for whom she plucks

an arrow from her quiver with the left hand, while she holds the bow in her right hand (the stag at her side is merely her conventional symbol). There is no doubt that her womanly, even shrinking features look forth with greater anxiety than Apollo's; not so triumphant, more modest in her Godhood, more agitated in her drapery, she manifests quite a contrast in character with her brother. But she has the same slenderness and gracefulness of form, which indeed suit her better than him. And her deeper agitation seems also in place; the difference is indeed that between the woman and the man in the perilous emergency, though both face it with courage. In both cases we note the Gods are beginning to show more of the internal self than formerly.

The Apollo Belvedere was found at Antium, where once stood a palace of a Roman Emperor, and has been restored somewhat; especially the left hand is modern. What did it grasp? Some say a bow to slay the enemy, whoever he may have been, but probably it held the "terrible Aegis," the symbol of the thunder storm and lightning, with which the God put men to flight in a panic, according to Homer (see Iliad XV, 306, etc.). Now the Gallic repulse, according to the legend, was caused chiefly by a terrific tempest

of snow and hail, accompanied by thunder and lightning. This event was celebrated, in obedience to an oracle, by dedicating the above mentioned statues at Delphi, doubtless not long after the attack of the Gauls which took place in 279 B. C. A somewhat similar event is recorded by Herodotus as having taken place when the Persian, the other Barbarian, attacked the Delphic shrine some two hundred years before, during his great invasion.

The third statue, the Capitoline Athena, appears to be of a different character in the style of workmanship, as well as in her drapery and attitude. Hence her place in the trio has been strongly challenged. Still the Group as reconstructed form a striking unity both in their common movement and in the common object to which their looks are directed. At any rate the ancient Group was dedicated at Delphi in memory of the divine repulse of the Gallic Barbarians, who, however, were left out of the work. But next they too are to be taken up into Art.

(2) *The Pergamene Statues.* That which we call the Barbarian Fate is now represented in the person of the Barbarian himself by Greek Art developed at Pergamum in Asia Minor. King Attalus I met the Gauls and won victories over them, which he

caused to be celebrated in a wholly new kind of Sculpture known as Pergamene. The Gauls themselves in all their barbarism are taken as models instead of the beautiful shapes of the classic world. These statues of Gallic warriors are of two kinds, the large and the small; the small ones are about three feet in length, and usually are represented in the last stages of combat and death, fiercely fighting to the end; quite a number of these very tense dwarf-like, rather demonic forms are scattered through the galleries of Europe. The large size is represented in the well-known Dying Gaul (formerly called the Dying Gladiator, whom Byron has celebrated). In this new artistry only the Gauls seem to have been represented, at least no Greek antagonist of theirs is known among these sculptured figures. Moreover, the Barbarian is shown as overwhelmed, as dying or already dead. So the Greek has again met Barbarian Fate and conquered, though he does not appear personally in the combat. Besides, it is not the Greek Mythus which is employed now by Art, but the immediate historic reality. No ideal presentation of Fate in any of her legendary shapes is here, but the actual fact itself with its human actor taken from life.

Still the Greek would not be Greek if he

wholly dropped his Mythus; even in Asia Minor he could not go quite so far as that. Hence, we find in the mass of statues dedicated by King Attalus I (241-197 B. C.), which stood at the south wall of the Athenian Acropolis and have been briefly mentioned by Pausanias, two mythical subjects: the fight of the Gods against the Giants, and the victory of the Athenians over the Amazons; both these contests were ideal pre-figurements of the struggle of the Greek world against its barbarous foes. To these were added sculptured figures representing the supreme historical conflict of the Greeks, particularly of the Athenians, against the Persian toward three centuries before—truly the overture of Hellenic History. The dedication of all these statues, a royal present to Athens as the chief Greek protagonist against barbarism, must have taken place some years before 200 B. C., when the Pergamene school of Art was in its first early bloom.

Here then we have a conscious, purposed artistic summary of the long fight of Greece against Barbary, both mythical and historical—truly a fight for all civilization. The work indicates that the Hellenistic Period was a time of reflection, of looking backwards and taking account of the past; also a time

of vast erudition, one of whose centres was the famous library at Pergamum. Observe that in these dedicatory figures four phases of the struggle with Barbarian Fate are duly given: (1) with the Persian, the old historic one; (2) with the Gaul, the new historic one; (3) the humanly mythical one, the Athenians against the Amazons; (4) the divinely mythical one, the Gods against the Giants. This last conflict, the Olympian or ideal summation of them all, will be repeated in a later Pergamene work with a hundredfold emphasis and amplification.

Notable likewise is the fact that Athens is no longer the center radiating Art over Greece, but is the recipient of it from the outside—a great change from the Hellenic Period, when she was supremely the city of world-historical Sculpture. Moreover, the character of the Art is very different: it is in a prodigious wrestle with its outer and inner Fate, full of the turmoil seething through the many diverse peoples of Asia Minor, as if struggling to break out of its own limits in a burst of contorsions. Such is this Anatolian Sculpture, as we may name it, product of a new order and of a new folk, not Hellenic but Hellenized.

The Gallic danger had by no means passed away when a new Fate begins to dawn upon

this Hellenistic world; now it comes from the West, and is not that of the Barbarian, not wild and irregular, but steady and thoroughly disciplined. The Roman soldier enters the present Period with the solid advancing tramp of his legions, never to be turned back where he has once set his foot, irreversible as Fate itself. This is just what he is to the Greek mind of the present age, and as such he is mirrored in its Art.

II. The Roman Fate. Already the reflection of Rome's domination over Greece has been noted in the typical work of Hellenistic Sculpture, the Laocoon. But there is another large group of statues known as the Farnesian Bull, which is wrought in the same artistic style and conceived in the same spirit. Both are usually placed alongside of each other in the Art Museums of today; the original is now at Naples, having been taken thither from Rome where it was found in the Baths of Caracalla about 1525 (according to one account). How it got to Rome from Tralles, the place of its origin in Asia Minor—or possibly from Rhodes, is unknown. But it was one of those works of Greek Art which, like the Laocoon, flattered Roman pride indirectly by celebrating Rome as the Fate of Greece. So it was transported to the victor from its native land and set up

in a public place, where every Roman could read in it a glorification of his City.

The work springs from a Greek Mythus known to the people and used by the poets. Two sons of Zeus, Amphion and Zethus, by a mortal mother, Antiopa, avenge the wrongs done the latter by Queen Dirke through her jealousy. Those two heroic youths getting possession of her tie her to a wild bull and let her be dragged to death. So the Greek youths were ready to avenge the wrongs of Mother Hellas upon Queen Roma, now in authority, and to let loose the elemental strength of nature upon the oppressor coming from the West. With such a feeling every Hellenistic man must have viewed this work, which is one of splendid energy and full of the spirit of the time; though the year is not definitely ascertained, the artists probably belonged to the middle of the second century B. C., thus the work hovers around the last deed of Greek independence, the battle of Corinth (146 B. C.). One may well feel in it a call and a hope, the two stalwart shapes in their bearing promise a triumph, which, however, is not historically to be fulfilled.

The Roman comparison can be carried out further. The legend of Antiopa suggests that of Rhea Silvia, who also suffered for

a divine alliance, and whose two sons by the God Mars were Romulus and Remus, founders of Rome. Possibly the Greek story was chosen with a side glance at the Roman one, which naturally followed the new conqueror every where. So, likewise, these two sons of the highest God, the Greek spectator could well hope, might become founders of a new order or at least vindicators of the old.

Here, too, may be placed the well-known statue once called the Borghese Gladiator, but really it is a Greek foot soldier portrayed at the tensest moment of his combat with a foe doubtless on horseback. The human body is thus strained to its utmost stretch in warding off the threatened Fate, and giving back a finishing blow in turn. Every muscle is strung up for the final test, and from toe to finger tip is one long muscular life-line, chorded up for the moment of victory or death. What must the Hellenistic man have thought and felt at the view of such almost superhuman exertion in a Greek fighter? For the statue is the work of Agasias of Ephesus, and belongs to the so-called Ephesian school of Asia Minor; its date may be placed at about 100 B. C., though some writers have put it much later. But its character and execution are thoroughly Anatolian, the soul and body being keyed up to the

highest human tension in the desperate struggle with Fate. It is close kin to the Pergamene statues, to the Laocoon, and the foregoing Farnesian Bull.

As already said, the most impressive sculptural utterance of this Roman Fate overwhelming the Greek world and also the Greek Gods is the Laocoon, in which, however, the deities are not introduced in person, though their destiny is certainly implied by the work. But now they are to appear in their personal presence, participating in the deepest conflict of the time as set forth by its Art.

III. The Fate of the Gods. The Olympians are, therefore, seen whelmed into this struggle with Fate, which rends the Greek Pantheon. The old and the new Gods are now actually at war, of which we have already noted prophetic intimations in Phidias and even in Homer, who has also his battle between deities over Troy. And the last flash of Laocoon's dying look was a recognition of the coming divine order over that for which he had given his life. Very suggestive is Pliny's report of the statue called the Repentant Athamas, by the Rhodian artist Aristonidas, about 200 B. C. Athamas, according to the legend, is punished for a violation with a fit of madness sent by the

Goddess Hera, and in this condition slays his son, Learchus. When he recovers sanity and beholds his deed, he sinks into a state of the deepest repentance—at which moment the sculptor portrays him with a power which seems to have made every contemporary beholder tremble at himself and his country. For it brought to consciousness that Hellas had slain many of her own sons in the Peloponnesian and the later inter-urban wars. Some such feeling may be already traced in the Niobe. The result is the clutch of Fate has reached out and seized the weakened Nation—the ever-pressing fact of the Hellenistic time. The Gods of Greece are themselves undone and overmastered from without, and hence discredited within.

But the most extensive and surprising monument of the Hellenistic time is the Great Altar of Pergamum, often called that of Zeus, but every Greek God and Goddess would seem to be participators in this universal conflict with Fate which in the most hideous and destructive shapes assails the Olympians. Usually it is titled a Gigantomachia, or battle between Giants and Gods, taking its designation from the legend in old Hesiod which had been often represented in Greek Sculpture. But this work has a far vaster outreach; not only Giants are por-

trayed, but beasts and reptiles, and especially the commingled forms of man with snakes and other repulsive animals wind and coil violently through the whole composition, which would seem to show all the positive and negative forces of the universe in one furious turmoil of conflict. Hence to our conception it is rather a Theomachia, or universal battle between both kinds of Gods, the good and the evil. There is a Persian suggestion in the work, though the Mythus be Greek; it calls up the strife of Ormazd and Ahriman, the two eternally opposing powers of the divine and the diabolic—the creed of ancient Persia, the ruler of Asia Minor for more than two centuries. In fact some such vein runs through all this Anatolian Sculpture, which makes it so restless and strifeful, so permeated with the sense of guilt and suffering and everlasting struggle, very different from the old Hellenic serenity which would show itself even in direct conflict. But now the Gods themselves descend into the arena and their divine shapes are convulsed with all the throes of the uncertain contest.

The Great Altar of Pergamum was built by King Eumenes II (197-159 B. C.) some fifty years after those dedications at Athens by his father Attalus I, which have been already considered. The Gauls no longer ap-

pear, they seem to have been quieted by the gift of the tract of land known afterwards as Galatia. The Barbarian Fate, which then had the stress of Art, is now transformed into Fate universal, being carried up into the realm of the Gods themselves. Around this Altar, itself a lofty, many-columned Greek structure, ran the colossal frieze, over seven feet in height, on which the figures were sculptured often in very high relief. There was a smaller second frieze whose subject was the exploits of Telephus, here to be omitted. The building was over 100 feet square, and thus the huge frieze presented a long gallery of sculpture to the beholder as he walked around the four sides. Every part of this long and wide space was massed with the figures of Gods and their foes in continuous upheaval and in fantastic variety of assault and wounds by animals, serpents, men and deities—a rough-and-tumble fight of the whole God-world to the death.

Most of the so-called Giants are snake-legged, from the thighs downward the two members run out into the body of a huge snake with its head, but sometimes with its tail, darting in freedom. Other commingled shapes are those of men with the partial body of a lion, a bull, perhaps of a dog (Cerberus). Triple-shaped Hecate is here using her six

arms against assailing monsters, who are hardly more monstrous than herself. Winged creatures are present and appear to be fighting on both sides; so serpent turns to assail serpent, and in one or two cases attacks its own human counterpart. Is it a case of evil undoing evil? In fact one is reminded again and again of Dante's Inferno, with its considerable gallery of mixed shapes of man and animal, which also show the tendency to be self-undoing, even self-attacking, as Minos, the infernal judge, bites himself in the coils of his own tail. Dimly some such conception seems to underlie the action of some of these monsters, though not of all. Man, demonized, turns snake, and Sculpture shows him in his very image and deed. Still the theory of the whole is obscure, and the interpretation of the special parts is by no means yet finished.

We can see, however, the outlines of a great struggle between the Olympians and the anti-Olympians; the highest Gods are present, Zeus, Athena, Apollo, as well as the humblest down to little-known Dione, Themis, even Asteria. Sometimes the names are inscribed on the figure. The Pantheon is there, but so is all Pandemonium, both belong together in the last generalization of thought, as well as of Art. Where is the scene laid?

In every Greek soul of the time; it is the very scission of the Hellenistic consciousness. One feels often a grotesqueness in these shapes, which once more calls up Dante and his age, with its medieval struggle against the demons. And in the commingled shapes there is a return to the mythology of early Greece, even to the Orient which has sculptured the Egyptian Sphinx and the Assyrian Bull. But the Pergamene Frieze unrolls a new discipline, verily a kind of Last Judgment.

Which side wins, the deities or the demons? Hard to tell; we certainly have no right to say, with a distinguished critic of this work: the Gods are everywhere victorious. The battle continues raging and swaying; even Zeus is the center of the tensest sort of a tussle; not yet decided, says his massive body still in the wrench of supreme exertion. In fact the point of the impression to be conveyed to every beholder is that the conflict is now going on around him; it is undoubtedly that of Hellenistic Greece everywhere, but peculiarly that of Asia Minor with its Oriental tinge running through all its Greek culture and civilization.

The Sculpture of Pergamum representing the furious battle between the Greek Gods and the Giants, when set up in Berlin some years ago, roused an extraordinary interest

among the Germans. They saw in it another "Twilight of the Gods" made so impressive in one of Wagner's operas. It appealed to an old mythical vein still alive in the Teutonic folk-soul, whose deepest legend remains some form of Ragnorok. The Faust nature of present Germany found a fascinating expression of itself in this antique Gigantomachia. Hence, some voices were heard declaring that this Pergamene Sculpture was the greatest artistic bequest of the classic world, greater than that of the Parthenon.

But herewith the Hellenistic Period of Greek Art closes—a time of intense scission, separation, wrestle of the spirit outwards and within. It is the one colossal all-including Greek tragedy, which the Athenian dramatic poets had ideally prefigured before it became the overwhelming tragic reality. The pathos of Aeschylus is truly prophetic; his hero Prometheus of the mythical aforetime in truth belongs to the historical aftertime. Every Greek beholding the Sophoclean Oedipus coiled about by Fate, felt that he himself could not escape; that not only himself, but his world, was Laocoon.

But, behold! Roman Fate has clutched that Greek folk and its art, is dragging the same to its den—let us note the outcome.

C. THE HELLENO-ROMAN PERIOD.

It is an ever-memorable attempt, replete with instruction for all time, especially for us here in America: Rome undertakes to seize, to make her own and even to re-create from the outside Greek Sculpture, which is the artistic expression of a different people and age, of a different social and institutional order, yea of a different God-world. Can she do it? She has conquered the Greek nation and its City-State; can she command Greek Art, and make it appear on her Capitol Hill in all its originality at her bidding? Can the Greek artist himself, being transferred to Rome with his complete outfit of technical skill, bring down again the Olympian deities into new and beautiful shapes, even if he tries with all his might? Sculpture, separated from its native fountain in the folk-soul, and divorced from the faith and institution of which it is the spontaneous utterance, will always show itself an alien at Rome in spite of much cultivation.

During quite the entire Hellenistic Period, the Roman cloud was rising and approaching Greece, till finally it overshadowed the whole Greek territory. We are to remember that

there were three Hellases, Occidental in Italy and Sicily, Middle Hellas, the original center of the Nation, and Oriental Hellas, which largely sprang from the conquests of Alexander. Rome was a neighbor to the first Hellas and reduced it to her authority during the Third Century B. C.; then she entered Middle Hellas and subjected that to her sway during the Second Century B. C. In this same conflict Oriental Hellas, now ruled by the Successors of Alexander, gets involved; the result is that Roman armies begin to enter Asia Minor, where they fight the victorious battle of Magnesia (190 B. C.), after which Oriental Hellas is aware of its future master. Thus the Roman Fate has risen distinctly to view in all three Hellases, with a triumphant political mastery, and, that which is Rome's special gift, she has organized the day's victory into permanent possession.

Already we have noticed how the Sculpture of the Hellenistic Period represented this Western Fate. But now begins a new turn in the total Greek Art-world: its bodily removal and concentration into the city of the conqueror on the Tiber. This is the distinctive act of the Helleno-Roman Period, which we may vaguely set down as lasting toward three hundred years, though both its dawn and its disappearance cannot be defi-

nitely bounded. At 100 B. C. the current had set in strongly, and it continued with varying intensity till after the death of the emperor Hadrian (138 A. D.).

I. The most striking external fact of this movement was the direct transfer of Greek statues to Rome. As these possessed value in the eyes of the vanquished, the victors probably carried them off at first as mere booty, beginning with the Greek cities of Southern Italy and Sicily. Such also we may deem the astonishing prize of M. Fulvius Nobilior who captured and took away from Ambracia in Northern Greece more than five hundred statues, the largest part of them made of valuable bronze, all of which, however, were the gathered plunder of King Pyrrhus. But the time came when Rome began to be tinged with Greek culture, and to appreciate the masterpieces of Greek Art. In the first century B. C., Sulla, Lucullus and Pompey made campaigns in portions of Hellas, won victories, and seized the statues of the people as precious plunder, which they sent to Rome. The Roman emperors, especially three of them, Augustus, Caligula and Nero, kept up the robbery of Greek masterpieces to adorn their new buildings at Rome, where Greek Art was regarded as a handsome decoration of Roman power. Caligula

proposed to bring to the world's capital the statue of all statues, the Phidian Zeus at Olympia, but the plan failed. Delphi, though repeatedly plundered before, could still yield five hundred bronze works to Nero's imperial cupidity.

Thus every Greek community saw itself stripped of the Gods whom it worshiped, and who would not or could not interfere in favor of themselves and their people against the new Fate, as Apollo once did against the Gaul, and as Athena once did against the Persian. The belief in the dawn of a ruling power mightier than the old Greek God-world thus becomes stamped upon the Hellenistic consciousness through the bitterest experiences of life. Already we have noticed just that agonized expression of itself in its Sculpture.

But on the other hand the Greek Gods transported to Rome are not without influence upon the conqueror. There rises a certain delight in the outer beauty of these forms, a taste for Art begins to streak the rugged practical Roman, the city gets to be full of amateurs who study the masterpieces and the masters along with their history. This love of Greek Art at Rome was genuine as far as it went, but never paramount, and hence uncreative; the Roman's appreciation

had always in it a feeling of condescension, showing that the victor over the Gods could even patronize them. This trait lets itself be felt in Pliny's views of Greek Art, and turns even to a boast in modest Virgil. But the city of Rome became one vast gallery of pictures and statues; public edifices and private villas were not complete without a decoration of this sort. Such an Art-museum never was before or since, indeed it may well be deemed the model or creative type of them all down to this day.

In the Third Period, now considered, Rome centralized Art as did Athens in the first or Hellenic Period, to which from this point of view there is a return, but with a great difference. Athens created the masterpieces which drew to her the world; Rome imported them by outside force into her borders. Still under her domination Art became again centripetal, counteracting the centrifugal character of the Hellenistic Period, for even rich and highly cultured Pergamum never concentrated the whole of even Anatolian Sculpture. As Rome subjected the many Greek City-States and unified them externally, so she subjected the many Greek statues scattered through these City-States, and unified them externally in her one Museum. In like manner she may be said to have subjected

the Greek Gods and put them into her Pantheon, whose temple still exists. Also the Greek Mythus she appropriated, being unable to create anything of the sort herself, except a few meager legends of her childhood. In this field, however, lies her most noteworthy artistic achievement: Roman poets will produce a Literature of persistent life based almost wholly on Greek Mythology.

The truth is that Rome reverses Greece at the deepest point of national consciousness. The tendency of the Greek spirit was to differentiate the One into many individuals, independent and self-sufficing—many States, many Arts and Philosophies, many Gods, even if the original One hovered dimly in the background, as the one Nation, the one Religion. On the contrary, the tendency of Roman spirit was toward solidarity and centralization, even if she professed a superficial polytheism which, however, she used as an instrument of her unitary purpose. Thus the immediate inborn separation of the Greek consciousness she first subordinated by might and then organized into her one central City-State. But we are to observe that just therein she fell into a deeper separation, a more pervasive inner self-contradiction which her history will at last bring to the surface. She, the City-State, is the

destroyer of the City-State, of her own principle, of herself ultimately. The autonomy which she asserts for herself, she denies to others and realizes her denial in a universal subjection. Thus Rome is the opposite and negative of Greece, the active antitype thereof; that Hellenic sympathy with the individuation of the universe into its manifoldness runs counter to Rome's innermost bent, indeed to her place and function in the World's History.

In some such way we have to reach down to Rome's ultimate inability to create an Art of her own or to reproduce the Art of other peoples. But it is her genuine call to collect artistic achievement, to appreciate it externally and to decorate herself with it on the outside. How can the conqueror of the Gods make them appear in their own right and supremacy on the banks of the Tiber? Still their conqueror can gather them by his power, and herd them in his walls; such will be a fresh manifestation of his highest sovereignty.

II. But not only works of Greek Art, the Greek artists in person were gathered at Rome. Naturally they followed whither there was the greatest demand for their skill. Some of them might be actual slaves in accord with the ancient law of captivity in war.

Soon arose a large trade in copies of the masterpieces. We hear that false antiques were fabricated and sold to rich but ignorant people who strove to be in the fashion. Such factories are reported to be not uncommon in Europe at present, especially catering to the American taste and judgment of Art. Indeed the comparison of old Rome with modern America in artistic matters becomes very striking—the same colossal importation, and so far the same lack of originality, the same external appropriation of products of a different social and institutional life. Indeed the question has been often thrown at us: Is the American, like the Roman, at bottom incapable of creative self-expression in Art? For that matter Sculpture and Painting at their highest are past Arts the world over. Rome had no self-expression in Sculpture, because Sculpture could not express Rome in her distinctive Self, in her truly world-historical character. But there was a genuinely original Roman Architecture, and the same is true, we hold, of today's American Architecture in its supreme manifestation.

Coming back to the Greek artists located in Rome, we may first look at the works of two Athenian sculptors whose date is set not far from the middle of the first century B. C.

The one is the famous torso of the Vatican, usually called the Belvedere Hercules, which has called forth such a deluge of literature, starting with the rhapsodic eulogy of Winkelmann, who held the statue to be a transfigured Hercules seated on Olympus at the banquet of Father Zeus. This view hardly accords with the drooping, unstrung muscles of the figure, which indicate rather the Greek hero as worn out with his long labors, quite incapable of beginning any new task. This headless and legless giant touches our pity through the helpless exhaustion of his once mighty muscles; he cannot now rise from his seat, cannot even hold up his own trunk with its bulky fibres. Apollonios, Nestor's son, of Athens, is inscribed on the block; the sculptor portrayed his city, his country, his own consciousness; what else could he do even at Rome? The universal Greek hero is completely worn out, undone, having performed his last labor. There is a second statue of Hercules known as the Farnesian, belonging to the same time in general, and inscribed with the name of Glycon the Athenian as artist. The massive form of the hero is now entire and stands upright; still he cannot hold himself erect but leans on his club and lion's skin, former laurels, over which his arm droops as if quite nerveless and deed-

less. His face is not tense with conflict, but bends down reflective, even despairful, showing not only weariness but world-weariness. Again we feel the Greek artist at Rome looking back at the past greatness of his people and pervaded with the nation's pain of dissolution, which he cannot help breathing into his work. Both these copies of Hercules are probably taken from a famous original by Lysippus, but charactered with Roman modifications.

Other Athenian sculptors were engaged at Rome in copying the great works of their forefathers, through which they often ran a strain of their own time. The books speak of a Neo-Attic School of Sculpture at Rome. The large majority of the statues in the European museums are these Roman copies of Greek originals, the latter being exceedingly rare. Our age has to get back to Greek Art mainly through this Roman reproduction. Still some of these copies are of unquestioned excellence, and give us types which we otherwise would not know, for example, the Zeus Otricoli and the Hera Ludovisi. Anatolian Sculpture was also well represented at Rome, both by way of plunder and of imitation.

It should be noted that Sculpture also represented the decay and debauchery of Rome.

Fauns, satyrs, silenuses, wild Bacchic scenes, form no small part of the Roman galleries today. Then the play of sensuous love, the Cupids and the Venuses and the divine courtships must have been a leading occupation in old Rome if we judge from the number and variety of its shapes. In this field likewise the fine Greek model would take a coarse Roman streak. A large department of Roman Sculpture, perhaps the largest, was the making of portraits. An emperor would often have his likeness set up by the hundreds; Nero and Domitian, for instance, caused their own heads to be put upon the bodies of the Gods. The main characteristic of Roman portraiture was its realistic truth, even if not a few portraits were idealized after the type of some deity. Sculptural portraiture also reaches back to Hellas, which practised it in the best period of its Art.

III. The name of the emperor Hadrian is the last name of prominence to be mentioned in the annals of ancient Greek Art, though this continued to dribble a little long after his time. In Hadrian the Roman no longer seeks to bring Greece to Rome but to turn Rome back to Greece for a fresh restoration not only artistic but also political. Hadrian saw the Roman institutional decadence, and

even thought of removing the World's Capital back to some Greek city, a result which was permanently accomplished two centuries later by Constantine. Hadrian was an ardent Philhellene, he would tap the primal Hellenic fountain and make it flow afresh to rejuvenate an aging decadent world of which he was the absolute ruler. A Greek idealism streams through his whole reign, and makes it the last attempt to restore antique Heathendom in all its glory. Of course such a plan ran counter to the stream of History, Christendom had already proclaimed the new world-view which was to regenerate the time—another fact which Constantine saw and realized.

So it comes that Hadrian may be deemed to have wound up and rounded out classic antiquity by going back to its youthful start in early Hellas and making it effloresce through a second cycle of splendors. Under his generous patronage Sculpture had quite a revival, as well as the other Fine Arts. But what could they all bring forth except imitations? Where was the folk-soul calling for its sculptured deities? Really the popular heart of the age was already turning in a very different direction, which Hadrian did not appreciate and soon tried to suppress. The social and institutional order which

evoked divinely beautiful statues ever afresh was gone forever, it was a transcended stage of the World's History which, having once expressed itself had nothing further to say, or rather being dead, could not say anything. To be sure it is recorded that many of our finest copies of the old masterpieces were made in the time of Hadrian, and doubtless through the stimulation of his revival. He built new temples to the Gods to restore the old religion; notable was his completion of the colossal temple of Olympian Zeus at Athens, in which he set up a costly chryselephantine statue in imitation of that of Athena in the Parthenon. But how different it must have appeared from the Phidian work just yonder on the Acropolis! The one was the forced product of Roman autocracy, the other was the spontaneous outburst of Greek communal freedom. But curiously suggestive is the fact that both the first and last stages of the total round of classical antiquity, come together at Athens in two representative edifices whose impressive ruins are still standing only a few rods apart. Thus the ends of the cycle almost seem to interlink, after moving through its three great Periods which make together more than five hundred years. Such is the last flutter of antique Art through the fostering care of Hadrian.

There is, however, another somewhat cognate phenomenon which should be noticed as belonging to the later Roman time. It is the going back still further to the deities of the Orient and introducing them into the worship and art of this Period. Egyptian Gods, Isis and Osiris, had followers throughout the Roman Empire. So had the Persian divinity Mithras, and the Syrian Goddess, so named. Ancient Sculpture has left statues belonging to these Oriental cults which had likewise their transmitted forms. Thus the turning back of the Helleno-Roman Period reached beyond the Greek Pantheon to the Oriental Type out of which Greek Art had evolved. Also the archaic crude shapes of the Greek Gods were often reproduced along with the more evolved beautiful statues of the same deities. All of which shows the striving for a new faith and new self-expression in Art, seeking to tap afresh its primal fountains.

Gradually the Christian Style of Sculpture unfolded in connection with the new religion and its institution, the Church. The Classic Style has for its originative conception the descent of the God into the human body, which remains the divine manifestation still in Hellenistic Sculpture, though this sets forth the Deity fated, with the consequent conflict and suffering. Christianity

has also the descent of the God into the human body, but in order to transcend it and rise to spirit. In Greek Art the body is innocent though rent with the fiercest pain from external destiny; in Christian Art "the world, the flesh and the devil" are demonic, guilty in themselves and hence afflicted with the penalty of sin. In Christian Sculpture, therefore, the spirit must be shown in disagreement with the body, the vehicle of its manifestation, and hence it calls for another more adequate vehicle than Sculpture; calls for a new Art which we shall find to be Painting. This still employs the human body, but as annulled in its spatial completeness, as the mere shadow or ghost of itself. Hellenistic Sculpture with its bodily agonies may be deemed a forerunner or prophecy of Christian Painting with its tribulations of the flesh; but the attitude of the spirit towards such suffering is different in each: to the Greek the body was his God's native home and his own, while to the Christian it was an alien tabernacle temporarily occupied, and even to be lacerated and crucified for its inborn depravity. In general, Greek spirit was naturally harmonious with all individuation, while Christian spirit looked upon it as a passing stage in the process of and toward God. In its essence accordingly

Christian Sculpture bears within itself its own contradiction, which it manifests in many medieval statues both of saints and demons through their grotesqueness. To be sure it made many church images which are purely formal, and multitudes of portraits without any such inner conflict.

Sculpture was the supreme artistic manifestation of the Classic world, but could not be that of the Christian world, where it is really not at home in its primal creative freedom. But after the Middle Ages rose the third European Style of Sculpture, that of the so-called Renaissance, which went back to the Classic fountain for the Art's rejuvenescence. Many important works resulted from this revival of the antique, but it never could restore the epiphany of the old God-world, or adequately represent that of the new one, which had already evolved its own Art. To this we shall pass.

II.

Painting.

As already indicated, we classify Painting primarily with the Somatic Arts, or the Arts which employ Body, especially the human framework, as the chief means of their manifestation. Herein it is closely connected with Sculpture which precedes it, then it is succeeded by the Kinetic Arts, which still retain the body, but set it to moving. Moreover the reader should not fail to keep in mind that Painting is a Sense-Art (Presentative), imparting its content to the soul of man through the sense of sight.

Psychically considered—which is the fundamental way of looking at Painting and of ordering it—this Art is the middle or second stage of a higher movement which unites it with the two stages already mentioned. Hence its general character is that of separation; the body as such it separates and even annuls in a number of ways hereafter to be noted, and in its fashion it distinguishes and divides soul from body. Nature it does not permit to stand in her own immediate right but reduces quite to an appearance, to a shining through of the idea. Herein it con-

trasts sharply with Sculpture, in fact, it separates what in Sculpture is or ought to be undissevered, namely the spirit and its matter, the form and what it informs, the God and his manifestation. Probe to the bottom, and you will find this dualism running through all Painting, both in its excellence and in its limitation.

I. The first point to be observed is that the solid sculptural body is now smitten by the blow of a new Art (we might in a sense call it the blow of Fate) and shrinks to the mere non-solid surface, becoming but a shadow, a ghost of its former corporeal reality. This ghostly phase of the Art hints significantly that it still walks the earth as a spirit disembodied of its once full rotundity. The statue, struck by the destiny of all flesh becomes a picture. So the world of Greek Gods incorporate we may see vanishing into a painted dream of a new order.

In other words the solid space-filling magnitudes of Sculpture are transmuted into the non-solid (or abstract) space-annulling magnitudes—surface, line, and point—of Painting and of the Graphic Arts generally. Here the thought possibly gets somewhat abstruse, for it reaches down to the most remote and intangible, yet ever-present element of Nature, Space. But we cannot touch the bot-

tom of Painting till we see that it starts with the limitation, that is, with the negation of Space, which is Nature's extension or pure outsideness. The picture not only flattens Body as Space-filling, but flattens Space itself, through the use of those ideal lines constituting linear perspective, which converge toward a point. Thus the primal act of Painting is to negate the immediate externality of Space and of its manifold solid Bodies, reducing them to a show, a shine, an appearance which manifests something different from, yea opposite to itself, namely, the internal, the idea, the spirit. Here we may note the elemental separation of Painting from Sculpture.

Still the Art cannot stop with this negation merely. It must remake both Space and Body through its own creative act; the outer world has to be recreated before it can go into a picture, which must have its own ideal Space and Space-filling figurations. The Painter at his best is not only God-maker, but also World-maker; he has to put the Creator into a correspondingly created environment, which the Sculptor did not and could not do or only to a very small extent. The statue and surrounding nature are quite at one, not so the pictured shape and its scene of action. The new externality is trans-

formed with the new spirit at the center, Christ is set down in the midst of a Christian nature, whose Space even is to be Christianized in a primordial act of conversion. All material things have the tendency to turn into symbols at the pictured presence of the Creator.

Thus we behold as the first genetic act of Painting an annulment of matter and even of space as outsideness; the solid body has its real dimensions, length, breadth, and thickness obliterated, squeezed out of it we may say, and reduced to mere form, primarily designated by those ideal magnitudes, surface, line, point. Thus Painting at its primal birth-leap springs out of the reality of Nature into the ideality thereof, from a world already created to a world re-created as its own, from an outer to an inner, which has to be outered by it for its right self-expression. It is still an art of the body (Somatic) but of the body separated from itself as natural, and transformed into the bearer of a new soul. Illustrations we may take from the figures of Christ and the Madonna, also from Michel Angelo's sybils and prophets.

Still this Art cannot wholly dispense with matter, which it has to employ in order to make appear what is not of matter. Even

the crayon of the drawing has length, breadth and thickness in itself; so have the colors on the picture, though their function is to transcend themselves and to represent what is beyond length, breadth and thickness. They are the transparent medium through which shines the ideal, the divine realm; we may name them the material conduit to the vision of what is non-material.

II. This brings us to the next pivotal thought in the comprehension of Painting—that of its light. The eye sees the picture as well as the statue through the medium of nature's sheen: herein Painting and Sculpture are alike. To be sure the play of luminous rays upon the white marble God, say upon the Hermes of Praxiteles, has its diversities as well as its subtleties of which the artist is to take account. Light and shade have their place in the aspect of statuary, whose effect depends much upon location, position, distance. But the illumination remains external at best, glancing and dancing over the crystalline surface. There is no direct interference with nature's sheen, it is taken as it is, as sun-given from above, though its native character or law be subtly watched and utilized.

Now in Painting the light is not merely outside the work of art, but inside; a new

sunshine has to be created for each picture. The old luminary stays outside for us still, but for the masterpiece the sun has to be reborn inside. Again we observe how Painting annuls Nature immediately, yet will re-create it more gloriously at a stroke of genius. Turner was the new Sun-god, divinely rising on foggy London, where he was much needed. More distinctively than old Greek Apollo, for instance in the Parthenon pediment, Turner was the modern far-darting creator of a young sunshine, of many of them, all of which stay fixed in his pictures.

Already the outline of a drawing in black and white hints the transfer of the sculptural shape from outer to inner. The whole surface of the statue is made over into a linear play in which the dark bounds the white. But that which specially distinguishes Painting is its employment of color—the many colors of the spectrum with all their complicated shadings. The statue's light usually white, divides itself into vast manifoldness of tints, of which the separative character should again be duly noted. The marble suddenly breaks up into rainbows, as if a storm had come whose waterfall analyzed the sheen of the sun into the iridescence of Painting. Well, there was such a storm, truly a world-historical tempest, of which something will

be said later. At present we are to observe that the one direct ray is refracted into many diverse rays, or is broken into a varied multiplicity of light which is manifested by a colored radiance. This is the element which Painting specially seizes upon for self-utterance. Not the one straight light, but the broken self-separated light is the illumination of this art. The element of nature in which it moves has, therefore, an inner division which it throws out into color. Now this elemental color, bearing in its very origin a breach within itself, will suggest to the artist who feels his material, the soul's breach which is verily the deepest content of Painting. Hence it comes that this art at its highest creative reach has portrayed the supreme separation or breach in the universe, that of God become man, the infinite descent into the finite, the immortal suffering mortality. Such is the risen consciousness which calls for and begets Christian Painting.

The intimacy between Light and Mind or Self has always been felt by man, and has found expression probably in every tongue. Light is Nature's metaphor for spirit's intelligence; the soul bleeds and laughs in color. Hence we easily think that the light in a picture is its mind, and the play of colors is its life of emotions and mental activi-

ties. Moreover the colored separation of light, though external and physical, suggests the inner separation of the Self in the act of consciousness. For the simple implicit Ego, like white light, divides within itself and thus attains self-manifestation, and becomes self-aware; the inner rainbow of soul seeks and loves the painted rainbow as its own first picture, in which it sees itself. Such is the primal affinity between the Ego and Painting; both are manifested in colors, inner and outer, and are made to shine by the refracted rays of pure light, here of Nature and there of Spirit, both of which are ultimately of the one All-Self (Pampsychosis). It may be here noted that the descent of the Supreme Light into finite bodies appearing in color will be specially celebrated by Great Painting, which will seek to reveal God Himself in His many-tinted individuation.

Owing to this more intimate and complete relation to the Self, Painting stands nearer to us and affects us more directly and profoundly than Sculpture. Besides, we moderns are more subjective than the ancients, and the Christian art-world is still our own in faith, more or less, being closer to us by many centuries than that of Hellas, which at its highest hardly knew that inner chasm of soul which is the sovereign theme of Paint-

ing. In general we observe that light itself with its manifold separations corresponds to the pivotal character of this Art, which, as already stated, is separative. Another consonant quality of light should be here inserted: it is radiant and flies from its center, the sun; it will separate from its source, and therein is opposite to matter which gravitates toward its center, seeking to become one with the same. Light then, taken in its own natural act, is separative, a kind of protester; it is the counterstroke to the heavy earth, which gravitates while all light degravitates and rays outward through the physical universe; in scientific phrase light is diacosmical while matter as such, for instance the marble, is cosmical. But this is not the end of division. Nature still further divides light in a many-colored prismatic radiance which Painting seizes upon to represent its deepest potencies. Thus, Painting is illumined inside, while Sculpture is dark inside; we might conceive the statue to be flattened into a picture, and thereby to have its unsunned implicit internality pressed outward into sheen and color, which, however, would be a new revelation transcending the Greek God and his art.

III. Here we are to emphasize the fact that in the entire movement of civilization

and its arts of expression there has been but one supreme moment of Painting, a moment lasting several centuries indeed, yet one epochal sovereignty of the Art, never before or afterwards attained. This imperial time of Painting flowered in Italy during the Thirteenth Century and held its supremacy toward three hundred years. Why just then, why just there, why just this Art, are questions which must be fathomed if we would strive to touch the bottom of our theme.

In general, the Christian world-view had supplanted that of Classic Heathendom, and a new Art sprang up for the adequate expression of the new order. The descent of the God-Man or divine individual (Christ) through the mortal woman, in common with all humanity, was the germ of a new faith which brought man into a new relation with the Creator of the Universe. Through the one Son of God manifesting a career of mortality, every finite human soul was, or could be, mediated anew with its universal source, and was also exalted into participation with divine sonship, becoming conscious of its celestial heritage. Thus arose the conception of the Mediator between God and Man, of the God-Man connected in origin with both extremes, born of an immortal and mortal parent. This became the living faith of the

folk, the ever-throbbing heart of Christendom. At this stage we should likewise note that the Christian Mythus began to unfold as the people's expression of their deepest belief in the divine order. Art springs out of this mythical substrate of the folk-soul, minting the crude but precious ore into forms of beauty. Now Painting, as we often see, extracts from the Christian Mythus its grandest theme and inspiration. But when the artist loses his faith in his Mythus and in the truth of its divinity, his art is waning from its sovereign worth, whatever may be his technical dexterity.

Just here indeed lies the ultimate dualism of Painting, the deepest point of separation which we have noted as inherent in its character. The descent of God into the God-Man is that of the infinite into the finite, of the universal into the particular, of the invisible into the visible. Evidently here yawns the chasm between the supremely creative One and its created manifestation, between the boundless All and the bounded Many, that is, between the unpicturable and the picturable. In the nature of the case Painting has properly to do with the latter; it gives the God-descended but not rightly the God, who is the Beyond. Still all Christian Painting points to what is above itself,

to that something unpainted and unpaintable, uttering the seen aspiration for the unseen. In the Sistine Madonna what is the mother looking at, what the child, what the cherubs? Certainly at something not in the picture, at just the unpicturable One, whose spirit descends into and shines through their faces where we the people may behold it and share in it also. Thus the painter becomes a new mediator between his folk and deity, by means of his Art; in such a work he mediates the divine Mediator, and Painting reaches its supreme function, becoming an instrument of human salvation in the faith of the time, and of man's reconciliation with the Highest. Mark then this twofoldness of the Art, which paints the unpainted through the painted.

Such a dualism is not found in the Hellenic God-world and hence not in its Sculpture. Greek Zeus descended into the finite shape moulded by Phidias; that was just the divine manifestation; the Greek sculptor evoked the immediate presence of the God into his artistic form. There was in his religion no God-Man, nor Madonna, nor Saints who would irradiate from their seen mortal looks the one unseen supreme Godhood. Greek faith was essentially polytheistic, even if there was a lurking conception of unity

and sovereignty in Zeus, who, however, would also appear in marble shape like the rest of the Olympians. So it comes that the Christian dualism between the unseen and seen, the beyond and here, the other-worldly and this-worldly, which runs through medieval Painting is as yet but implicit in Greek Sculpture, even if this gives many a hint of the impending cleavage in its later Hellenistic development.

And yet Painting often tried, in spite of its own limits, to form the Supreme One beyond all natural form. That triune descent of Father, Son, Spirit, was ever present in the soul of the artist; dared he realize its form in full? Often he suggested the First Person by a cloud, veiling the Beyond while pointing to it; then the outlines of a face might be given with a shrinking glance. Sometimes a mere mathematical figure like a triangle or circle was drawn as a symbol of Godhead; then again the divine hand would extend out of a nebulous background, leaving the rest invisible. Still other more daring artists would show the face, the bust, the whole form, liveried at times like a Pope, or perchance like the Super-Pope. Northern artists, as Dürer and van Eyck have made God appear on their canvas. Even gentle, dareless Raphael did the same, though we

believe against his instinct, if we may judge by his greatest works which avoid this clash with the bounds of his Art (see the *Sistine Madonna* and the *Transfiguration*). Raphael at Rome probably felt the spur of a mightier genius whom he would imitate or rival, and so dared somewhat after his examplar. This was Michel Angelo, whose very character, barrier-bursting, Heaven-defying, would push him to challenge God Himself to a revelation in pictured shape. So he has shown on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel the Supreme Creator in the very act of primordial creation, cleaving chaos, bowling forth from his hand the balls of the cosmos—sun, moon, stars—and finally creating man and also woman. The original separation of the physical universe from its source, the individuation of the human being, and even his diremption into the two sexes, are here set forth after the Bible, yet in a new Bible which weighs upon us with the impression of superhuman inspiration. In the pictures of the Sistine Chapel, Painting has concluded its supreme work, has delivered its uttermost message, yea has broken over the very limits of its artistic existence. It calls for some new expression of the time's artificer, of the World-Spirit.

The descent of God into Nature and Man

is thus portrayed by Michel Angelo in a mighty reconstruction of the Biblical Mythus, though the incarnation of the God-Man is not here represented, being the throeful genetic labor of all Painting, and never fully mastered by Michel Angelo himself to his own satisfaction, as we may infer from the many struggling fragments of this theme scattered through his whole life. More about this greatest hero of his Art will be said hereafter, but now we may note that he sought to embody in one colossal sweep of his genius the total Mythus of Christendom, indeed of all civilization including classical Heathendom, with whose mythical character he was peculiarly intimate.

IV. It is necessary at this point to give some account of the Christian Mythus, which is the original substrate out of which Painting springs, and from which it takes its deepest and most native themes. In general, the Mythus is the product of the folk-soul of the age, which creates the same as its own immediate form of self-expression; no individual makes or can make this elemental stuff of all Art, but only the people possess that genetic power. The Mythus primarily sets forth an Upper World, that of the supernal Powers who come down to our human realm and in one way or other shape its

destiny. The descent of Godhead into the human individual, who thus becomes the God-Man, the Christ, born of a mortal mother, is the first genetic starting-point of the Christian Mythus, which heralds a new world-order with its Art. Stress is now put upon the mother with her love of the child, which is henceforth to have its place in the development of humanity. The Greek did not realize this love, nor did the Orient, even if we may discern hints of it in certain Egyptian presentations of Isis and Horus. Mother-love thus becomes an ever-active force of the Christian Mythus, to be reproduced in countless painted forms. But Father-love is by no means left out of the account: "for God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son" for its redemption. The individuation of man and of all things is ascribed to love, which will receive its highest realisation in the Christ-life.

The development of the Christian Mythus took many centuries, starting from its first germ in the Incarnation till it reached its fairest and completest efflorescence in Italian Art. What was it doing all this time? It was working over into its own material the other mythical beliefs of the people with which it came into contact; it had to transmute the native expression of the folk-soul

which takes the form of legend, fable, marvelous tale, into the mythical utterance of a new faith. The Greek Mythus, which it met everywhere still alive in the Roman Empire, was always recounting by means of Poetry and Sculpture, as well as popular tradition, the epiphany of the God in human shape, but this revealed no divine sonship as mediatorial, even if such a hint might be some times glimpsed in the hero like Hercules, born of Zeus and a mortal mother. The Semitic Mythus, native to the founder and his earliest disciples, furnished the conception of the one unseen God, whose manifestation in a graven image was forbidden by the law. Now both the Greek and Semitic contributions were taken up by the Christian Mythus, whose art, as already said, had as its double theme, the God both visible and invisible. Nor was this all. The invading Teutonic tribes of the North, known as barbarians, had infused fresh and uncorrupted blood into the civilized but decayed people of the old civilization; in this way the Teutonic Mythus with its peculiar character had become an ingredient of the seething mythical caldron of Italy, especially of the upper half of the peninsula. Who does not feel this element in Dante and Michel Angelo? And there is even a still lower sub-

strate in both, which reaches far down to the old Etruscan consciousness with its religious stress upon the future state. Indeed there was a second or Tuscan flowering in the later Middle Ages of the City-States of ancient Etruria similar to that which existed at the dawn of Roman History. Florence was the greatest of these medieval Tuscan communities and especially the home of Art and Poetry which sprouted up so luxuriantly there from the Christian Mythus, culminating in the two men just named. But that which we must now grasp is that the mythical stores of numerous peoples were taken into and gradually elaborated by the new religious world-view which first budded in Judea and thence spread out over the ancient world, fusing all its faiths and their expression in mythology.

There is no doubt that many artistic traditions and dexterities had come down through the Byzantine period from old Hellas. Still this period brought forth no original art of Painting, being fixed and mummified in spirit-crushing prescription. At last the hour of freedom struck, the human mind was ready, the Mythus was ready, and so was Providence. Only once before have we noticed such an outburst of the human soul into its supreme expression in Art. That

was at Athens when Phidias produced the sculpture of the Parthenon. Not merely the artist, not merely Athens and Greece, humanity itself was present in that artistic deed done at the pivotal moment. We may conceive that the World-Spirit turned sculptor just then, and really never since; in like phrase it may be said that the World-Spirit took to Painting in Italy for his own highest self-expression, and then after some three centuries laid down his brush forever. For this reason we today study and appropriate these two supremacies of Art as an essential stage of humanity's evolution as well as utterance, and hence of our own. When Civilization herself makes statues or paints faces, we have to look, and doubtless all futurity will keep up and deepen the gaze.

At present, however, our attention centers upon the Christian Mythus as the protoplasmic material out of which is shaped the artistic forms of Painting in its supreme calling. The artist is to employ such material primordially given and to transfigure it into his Art according to his faculty.

V. It is worth while to take a brief survey of the content of the Christian Mythus as it revealed itself in Painting. This legendary lore shot out in all directions among the people, varying with the locality, taking

the color of the narrator, moulded to the time; its plasticity is what we wish here to note, formable to the hand of the artist who had to transfigure a theme already familiar to the popular mind, which wanted not a new subject but a new and better and more beautiful interpretation of what lay already brooding in its consciousness.

It has been previously indicated that the generative source of the Christian Mythus was the divine descent into human form, the appearance of the Christ in mortality. Thus there is an upper world in this Mythus, the miraculous, the supra-natural, supra-scientific, the truly mythical element, which is a phase of the human soul, indeed a phase of the universal soul. This is what has now to manifest itself in a vast multiplicity of forms which shoot into all the colors of the rainbow. Christ becomes somatic and finite and hence the varied and variegated theme of Art. Zeus is also somatic in Sculpture, and so has likewise a finite sensuous manifestation in body, with which, however, he seems quite serene and satisfied, notwithstanding the line of destiny which weaves through his equanimous, self-contained look. But the one infinite God hovers over all Painting as over our variable, visible, many-tinted world—He, the unpictured and the un-

picturable in spite of the God-darer, Michel Angelo. Such is the last yet creative dualism of this Art, the inner breach which makes it, giving its ultimate character. We may consolidate all Painting of this period into a single colossal Picture, embracing the work of three centuries and conceive one hand wielding the brush—whose is it? He paints Himself becoming the human and paintable, the One unpainted and the Many painted, yet both present in the same picture, and each through the other. Such is the peculiar mystery of the Mythus in Painting, partaking of both the unseen and seen, wherein the colored sheen of the body is made to irradiate its primordial creative source, the universal Creator.

We shall now try to give a brief outline of this painted Mythus of Christendom (as distinct from the sculptured Mythus of Heathendom) which rays out into a million-fold tinted diversity of finite forms, as if bursting from a central sun into a given stretch of Space at a given momentary stroke of Time. Of course only some general groupings can be noted in an uncounted variety of themes.

(1) The start is made with the epiphany of the God-Man on Earth, which naturally hovers about the Mother and Child (Madon-

na and Bambino). There is the Annunciation to the Virgin (a favorite mythical conception); the Visitation usually with the cousin Elizabeth; the Nativity in the manger with the ox (Jew) and the ass (Gentile) looking on; the Adoration of Magi, which legend traversed Europe from Constantinople to Cologne where it was transformed into the Holy Three Kings; on the other hand was the humbler Adoration of the Shepherds. Then the countless Holy Families with great variety in treatment and numbers present; especially the Mother and Child, with the pictured procession from above through the Holy Spirit (in form of the dove) from the Father. Then comes the Earthly descent of the mortal side, introducing the parents of Mary and even of Joseph. So the Mythus unfolds on all sides seeking to reflect the new Birth of Time in all its diversified relations. Connected with these appearances is the vast population of the Upper World—archangels, angels, seraphs, cherubs, spirits. Such was the mass of mythic material which kept re-enacting the new divine individuation of man and its appearance as infant along with the human mother. This given material the artist took in hand, forming it afresh according to his gift and the time's demand. That artistic

gift showed itself at its best in the ability to make Love radiant from the human face and form, Divine Love. Mother, Son, Disciples, Saints, are all transfused with this celestial sheen of Love which unites the children of the Faith.

(2) The mature Christ is the theme which Painting elaborates next in order with great fullness. The Mother and the Holy Family recede into the background, and Joseph quite disappears, in fact dies. The Apostles become the associates of the propagator, and the scenes recorded in the Gospels are typical examples of the embryonic Mythus. The adolescent Christ is scantily treated by Painting, though the Dispute in the Temple may be placed in this period. But events connected with his trial, death and resurrection have been depicted in countless variations, often with the highest degree of power and sympathy. For here lies the supreme conflict between the old and the new order; the bearer of an incoming world is judged, condemned, and executed by an outgoing world, which still has authority. Such is the subject of innumerable pictures which kept vividly before the minds of the people the deepest process of Christendom; every Italian community had to have its painter who preached the most effective sermon with his

pictured story of the Cross varied in thousandfold appeal through form and color. Here is the suffering of the finite individual pushed to its last extreme; what are you going to do with it, O man? Transfigure it into its divine part; make it a stage of the return to God.

Painting thus becomes a mediator of the folk, indeed a mediator of the Mediator who is to be made visible in his entire process of mediation. For this Italian people must see him in order to know him, in order to be mediated at all. They were a sense-people, and could only reach the Divine through a somatic presentation. Christ himself had to become anthropomorphic literally, to save man, his fellow-mortal; Painting followed in deepest sympathy and also became anthropomorphic, and so it rose to be the supreme Christian Art. But the time will come when this Art will be questioned about its externality, its anthropomorphism must be called to judgment. Then another deeper spiritual change will strike on the horologe of History, and Painting will droop from its artistic ascendency as mediatorial.

(3) After the personal evanishment of the Mediator, the Christian Mythus is still active, in some respects more active than ever. It passes from the one central person-

ality to the thousands, each of whom becomes a center of radiation for the same spirit, the same faith, and the same Art; Evangelists, Disciples, Apostles who partook immediately of his living personal presence; Fathers, Saints, Martyrs, through whom the primal descent of the God-Man was transmitted to the future, down to us beholders; finally the founders of the Monastic Orders, men and women, who separated from secular life to preserve more purely the divine succession, were surrounded, even when historical, with a mythical halo of miracle, godliness, other-worldliness. Undoubtedly in this field the fountain of the Christian Mythus began to run low, though it is not even yet dried up. Painting has followed, losing its primal mediatorial function, having delivered the original message which called it into being, though it is still alive and active with its lesser tidings.

The Christian Mythus, however, is not simply a quiet ideal presentation of heavenliness, but it shows a desperate long-enduring conflict on earth with earthliness, especially with existent earthly authority. The persecutions, martyrdoms, and the culminating example of them all, the Crucifixion, mean the life-and-death struggle between the dawning and the enthroned world of institu-

tions, in fine between the old and the new Gods. This signifies also the sunrise of a new Art, and the sunset of an old Art. Into Sculpture, the antique, this younger Painting interjects the God-Man, the Mediator, and therein cleaves in twain the whole statued world of Olympus. But this supreme transition is not made without tragedy, yea thousands of tragedies on both sides, rounding up in the one colossal tragedy involving all antiquity, which Zeus himself pre-figured in his Olympian look of destiny.

To be noticed is the extraordinary number of symbols, mostly conventional which the Christian Mythus evolved and projected into Painting. Objects of nature, instruments of daily use, animals, domestic and wild, such as the dog and the lion, and even the hogs, are introduced, not so much in their own right as to signify something else. The whole visible world is emblemed into a meaning beyond itself, being made the bearer of the unseen. Christian symbolism brings the message that even external Nature must turn Christian, must repent of its mere naturalism, be baptized and join the Church universal, all of which is signalized in the symbolic use of physical objects by Painting. The mule of St. Anthony kneels, the dragon is fondled by St. Sylvester, though it is

speared by St. George, serpents feed from a basket at the side of St. Verdiana, though elsewhere destroyers and destroyed. To be sure, the negative side of Nature is introduced often in bitter conflict with Spirit. Then what an array of flowers and trees in this painted Garden of Eden! Symbolism will intimate the transfiguration of Nature as well as of man, through the descent of God into mortality. Not merely the human body but all externality is to become radiant of the divine order. Now it is this transfigured expression through color which Painting is to evoke to our vision.

VI. It remains to give some account of the new political order which was one of the prime conditions of this budding Art. The historic phenomenon known as the rise of the Italian Republics is intimately ingrown with the rise of Italian Painting; in fact both are but manifestations of the one moving spirit of the age. The free City-State again appears as the begetter and nourisher of the supreme artistic genius. The occurrence is so similar to what we find in ancient Greece that we are driven to probe for some inborn relationship between the artistic and institutional worlds which seem twinned in a less obvious but deeper origin.

During the eleventh and twelfth cen-

turies of our era in Italy, especially in Tuscany and Lombardy, there sprang up a multitude of independent communities, bubbling, as it were, out of the soil itself. Each of them sought autonomy, the right to govern itself according to its own law; moreover each individual citizen claimed and to a greater or less extent obtained a share in the government of the whole commonwealth. With this institutional activity came a corresponding increase of commercial and industrial enterprise, so that each of these City-States (thus we shall call them) sprang up a center of fresh earth-born energy, a very bee-hive for working and stinging. Naturally they began to sting one another in their furious competition, repeating therein the record of the Greek City-States. Within each one also arose bitter strife between political parties—democracy and artistocracy, rich and poor, Guelf and Ghibeline. Finally came exhaustion, the strong hand from the outside or inside seized authority, and the time of liberty was at an end, while Art, though not expiring, likewise drooped in sympathy with its institution.

The question comes up, what is the underlying source of this notable historic upheaval? In the first place the power was broken which had held down these City-

States for centuries. Ancient Rome had subdued them to her sway in the earlier stride of her conquests. They were originally products of the primal Italic consciousness, existent before the birth of Rome. In Etruria, in Latium, in the Valley of the Po groups of City-States glimmer through the dawn of History. But now, the time being ripe and the suppression being removed, that old civic spirit bursts up into fresh life, and reproduces its innate community, to be sure with changed environment. Such was the native elemental upheaval which sent forth this phenomenon. Then is to be added a second cause: the new culture which went back to the study of classical antiquity, especially of Greece, which was also in its bloom a land of City-States whose cry was autonomy, communal freedom. Thus the educated class also felt the throb of this revived institutional world. So we may put the two factors: Italic protoplasm of the folk, and Hellenic culture, each in its own way, pushed for the restored liberty of the community. And the third ingredient, the Christian, tended in the same direction, even if the Church later became hostile. For every locality had its own legends and saints and festivals, and therewith its own Art. The Christian Mythus had indeed become universal and had

swallowed up all other mythical utterance of the people; still each community in its freedom had moulded this plastic material according to its need of expression. Herein again Greek Mythology with its many local tales and worships rises into view for comparison.

At this point we are to grasp the rise of Italian Art. Each of these City-States had its own painters and often its own school of Painting which of course employed the Christian Mythus after a style peculiar to such school. The result was an epoch prolific of pictures in every town of Italy which had to have its own mediation with Heaven through its special Art. It felt too the mighty descent of the Spirit into the community, and must behold the same manifested to its own eyes. Hence arose the importance of the painter who was a revealer of what was highest to the people, who had at that time actually to see the divine message.

Such was that unique phasis of the World's History commonly labeled as the Italian Republics (see Sismondi's famous account of them under this title), which drew primarily from the deepest depths of the old Italic folk-soul, from the ethnic communal protoplasm of ancient pre-Roman Italy. Freedom became the watchword, freedom of civic self-

development, which could now take place, being liberated from the grip of old centralizing Rome through the latter's inner decadence as well as through the outer blow given it by the Northern invaders. Here should be added that the two absolutists of that age, the Pope and the Emperor, in their struggle for power against each other, protected and even nursed the liberty of these communes whose aid each of them sought to win. This had its dark side by fomenting a furious partizanship in every City-State, which had its Guelfs (papal) and its Ghibelins (imperial). A seething political energy poured forth from every little volcanic town, which, seeking its own autonomy, was ever ready to overwhelm its neighbor of the same ilk. The result could only be calamity and final cessation; but that which concerns us now is that along with this communal autonomy rose an equally strong intellectual autonomy in each commune, which had or tended to have its own culture in Art, Literature, Science. But especially Painting became communal, the most communal of all Arts, reflecting the spirit of the community not only in its real deeds, but also in forms of the Mythus, Christian and Heathen. As already indicated, the Mythus itself was communalized, being moulded by the artist to shapes in which the given City-State beheld itself.

Still there was some centralization in this decentralized world of Republics. Which of them brought to bloom the highest culture, the noblest genius, the greatest works of the spirit? Herein Florence takes the prize. We have already noted how Tuscany bursts out into a young galaxy of City-States, which seem to tap afresh the old Etruscan substrate of its people for centuries suppressed. Some of these new communities kept the same names and clung to the same hill tops on which they were perched in ancient Etruria, such as Perugia and Volaterra. Florence, however, is essentially a new birth of the time, despite the attempt of its poet to trick it out with an old Roman pedigree. Florence has the credit of having evolved modern Sculpture and Painting to their highest stage of excellence. She produced the supreme expression of the Christian Mythus both in Poetry and the Fine Arts. She was the mother of the two greatest geniuses of Italian birth, Dante and Michel Angelo, the one of whom lived at the rise of Italy's artistic supereminence, the other saw and felt, and is accused of starting, its decadence. The Florentine triumphal arch of greatness may be conceived to spring up with the life of Dante (before 1300) and to overspan the intervening two centuries and more, till it rounds

itself out with the days of Michel Angelo, who indeed quit his city (so did Dante), and finished his career in papal Rome.

VII. The free communities of Italy had, then, the feeling of a mighty descent from above them in those centuries. They were more or less conscious of making a new era in the vast onward movement of the World's History, which had taken them as its supreme supporters at one of its nodes. The people had to have some expression of this all-dominating fact of their personal lives as well as of their institutional world. Naturally they employed first their inborn popular utterance, the Mythus, which, as already indicated, had turned Christian; the old heathen fables had become converted to Christianity along with the folk-soul whose voice they were. The mighty downburst into their time and place seemed to them miraculous. They figured it as the descent of the universal God Himself into the temporal and spatial Man, who thus was represented as the God-Man, and who had to appear immediately to their vision as an actual presence. For was not that presence the pervasive fact of their existence? Is it not still today felt in what they did and said? We call it now the Renaissance or new Birth—of what? Evidently of the Spirit universal, which came

down into Space and Time and manifested itself just then in those strangely agitated Italian Republics—agitated of course by such an overwhelming Presence. This was their deepest truth, even if they called it, in their mythical vernacular, the appearance of God's son among them, whose very visage they had to witness permanently in Painting. We may name it in our prosaic nomenclature some thing else—the spirit of the Age, the sweep of Civilization, the World-Spirit. But such abstract conceptions, natural to us, cannot produce Art, certainly not Painting, as a communication from above down to the people who gaze in adoration at its Heaven-descending shapes. This Art had then a profoundly mediatorial function, uniting the folk-soul in its dumb longing with the spirit of the time which it felt, but for which it had no adequate expression except in the pictured form.

Hence we say that Italian Painting for some three centuries was not merely local or national, but world-historical—the upbearer and revealer of the World-Spirit at that time. So we study it now as an integral part of ourselves, of our total culture, of our racial development. We wish to pluck it at its topmost flowering, which undoubtedly took place at Florence, the heart of this

many-membered prolific garden of the Italian Arts. Painting, we may repeat, centers upon the Mediator as its creative personality, and brings his visible revelation to the people, who would exclaim at the view: "Behold! there he appears! That is ourselves, our city, our age! The divine epiphany of the supernal world to us here below!"

So we may note again that Painting in this period mediates the Mediator to the outer vision, interpreting the New Testament with its pictured commentary of ever-renewed tints. The people would not and mostly could not read any other. We shall find hereafter both Raphael and Michel Angelo, the supreme artists, re-writing the Bible in colored forms, individualizing afresh its characters into seen shapes many-hued, and resuming therein by a final mighty deed the total course and content of their Art—which deed was truly the height of fulfilment of Painting. In this period Art performed a priestly function, and often took the sacerdotal appearance, especially in the earlier artists, such as Fra Angelico. Hence, Art was often called the handmaid of the Church, and it was; but with its growth it developed into making the Church its handmaid rather; the servant rose to be mistress at least of herself, if not largely of the household. Thus,

too, she attained her ultimate beauty, tapping in her own right the eternal sources and making them flow down into her shapes directly.

In order to grasp the conception of the Mediator we may compare him with the Great Man of History, who also mediates the total sweep of Civilization with his own particular time and country. Thus, he, too, is the conduit of the Spirit above to the world below. In this sense every transcendent historic hero, from Julius Caesar to Abraham Lincoln, may be said to integrate God with Man, to be a bearer of the divine order in his human shape. That is, he, too, is a mediator in his special epoch and land, a mediator between the World-Spirit and the Folk-Soul. Now Christ also is an historic character who appeared "in the fullness of time." Certainly a Great Man he is, if we consider simply the mightiness of his deed; but he is something more, he is representative of them all, is their very essence or principle; not merely one Great Man, but the type of all Great Men who have ever lived or will live. We can call him the universal Great Man, of whom all others are individual examples, each of whom manifests in his special way some form the divine descent of Godhood into its mortal counterpart, of the

universal Self into its human holder and realizer. Such a universal content lies in this supreme outburst of Italian Painting, and makes it of universal interest; that is what renders it in the best sense beautiful. Indeed this ideal content became a conscious presence to the Florentine mind in the time of Lorenzo the Magnificent, and expressed itself philosophically in the Platonism of that time, whose voice may be somewhat mystically heard in the sonnets of Michel Angelo.

In a little corner of Judea, then, the individual Christ appears historically, and around this historic kernel legend begins to swathe him in its drapery of marvels, as it does every Great Man of the People, not excepting our last-born one, Lincoln. The germinal historicity of the Mediator is not to be questioned, just as little is his mythical evolution in the utterance of the Folk-Soul. This last, as already set forth, is the elemental substance which Art seizes as the plastic material of its shapes which though human, reflect the divine. In fact the whole sense-realm of things, the total world of Nature's individuation is transfigured into a Christian cosmos, terrestrial and celestial, through a universal symbolism which converts to its holiness not merely earthly objects, but the sun and the planets and the

stars as homes of the blessed in the celestial hierarchy.

We may glance again at the free commonwealths of Italy which delivered a world-historical message to all time, not only in their political manifestation but specially in their artistic utterance. This started up in a limited locality and age, but it had the power to speak to all localities and ages. Its Painting brings out to sunlight the semblance of the universal Great Man, not simply this one or that one, though these, too, participate in the procession from above. This Art has in it at its best the gleam of an infinite Presence which reveals itself in color through the genius of the artist and undergoes a kind of re-incarnation in painted shapes.

Undoubtedly this Painting has its limits which it will run upon, whereby it breaks to pieces. After all it externalizes what is essentially internal, it is a show and not the great reality itself, which will begin to seek another channel for its descent. The people, from being sense-souled, will reach a point at which they will seek to commune with soul itself in its own form. They will pass from the external light to the internal, from the outer eye to the inner. Painting will fall into contradiction with itself, seeking to re-

veal the invisible in the visible. Such a dualism it had from the start whereof it splits atwain, having evolved the inherent scission of its birth. Moreover, the Italian Folk-Soul will lose its world-historical mission, and can no longer function as its true utterance such an Art, which hence will lapse into formalism, into an uninspired repetition of past glories. Wherein it repeats the fate of Greek Art.

VIII. It is evident, then, that Painting has a history, with rise, bloom and decline. Indeed it may be called an historic Art, in the sense that it belongs in its supremacy to a given time, not to all time; it utters adequately for once a stage of the World's History and then its sovereignty passes away, even if the skill acquired lasts for many useful but subordinate purposes. Herein it has a deep resemblance to Sculpture which flowered the one time as the highest expression of a people and a civilization, then drooped to a secondary position, where it has stayed ever since.

The Orient had Painting and still has. Indeed Eastern Asia, notably China and Japan, have evolved the possibilities of mere color more fully than any other part of the globe, and have not yet concluded. On the other hand Western Asia, with which Europe is

closely connected in locality and in evolution, has had its historic inning both politically and artistically, though it be looking forward to a fresh rejuvenescence. We find Painting in the ruins of the old cities of the valleys of the Nile and Euphrates, but it belongs more to archæology than to Art. Also pre-historic man shows a struggle to express himself in color, but here we cannot take his work into account.

Europe has also had its historic development of Painting. In this Art as in others the old Greek stands at the beginning and opens the evolution with his usual display of genius. But his pictured world has quite vanished with the exception of a few faint reflections which may be seen in certain excavations like those of Pompeii. Greek Painting is, therefore, as good as lost. In a number of ways it must have reached a high grade of excellence; ancient critics of discernment who saw its masterpieces, seem to put it on a level with the best work of Sculpture. Still we have to think that Greek Painting at its highest had no supreme message to deliver; with all its technical perfection, in portraying the forms of the Goddesses and the Gods, and in picturing scenes from Homer and the Greek Mythus, it could only tell what Sculpture on the whole told

better at that time, as the true artistic expression of the popular consciousness. Indeed Painting itself was essentially sculptural, having the same content with the plastic Arts, and resting upon the same world-view. As Painting held the sceptre over Sculpture in Christendom, so Sculpture held the sceptre over Painting in the heathen Greco-Roman world.

It is evident that Byzantine Art, which is of course Christian, connects directly with that of old Greece, many of whose methods and devices it kept alive and transmitted to the future, without making them truly creative. Byzantine Art became fixed in traditional forms, immovable and unfree in its crystallization, which is well typified by its persistent use of Mosaics, or glass colors. Still it had the merit of preserving just through its rigidity much of the manipulation of the antique painter. This skill it bore to Italy when the latter was ready for the new birth of Art. But that Byzantine tenacity of form we are to appreciate; we trace the same character in its government, its law, its theology, as well as in its artistic formalism. Nor must we forget the grand original outburst of Saint Sophia, which, however, belongs to Architecture, the most crystal-like of Arts. It should be added that recently

some investigators have claimed that they could trace emphatic stages of evolution in the stolid centuries of Byzantine Painting. There was probably a little—but how much?

The fact is, as it seems to us, that the Christian Painters of the Byzantine faith could not fully express the descent of the God-Man, which, as already stated, is the primal genetic content, the germinal starting point in the birth of Italy's Art. The Greek Church rejected the Son as an integral part of the procession of the Holy Spirit from the Godhead. This doctrine became the popular creed, yea the shibboleth of the Byzantine religion, and such it remains to this day. But it caused the great split between the Eastern and Western branches of Christendom, the separation into the Greek and Latin Churches, which began in the sixth century and was consummated in the eleventh (known in theological literature as the *filioque* controversy). Without going into the religious purport of this protracted dispute, we may notice its effect upon Christian Painting, which thus has its first creative figure, the Mediator Himself, eliminated from the procession of God to Man. So we may see that the Byzantine consciousness could not evoke the new Art, while the Italian folk-soul demanded the same as its

profoundest self-expression. The Greek Church, however, believing in a partial procession of the Divine into the Human, had some Art, while the Mahommedan religion which had no descent of the sort, cut off the source of all artistic representation. Quite co-incident with this division into the Eastern and Western Churches, Italian Art begins to peep forth in its earliest infancy, though encumbered still with Byzantine swaddling clothes. It is generally agreed among historians of Painting that Giotto of Florence, contemporary and friend of Dante was the first painter who showed the epochal liberation of his Art from Byzantinism. Italy, declaring her artistic freedom, then took up the Christian Mythus in its completeness, and began to illustrate it in multitudinous directions, whereof the most striking and pervasive manifestation is the poem of Dante, also a Florentine. The details of this many-sided evolution which throbbed through the numerous City-States of Italy cannot here be given; we shall grapple with the one supreme City-State in this regard, and of its Art we shall be able to give only the one supreme process. But in such case the reader, we hope, will be able to see more clearly the one in the all.

Florence. The word may be taken to mean

the flowering city, symbolic of its present character. In our narrative it has already risen to the surface several times by way of prelude. Of all the Italian Republics, Florence showed the strongest upburst of the civic spirit of the time; popular government in some form remained longest its ideal. Then it seethed with furious internal partisanship, which did not suffer it to stagnate.

The old Greek culture was studied and appropriated at Florence as nowhere else; there was also a political bond of sympathy between the antique City-State and the new. Lorenzo, the Magnificent, gathered Greek manuscripts, Greek statues, Greek scholars, and founded what was practically a Greek Academy, though Greek autonomy he quenched. Especially the Platonic philosophy was favored and propagated at his court by Marsilius Ficinus (translator of Plato and of Plotinus), by Pico di Mirandola, who dreamed of uniting Platonism and Christianity, by Angelus Politianus, illustrious humanist and poet who could transfuse Greek poetry and its Mythus into his native Italian. In fact there was a pronounced tendency at the court of Lorenzo and in the age to return to classic Heathendom, with the corresponding moral unsettlement. Art reflected the spirit of the time and its license. Michel

Angelo took his early schooling in this environment, whose traces he will show in his greatest works; nor will he ever forget its Platonic training. In fact Painting is of itself a kind of Platonism, with its dualism of idea and reality, with its invisible and visible worlds, with its doctrine of essence and appearance. Plato became the voice of the pictured twofoldness of Italy's mind at that time, through him the unseen was heard and thought. The Christian world-view seemed on the point of being transcended, and renascent Florence was actually turning to antique Athens, whose semblance it strangely renewed in so many traits, political and artistic.

Then suddenly fell the counterstroke like the voice of the Last Judgment itself announcing the doom of the world. A monk, Girolamo Savonarola, began to preach in a prophetic fury the curse impending over the city because of its lapse to Heathendom. The demonic power of his speech made the blood of all Florence run icy in terror; Pico di Mirandola, the Platonic philosopher, reports that a cold shiver pulsed through the marrow of his bones while the hairs of his head stood on end as he listened to the thunderous words of the speaker. A great revival of religion it was, as we say in our modern parlance;

the conscience-convicted people passed one another in silence on the street, "more dead than alive." Evidently the inspired monk had tapped in the depths of the folk-soul its Christian fountain and had set the same to flowing afresh with redoubled energy against its old Heathen enemy. But he also insisted upon the moral betterment of the individual, and rose at last to demand the reformation of both State and Church, for which boldness he might well prophesy his coming fate. But herein he begins to foreshadow the message of another monk, his contemporary, Luther of the North. It was the mighty apocalypse of the time, which startled even the autocrat Lorenzo, who, however, soon lay on his death-bed. He sent for Savonarola to give him final shrift, but the audacious monk required, among other easier things, that he should restore to Florence her ancient liberty. Whereat Lorenzo turned his face away to the wall and died (1492). His son Piero succeeded to his arbitrary rule, but was expelled two years later, chiefly through Savonarola, who for a time became practically the dictator of Florence. But in 1498 he suffered death, fulfilling his own prediction after the example of the other supreme Sufferer, whose imitator he deemed himself. A mighty upheaval was this of Savonarola, religious,

moral, political, whose influence was felt long after his temporal evanishment. Here we are to note that Michel Angelo partook deeply of this movement whose impress he still showed in the colossal prophetic figures on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel as well as in the awe-inspiring damnation of the Last Judgment—a reminiscence of Savonarola's preaching.

Still Art continued to flourish at Florence though in the frenzy of religious excitement some artists destroyed their works, especially the nude figures; one famous painter quit his brush and turned monk, though he afterwards resumed his calling. The storm passed over, but it was a needed re-baptism, a fresh dip in the Christian world-view whose mark was thenceforth stamped anew upon the best artistic performance.

From the time of Giotto Florence had produced a line of eminent sculptors and painters, for two centuries and more. This line forms a gradual evolution of excellence up to the three greatest Florentine names—Lionardo da Vinci, Raphael, and Michel Angelo, upon whom in the present account we shall lay all the stress, passing over their lesser forerunners, and contemporaries and successors, who will be mentioned only when needed. Thus we shall concentrate attention

upon what is best and what essentially resumes all that has gone before, and indeed all that comes after in Painting. It will be noticed that they form a cycle or process together, each of them constituting a stage of that highest totality of their Art which our thought must see as embracing them all.

1. *Lionardo Da Vinci.*

We have now before us one of the most suggestive and elusive characters, not simply in all Art, but in all History. Lionardo had a definite, practical side to him which is not hard to grasp and to categorize, but he also pushed over the bound into the boundless, where he lived a phase of his being quite defiant of definition. An all-embracing genius he possessed, which, however, would trickle out of him only in little rills of realization. His brain seemed pregnant with the cosmos itself, but could only give birth to comparatively petty fragments, one of which —the most lasting and far-famed—is his Painting. So he appeared to regard himself in a letter of his which we shall soon quote. He was a world implicit, which he could not get out of himself into objectivity except in small flakes. Lionardo proper stayed unborn to the last, though showing many strong pul-

sations of the embryo of a universe which lay struggling within him, trying to get itself born.

Probably the deepest and strongest bent in the man showed itself in the sphere of Mechanics and Physics with their quantitative formulation in Mathematics. Nor did he neglect the animal and plant, the field now known as biology. Thus he swept the whole domain of Nature, and so has been deemed the great precursor of our modern Natural Science. Still here too we have to complain that he did not give forth what he won; he left his discoveries and experiments in a vast pile of manuscripts written seemingly to be read by himself only, and hence difficult to decipher and often undecipherable, even by the expert. Still the patience of recent investigators has made out enough to show that he knew in germ at least a good deal of the science of today. Why did he not publish it? He would not have been Lionardo if he had; he loved the embryonic and lived in it as deeply cognate with his own character, being himself a germ to the last, though a cosmical one.

Still he wrote one letter intended to be read and understood, since it was addressed to Ludovico Sforza, the ruler of Milan in recommendation of himself. It gives an

account of the wonderful things he was able to do by means of his science; through it runs also a secretive occult vein characteristic of the author. Says he: "I know the secret of making bombs which can be easily transported"; "I can make pontoon bridges very light, yet incombustible and hard to destroy in battle"; "I can construct bombards, catapults and other instruments of war, also covered chariots, proof against any attack." It will be observed that these attainments are those of a military engineer who evidently has had some experience to back up his words. Where did Lionardo get such experience? Not at Florence, not in Italy as far as known; he must have been abroad, in Egypt or possibly in the service of the Grand Turk, whom we shall find offering strong inducements to skillful Italians, notably to Michel Angelo. This is one of the most obscure points in Lionardo's biography, being a fact which he would take special pains to conceal in Italy where the Mahommedan terror was ever present, since the fall of Constantinople, in 1453. He was at this time about thirty years old, though the letter is undated (it is in the Ambrosian Library at Milan), and is supposed to be only a sketch of what was sent.

Now comes a significant turn in this piece

of writing, which first runs on for ten paragraphs dilating upon the mechanical and military attainments of the author. This new turn is at the eleventh paragraph, which touches his artistic side very briefly thus: "I can carry on and complete every kind of works of Sculpture in clay, marble and bronze. Also in Painting, I can do whatever may be demanded, quite as well as anyone." So at last he composes one short sentence concerning the only greatness of him which has endured. No doubt the letter adjusts itself to the supposed needs of Ludovico, who had plenty of war in prospect, foreign and domestic. Still Lionardo, the artist, was the strain in him most fully developed at Milan, his first commission was to paint an altar-piece as a present for the emperor. We have to think, however, that he took more pride in his Mechanics than in his Fine Arts. Here must be noted that Lionardo had another artistic accomplishment, that of Music, through which he first won the Duke, as Vasari states. The latter recounts further: "Lionardo came with an instrument which he himself had made—a lyre almost wholly of silver and shaped like a horse's skull, whereby it gave forth more vibrating and sonorous notes. On this occasion he surpassed all the musicians who had been invited to

play; moreover he was held to be the cleverest extemporary poet of the day." Such was the round of his artistic gifts: Sculpture, Painting, Music, Poetry, not to speak of his manifold scientific dexterity and knowledge. The construction of fortifications, mines, aqueducts, with murderous machines of destruction in war is pictured in tropical profusion throughout his manuscripts. It is conjectured that the idea of a steam-gun is found among his illustrations. The use of steam-power certainly passed through his brain; but where is his steam-engine? Some drawings of his point to steam as a motive force in driving a ship; but where is his steam-boat? The truth is he never could realize his far-flashing intuitions; like himself they remained unfinished and unfinishable; it required three centuries to turn to solid fact his dreams. He certainly experimented on a flying-machine, which fact connects with the present moment.

The huge mass of writings and drawings left by him to the future is characteristic. What he wrote seems to be mainly of the nature of jottings and scattered notes; even his published *Treatise on Painting* is not an organized or even externally ordered work, but a scattered collection of observations, a table of contents it has been called by one

critic. Various reasons have been assigned for this condition of his manuscripts: he would keep his valuable inventions a secret for his own profit, he loved to juggle with marvels before the ignorant, he was afraid of the Church, of the heresy-hunter, forefeeling the fate of Galileo a century later. But the best reason of all is because he was Lionardo himself and could not get out of his own brain-pan.

More satisfactory is it to look through his drawings, of which a vast quantity exist, though dispersed over all the countries of Europe. The Louvre, for instance, according to a statement before us, possesses "an enormous volume containing some three hundred and seventy eight sketches from the hand of Lionardo." It is manifest that the most natural expression of his genius lay in the quick intuitive strokes of the designer On many sides we catch glimpses of his secret soul darting forth radiantly into these self-revealing outlines. To be sure such sketches are of many grades of depth and completeness. But only in them can we feel the elemental rush and colossality of his genius. At this point he touches Michel Angelo; here both show a Titanism of character in common. But when Lionardo puts his shapes into color and carefully paints his pic-

ture, he loses somewhat of his original spontaneity, his native strength becomes fainter, more formalized even if more refined and subtilized. When he conceives, he is a giant; when he executes, he dwarfs himself. Undoubtedly he thought out and wrought out with great care some of his pictures, such as *The Last Supper* and *Mona Lisa;* but they are the exceptions, and show only the lesser Lionardo, unique as they are. His mighty spontaneity, driven through the painter's brush into color, felt cramped, confined, very finite. Hence the small number of his paintings, and most of them not completed—and the astonishing quantity of his drawings. Vasari says that he left even *The Last Supper* incomplete, and the question has been mooted whether he ever gave the last stroke to *Mona Lisa.* It is acknowledged, however, that Lionardo's Painting was of an epochal excellence and influence, which passed over not only into his immediate pupils but into the Art of his time. Especially Raphael at Florence had his period of Lionardism. And we dare think that Michel Angelo by sheer contrast took a cue from his great rival, with whose elemental power he must have felt a close kinship in spite of sarcastic whiffs of temper.

Upon what did Lionardo concentrate as his

highest means of artistic expression? He paid much attention to many things—to attitude, gesture, drapery, hands, hair, to the anatomical parts of the human body, also to the environment of external nature. But that which he seized upon as the true utterance both of himself and his Art was the face. His sketches show an almost infinite diversity of countenances of man and the animal and of both combined. What a play of features in joy and sorrow, passionate and serene, sunk in bestiality and exalted to blessedness, grotesques, caricatures, monsters, commingled fantastic shapes which nature never made but which Lionardo has re-made out of Nature's suggestions, putting together anew her members! On the whole Lionardo in the multitudinous concourse of his drawn visages compels us to think that he had the power to tap Nature's original facial protoplasm out of which she has evolved in the passage of time her billions of physiognomies, each one of them different, and thus to re-create countenances and forms of his own. That he went back to the physignomic fountain-head in the people has been handed down in a much-recorded anecdote. Market-places, taverns, resorts of the folk he would frequent for examples; he followed criminals to their execution, he has left us

the horrible drawing of one dangling on the gallows. He gathered peasants about him and gave them to drink copiously for his experiments; he would himself take part in their tomfoolery, and tell them droll stories, in order to gather up a harvest of nature's big hahas and little teehees which he would at once set down on paper. Thus he carried around with himself a kind of psychological laboratory, which he could set to work invisibly everywhere, in high and low society. Hence arose the seething population of faces in every sort of contortion, grimace and animality which we follow in his sketches. But here he stopped. He gathered material for thousands of pictures, which, however, remained still the crude material for the most part. He never built his human figures into a vast work of Art, such as we see on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. Still to go through his creative gallery of faces just being born is a unique experience, if we try to catch the elusive genius of Lionardo uttering itself in these looks. This was probably his native speech, yea his very act of thought. He projected each of the people of his environment into the one permanent essential face which featured the deepest character. Which of these demonic masks is that of Ludovico il Moro, with his cruelty, cunning and cow-

ardice spiced with religious hypocrisy? Lionardo in 1502 served a campaign with Caesar Borgia and with Niccolo Machiavelli, both of them devils, the one of will and the other of intellect; could he help taking a soul-picture of each? It was his way of thinking them out to himself, of analyzing their character to the bottom—he must chalk them into a countenance. One of his drawings is a vividly mortal combat between the open jaws of a dragon and a lion; such he must have often watched in the Italy of his time between human representatives. We are often reminded of Dante's Inferno, where devil fights devil for his deviltry. By the way, an anecdote tells how Lionardo was famed as an interpreter of Dante, and was once brought into competition with Michel Angelo, also a well-known Dantean, who insultingly declined the challenge, thinking it some trick of his rival.

This rivalry of the two supreme artists of the age was evidently not without bitterness. They both shared in the Titanic originality of genius, but each realized it in his individual life and work very differently. In fact Lionardo never truly realized himself in Art. His versatility scattered him in all directions, and left his achievement a torso, grand, but incomplete. He lived till he was

sixty-seven years old, but his life was never finished, being fragmentary as his works. So we may understand him to confess of his career in that melancholy sketch of himself (in the Windsor collection) as he, an old man, leans his wearied head upon his hand and looks back at the strown bits of a great endowment.

Still the achievement of Lionardo makes him, in our conception, an integral part of the supreme movement of the Art of Painting, ranging him in one process with two other transcendent but different geniuses, Raphael and Michel Angelo. Then his individual life has its own stages of evolution, which, after being looked at separately, are to be put together and grasped in such unity as they possess. The groupings of his activities are in general manifest, though the exact bounds with their dates cannot be always given.

I. Lionardo was born in the year 1452, at the village of Vinci near Empoli in the Valley of the Arno. He was the natural son of a young notary of the Signoria of Florence by the name Ser Piero da Vinci, whose father had an estate in the neighborhood of the village. The mother, Caterina, was a peasant girl, about whom nothing further is known except that she later married a Messer Acca-

tabriga, of her own station in life. It is handed down that young Lionardo was taken by the grandparents and raised with care and even pride on account of his talent, in spite of his irregular birth; his grandmother especially, "the excellent Lucia dei Pierozozzi," has had her name immortalized through this single good deed, which probably saved to the world one of its greatest geniuses.

But we are not to forget that this taint of illegitimacy must have followed Lionardo through his whole life. Particularly at Florence, famous for its love of scandal and for its remorseless tongues, he must have felt the reproach lurking everywhere and ready to break out, especially as he grew more famous and roused jealousy through his transcendent ability. Artists especially, painters, sculptors, musicians, are known to be gifted with envy beyond other mortals, though they have by no means a monopoly. One can hardly help thinking that Michel Angelo, bitter-worded, censorious by nature, and puritanic, would have let fly many a poison-barbed insinuation against his chief rival, over whom he had at least the advantage of being born straight. One result was that Lionardo never felt at ease in Florence, to which he kept returning all his life, but he

could not bring himself permanently to reside in that ever-nagging city.

But there is a deeper side to this unfortunate experience. It made Lionardo feel that he was a kind of outcast in the social order without any fault of his own; Family, State, even Church branded him with a stigma for which he was not to blame. One of his life's vexations at Florence was a long, protracted lawsuit in which his legitimate brothers undertook to exclude him from his share of the patrimony on the ground of birth. Such a public trial kept the scandal alive for years, when otherwise it might have been forgotten. No wonder Lionardo ran off from Florence, from Italy, from Europe, and entered the service of the Grand Turk, who at that time was threatening to submerge the whole European fabric. To be sure, Lionardo could not stay away from his world, and that was a part of his inherited fatality. But let the spiritual result be at once stated: Lionardo became non-institutional, when he saw that institutions whose object is to protect man, smote him to the earth with a rancorous hate, though innocent. The great poet of the institutional world, Shakespeare, has portrayed a strong character in this same social situation, Edmund in *King Lear,* and set down in his

most thunderous words the negative effects of bastardy upon a human soul. Also there rises the tragedy of Goethe's son at Weimar. But enough! Lionardo, battered in this fateful conflict of his life, was indifferent to the existent social order—to Family, State, Church—not openly hostile, but indifferent. He was not anarchic, he would not destroy them, but he used them for his purpose, not letting them use him. He never married, he abandoned his city except when he needed her, and Vasari, his later contemporary and fellow-townsman, called him an infidel in religion, though he painted Last Suppers, Adorations and Madonnas surpassingly for a price. It was even whispered that he was secretly a Mahommedan, though this was doubtless a lie, since he probably cared as little for the Prophet as for the Savior. In his diary on Good Friday he entered this observation: "Why lament over the death of a man who died once upon a time in the East?" (cited by Richard Muther in his booklet on Lionardo). Other hidden mockeries have been dug out of his huge mound of buried of self-communings. Still Lionardo externally conformed to State and Church, and turned them to his account. Now the beginning of this inner reaction against his institutional world lay in the cir-

cumstances of his birth, whose environment haunted him through life, more particularly in his Florentine home, from which he fled again and again.

It is recorded that the boy Lionardo showed his versatility in many ways, but that his main bent came to the surface in his drawings. The tendency to sketch everything and everybody was inborn; man and the world impressed upon his receptive soul an image which he had to throw out of himself into shape at once. It was his method of getting to know things and people: he pictured them in their essence, hitting off the pivotal psychologic moment in a few strokes; then he might say, I understand you now, having re-created your form that I may read you at your source of being. But this was not merely Lionardo's individual tendency, it was that of the age which was pictorial, especially that of Florence whose highest bloom of culture at this time was the artistic. Herein the deepest strain of the folk-soul seemed to be re-born into the soul of Lionardo, who of course had many compeers. The popular heart longed to see itself painted and sculptured with an intensity of which we now can have little conception.

The result was that the youth Lionardo,

when he was about fifteen probably, found his way as apprentice to the shop of Andrea del Verocchio, sculptor, goldsmith, painter, a self-made man of the people, who had risen to the top of his Art. Lionardo is reported to have helped his master in certain works, for instance, in the picture called *The Baptism of Christ* (Florence) and even in the world-famous statue of *Bartolommeo Colleoni.* Very doubtful are his movements and works during these seven years, till we reach the well-documented date of 1572 when he was received into the Florentine Guild of Painters, which may be deemed the end of his apprenticeship.

But just here occurs the largest gap in his life, full ten years or more, between 1572 and 1582. What was this active, restless spirit engaged in during this decennium? Biographers have tried to fill the chasm with this and that work of his but the result is a beggarly report. He must have been absent from Florence most of the time, though there are two or three traces of his temporary presence. Our view is that this was the period of Lionardo's travels, just the occupation for a young man between twenty and thirty. Moreover his situation was such that he would be specially sensitive to those Florentine stings already men-

tioned, which would not be wanting in the guild of his fellow-artists. But whither did he go? Undoubtedly to the East, the seat of the World's History in those years; the battle-line was sharply drawn between Orient and Occident, Turk and European, Moslem and Christian. Constantinople had fallen the year after Lionardo's birth, with a shock which quaked all Christendom. The largest and most revered Christian temple, Saint Sophia, had been turned into a Mahommedan Mosque. What was the meaning of it all —what is to be the outcome? Such an inquisitive spirit as Lionardo was sure to investigate with his own eyes the supreme world-historical fact of his time, yea of his race just then.

These are, then, Lionardo's years of travel (*Wanderjahre,* following the *Lehrjahre* or apprenticeship, as the Germans state often life's epochs). Repeated indications are found in the later Lionardian manuscripts which can only be construed as reminiscences of such a journey. Descriptions of Oriental lands, even of the bridge of Pera at Constantinople, of works which he reports having made as engineer for the Khedive of Egypt, names of towns written in Arabic letters, some of his script running from right to left in the Oriental manner, are evi-

dences which cannot be sophisticated from their natural meaning into mere fantastic spurts of Lionardo's imagination, as some biographers have tried to make out. Then his own recommendation to Ludovico il Moro (already cited) breathes the note of a practised military engineer. To be sure he had good reason to bridle his tongue and pen to safe silence in that papal Italy which was again thinking of a new crusade against the infidel Turk ever advancing.

It is probable that Lionardo visited his home several times during these ten years, especially as there was a good understanding between Constantinople and Florence under the Medici. Florentine bankers were located in the Turkish capital, and evidently lent funds to the government, seemingly for armaments against Christendom. Money then, as always, had little patriotism and less religion. In this connection a significant occurrence may be mentioned: A conspirator at Florence who had assassinated Giuliano dei Medici, brother of Lorenzo, the city's autocrat, fled to Constantinople and on being demanded by the Florentine ruler was delivered up by the Turk, and sent back home where he was hung in 1479. Lionardo, who favored the Medici, was present and sketched the criminal suspended from the

gallows, and besides made a special drawing of his face. So our artist turns up in Florence just then after a long absence, and shows a great interest in a certain event. It is our opinion that he was in Constantinople when the extradition was demanded and obtained—possibly he had a hand in it as knowing the guilty man—and that he returned to Florence with the officers in charge for some recognition of his service. Of course all this is conjecture, but it accounts for his presence, his interest, and his picture at an authenticated date.

It would seem that Lionardo was back in Florence at work in 1481, if we may judge by the existent contract which he makes to paint a picture whose subject seems to have been *Adoration of the Magi.* It remained unfinished as usual, but resulted in numerous preparatory sketches by the artist, wherein we see his wrestles with his subject. A study drawing for a landscape (in the Ufficii) is dated 1473, but is questionable. The horrible *Head of Medusa,* also at Florence, is not his. Other works assigned to this first Period we shall have to omit as they are doubtful and unimportant. It is plain, however, that Lionardo has evolved his unique personality through his varied experience of life. Now he is to take a new step.

II. In the year 1482 (here again the date is contested but is vouched for by the best document) Lionardo passed from Florence to Milan and attached himself to the court of Ludovico Sforza, nicknamed Il Moro, a usurper, despot, coward, secret murderer, yet cultured, formally religious, and patron of the Fine Arts. Into the service of such a ruler Lionardo entered without any misgivings probably, being a non-institutional spirit, as already indicated. His own letter of introduction, quite a loud blast on his self's trumpet, has been previously cited. He evidently thought of his coming career as that of a military and civil engineer. In this field he was employed, as is known; but his real work turned out something else.

Doubtless his chief time was occupied in producing court spectacles, festivities of various kinds, shows intended to dazzle the people and to cover up the rotten government. The thought and labor of months would thus flash up in a night, make a brilliant display and then vanish—a very transitory business for a man who had such a big portion of eternity in him. One is reminded of another world-genius, Goethe, who spent so much of his precious time on similar ephemeral bubbles, doubtless beautiful for a moment, to amuse the court of

Weimar. Still Lionardo must have given his leisure to things of higher value. The monumental pile of his manuscripts seems for the most part to have arisen at Milan. His Academy has been declared a myth by modern criticism, but his artistic influence shows traces far and wide, as well as persistent; yea, it had a creative power especially for painters. He wrote this golden sentence: "The most meritorious act a man of talent can perform is to communicate his gift to others." This desire of impartation he seems to have genuinely felt and acted upon; let it be set down to his credit, for much has to be forgiven him. He planned a colossal equestrian statue of Francesco Sforza, father of Ludovico and founder of the usurping dynasty of despots. Several original drawings, studies for certain parts of this statue, are still in existence especially at Windsor, and show the great pains of the artist in his work. Here also belongs probably the very characteristic bust of a warrior sketched in helmet and armor, which strikingly resembles Verocchio's Colleoni in feature. Lionardo had the ambition to add a third and greater to the two previously greatest equestrian statues of Italy—that of his teacher Verocchio and that of Donatello (Gattamelata). But alas! the French en-

tered Milan, took captive the usurper, and destroyed his father's monument, which had not yet been cast in bronze, the lofty model in clay becoming a target for the Gascon archers. Lionardo is reported to have spent sixteen years on the work. Anyhow why attempt to eternize such a man? It cannot be done, say the Fates of the human deed, and Lionardo must have heard bitterly the decree.

This brings us to the *Last Supper,* which ranks with the half dozen supreme works of Painting selected by the consensus of the best judges down the ages. There is a practical unanimity on the point, this matter is settled. It remains to seek for the ground of so much greatness, and to draw its limits, for this is not the greatness of Michel Angelo or even of Raphael. It is evident that Lionardo was conscious of the importance of his work and labored upon it for a long time both in spirit and in sketches. Of the latter many have survived but are widely scattered. Report runs that he wrought at it only two years (1496-7), but it is really the fruit of a lifetime, and an utterance of his world-view up to date. Bandello, story-teller for our Shakespeare and friend of the artist at Milan, says that he often saw Lionardo suddenly quit his statue of Sforza and

hurry off in the hot dog-days to the convent of Santa Maria in order to give a stroke or two more to some feature of the faces of the *Last Supper*. That was what lay deepest in his mind, deeper seemingly than the statue. Vasari tells a witty story which belongs in this connection. The Dominican Prior of the convent complained to the Duke that Lionardo squandered his time sunk idly in contemplation of his work frequently half a day at a stretch. The artist, being called to account by Ludovico, replied: Men of lofty genius often produce the most when they work the least, seeking the idea of what the hands afterwards are to perform. He further said that two heads had given him much to think about: that of Christ, which he had not yet found, and that of Judas, of which he believed that he now had discovered the model in the pestiferous monk. The sally made the Duke roar with laughter, which has been echoed by thousands of readers since. But it is not known that the face of Judas is that of the Prior.

We may, therefore well believe that Lionardo brooded long and profoundly on this picture as a kind of summary and concentration of his whole art-life. Where shall we touch its essence? The work follows the transmitted Christian Mythus, and the theme

is in line with many old paintings; Giotto and Ghirlandaio have in arrangement quite similar *Last Suppers.* Thus Lionardo has followed external tradition, he has not re-created or even changed the mythical or artistic frame-work handed down by prescription. But when we look at the internal treatment and spirit of the work, we can observe a great transition. The hierarchic looks and church symbols quite vanish. Character within is shown by action and feature; these individuals, though apostles, freely utter themselves as human beings. Goethe, who wrote quite a long essay on the *Last Supper,* observes that "we can read from them the very words which each person is uttering." The ecclesiastical purpose is certainly not obtrusive, it might be a repast of some philosopher with his friends, a keen critic compares it to Plato and the School of Athens. A still more daring writer, M. Seailles, has sought to prove that Lionardo when he painted the *Last Supper* had ceased to be a Christian, was at least a philosopher if not a Mahommedan. Without going to such extremes, we can feel in this picture the epochal breach, even the secret protest of Lionardo, of his Art and of his time. There is the outer conformity to the established order, but the inner liberation from it and the

transcension into a new artistic consciousness.

Of course the technical merits of the painting are of the highest, and reflect at the same time its depth of spirit. The unity of it momentously concentrates in the words of the Master: "One of you will betray me." This becomes the source of the greatest variety, of a perfect explosion of character from within outwards all over each of the twelve human bodies in gesture, attitude, facial expression and grouping. It would seem as if Lionardo intended to bring together his total experience with man's countenance and other bodily utterance, and to paint a gallery of the typical souls of humanity, from the most negative in Judas to the most positive in Jesus. In his instinctive outburst on hearing the words, each apostle is individualized according to his temperament and innate fidelity, for not all can be alike even in the essential test. You can pick out the disciple who most resembles Judas. Mark, too, the symmetry of the whole, so strict and obvious, yet containing so much free activity. The one central figure with two groups of threes on each side imparts a mathematic precision to the construction which nevertheless shows the fullest inner liberty of spirit. Taken all in

all, it is the best organized work of Art in existence, the most subtle yet the most transparent in structure. On this side it shows prolonged and careful calculation, which undoubtedly extended to the relative magnitudes of the whole and the parts. We, who usually look at small copies, should recollect that the picture measures thirty feet in width and fifteen feet in height; the figures are ten feet long on the average. "I have often observed him (says Bandello) to go early in the morning and to mount the scaffolding before the picture; from sunrise to dusk he would never lay pencil out of his hand, but paint on, forgetful of food and drink. Then he would rest—two, three, or four days, never touching it; still he would always stay there, at times for an hour or two, contemplating, comparing, criticizing his work." A product of long and deep reflection it certainly was, structurally, in order to be the vase holding so much eruptive spontaneity. Thus it mirrors Lionardo's own self: mathematical, scientific, calculative, yet a very volcano seething within up from his underworld.

The head of Christ has been the center of much discussion, and of great difference of opinion. Two of Lionardo's earliest biographers, Vasari and Lomazzo, report that

he never finished it. Perhaps he did not to his satisfaction, for he never could in anything fully please himself with himself. Still it shows sufficient completeness, especially in the best copies (for instance the one in the Brera at Milan) to challenge judgment. Deepest sorrow it fairly irradiates, evidently at the evil deed of one of his disciples, pity for him but no hate or revenge. Perhaps too we have the right to see in this sorrowful face a typical, universal sympathy with the sinner whom he cannot transform, and whose tragedy he foresees. Resignation too casts down his whole visage quite overwhelmingly; there is no exaltation in the affliction, no triumphant look upward from the sorrow-laden eyes. It seems a resignation to Fate rather than to the Will of God. There is no descent from above, as is so marked in the old painters, and the disciples bear little impress of the supernal radiance; hardly are they connected with the upper world in look, or act, or attitude. The artist has humanized the old Christian Mythus, so that it is scarcely religious any longer, though certainly not irreligious. Its outer form is indeed there, but its inner meaning—how changed!

The lamentable history of the picture from its very birth cannot here be given; it

has tragically passed through all the sorrows of three centuries and more; its fate is as piteous as the face of its Christ, and it looks so at present. But we must push on. Scarcely was the work done (if it was ever completely done), when down come the French upon Milan, winning the battle of Novara (1500), taking possession of the city, capturing the shifty Duke Ludovico, and holding him prisoner for the rest of his life—some eight years. Thus the Powers hand back to him a taste of his own. Lionardo takes flight from Milan the same year, and after various wanderings turns up again in Florence (1502-3) seemingly with the design of permanent residence. He is now fifty years old, it is surely time to settle down and to realize fully his genius. He finds his city in possession of self-government, the Medici having been expelled though still plotting to be restored. But what must have aroused his ambition and perchance his rivalry, was that a new school of Art had begun to flower in that creative fermenting Florentine community, and the new artist had appeared with his gigantic challenge. Well, here he is—Michel Angelo, the young David himself, with his colossal statue of the young David preparing to meet his huge enemy, Goliath.

III. Here, we shall begin the last stretch of Lionardo's devious ramble of a life lasting some seventeen years (1502-19). He had passed twenty of his best years at Milan in the service of a little despot, upon whom he coined at departure the melancholy epigram: "The Duke has lost his state, his property, his liberty; nothing he undertook is completed." These words jotted down by him on the cover of a manuscript, must have twisted back sullenly into his own soul.

But now he is at Florence again and at work, possibly with new resolutions. On January 25th, 1503, he is one of the artists chosen to select the best site for Michel Angelo's David; the next year the gigantic statue was dedicated with a great public demonstration. The whole city saw in the work a mighty representation of its spirit at that time. The event must have roused Lionardo to compete with the young artist not much more than half as old as himself. Indeed, their rivalry becomes a part of the city's interest, and the government resolves to pit one against the other in two civic works of Art. During 1503 the Gonfaloniere (Governor) Soderini resolved to stir patriotism by means of Art, then probably the most effective stimulus for its excitation among the people. The Hall of the Great

Council in the Palazzo Vecchio was to be blazoned with huge mural frescoes depicting scenes taken from Florentine history. Da Vinci was at work on his cartoon early in 1504, which represented a victory of the Florentines over the troops of the Milanese Visconti (1440)—the so-called battle of Anghiari. Lionardo's picture consisted of two groups on horseback engaged in furious strife for the possession of a standard. Later in the same year (1504), the Gonfaloniere engaged Michel Angelo to prepare a cartoon for the opposite side of the same Hall. Thus the two greatest Florence-born painters were to be witnessed for all time in their artistic contest before the people, who mightily responded. Michel Angelo selected an incident in the campaign with Pisa when a troop of Florentine soldiers were surprised while bathing in the river Arno by the enemy, and were suddenly called by the trumpet into line of battle. That gave to Michel Angelo his chance to display a wriggling rout of human nudities in every sort of muscular contortion as they jerked on their shirts and scurried into the fight. Both cartoons when finished were exposed to the eager eyes of the public; both were much admired and became, says Cellini, "the school of the world." The vote of favor

seemed to lean toward the work of Michel Angelo, which, besides its patriotic rally under trying circumstances, had a spicy appeal to popular humor, so that all Florence must have gone into a general guffaw at the sight. Moreover, the Lionardian picture might be deemed aristocratic with its mounted fighters (cavaliers in the medieval time); the artist loved the horse and had studied its anatomy with great care, especially for the Sforza equestrian statue, while Michel Angelo seems rather to have shunned the portraiture of this animal. Moreover, Lionardo's battle-scene was a highly complicated piece of work, if we may judge by a fragment of it in a drawing supposed to be by Rubens, which shows Lionardo's reflective subtlety and fine calculation amid all its fiercely agitated movements.

Both cartoons have perished, though some widely scattered remnants of both have been preserved. Lionardo painted at his fresco, but never finished it. Several things conspired to make his life at Florence burdensome. His father died in 1504, and his right of inheritance was challenged in a lawsuit by his legitimate brothers. The death of a childless uncle of wealth in 1507 called for a second lawsuit on the same unhappy theme. Doubtless also the triumph of a

young rival, who more than shared his artistic supremacy, was not exactly palatable. Then his painting did not prosper, on account of some peculiar use of his colors. Then the Government got to prodding him for his delay, doubtless with good reason. No wonder we hear that the disgusted Lionardo in 1506 has again set out for Milan on invitation of its French masters, his former patron Ludovico being still their prisoner. But what did Lionardo care for politics, or indeed for any institutions—State, Family or Church? They had indeed put him into life's Inferno, from which he kept fleeing without much success.

Still he had passed some four years at Florence under the keen stimulation of its artistic environment. Accordingly, we may place in this period several pictures of uncertain chronology, but of unique fame, and of a distinctive character. First in rank and celebrity is the portrait (so claimed) of Mona Lisa, the third wife of the Florentine citizen, Francesco del Giocondo, whom the lady married in 1495, supposedly at the age of eighteen. It is said that Lionardo wrought at this picture four years, and then left it not fully finished, in his own opinion, when he quit for Milan. If this be so, Mona Lisa was thirty and more while this face of

hers was being put into color. Certainly she looks as if she had known much experience of life, all of her own and of Lionardo's also. Love she has not, and never had; she cannot love in any soul-sacrificing sense with that all-subduing self-possession of hers, which never lets itself go. Her smile is very subtle, and has its enigma, still we may read in it her consciousness of power over her struggling victim. She certainly is double, like every riddle, giving two answers, a yes and a no. The result is that those who come to her shrine and hearken to her response divide into two large groups, each of which finds its own meaning in the ambiguous oracle. One set 'mid a kind of ecstasy calls her the universal woman, the painted *Ewig-weibliche,* the ideal of her sex, comparable only to the Sistine Madonna. The other set feels in her the demonic power of woman from whose sensuous clutch there is no escape for mortal man, berating her as the Goddess Venus in person, Helen, Vampyre, even snaky Medusa, fiendish Salome, Magdalen unrepentant and unrepentable. Fascination is hers, not to be hoped against by any eye that looks upon her and once gets entangled in that labyrinthine smile. Sweet mother Eve hands the fatal apple to us, her charmed Adam; we cannot

refuse and she knows it, gently scoffing from lip and look at our yielding resistance. The subtlest, most elusive coquetry becomes facial with a kind of defiance saying: You know it but you cannot help yourself. Moreover, Lionardo himself in this work touched the bottom of his own character and turned it up to the surface. What is Mona Lisa thinking about, as she looks out of the picture her triumph? The artist stands there before her; he tells on himself in depicting the resistless spell of that sphinx-like face.

Even more ambiguous, more openly and intentionally double is Lionardo's picture entitled sometimes St. John and sometimes Bacchus. Which is it, the precursor of the Lord pointing with one hand to the future, or the Greek wine-god rattling the thyrse with the other hand? For both symbols are present, but hardly either idea. But this is not the final enigma of the figure: is it a man or woman? or even both? Then that charming riddle of a smile—of which sex is it and what does it say? Lionardo has one other painting, and possibly two, composed in the same equivocal love-mood, which has to be named hermaphroditic. They recall a dark page in the night-book of his life, when in 1476, according to the original document still existent, he was cited before the Flor-

entine tribunal of public morals for his relations to the youth Jacopo Saltarellô. In some of his drawings also there is said to be a similar undercurrent of erotic doubleness often branded as a Greek transmission to the Renaissance, in whose good and bad the artist deeply participated.

And what shall we say to that Lionardian smile in eye and lip on all the faces of his women (with one or two exceptions) Madonnas included, noticeable also in some of his men? Fascinating it works on not a few gazers, somewhat repellant on others. At any rate, there is no divinity in it, no tapping of the supernal sources; human it is, at its best it is very humanly beautiful. That smile knows no repentance, though there is need of it, no renunciation, no cross, which is significantly absent even from his religious pictures excepting two or three doubtful cases. His lovely idyl of *the Virgin in a Grot* is a tender-mooded family picnic suffused with domestic emotion, and set in a weird romantic frame. One woman's smile Lionardo possessed in his soul; this became his female type, of which he repeated the whole gamut, sometimes with a monotony that threatens to turn Byzantine. Mona Lisa is doubtless the height of it, whence the scale descends, whose notes,

however, are re-echoed in many a pupil, such as Luini. Lionardo never went through the fire-baptism of Savonarola, as did Michel Angelo, and he has left us a sketch which caricatures the ascetic countenance of the great moral reformer, verily the antitype of himself.

Lionardo again becomes dissatisfied with Milan, but probably more deeply dissatisfied with himself, and for the best of reasons—he had not realized his genius. So he sets out for Rome in 1513, where a member of the house of Medici, to which he had been friendly at Florence, had become Pope (Leo X.). He must have heard of the supreme artistic achievements of Raphael and Michel Angelo—the former's *stanze* in the Vatican and the latter's work on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. A world-historical epoch in Painting had then clearly opened—could he not share in it too? Both the mentioned artists, much younger than himself, he had met in Florence some nine years before, when his supremacy was in general acknowledged. How is it now? He must make one desperate attempt more to achieve his destiny; so off he starts for Rome where the World-Spirit has actually turned painter, or at least is directing the hand of mortal painters to body forth the mighty image of itself.

But alas! Lionardo is Lionardo still, the old man of sixty cannot so easily transplant and re-grow the very roots of his character. He again scatters his genius in all directions, starts his everlasting experimentation in physics and mechanics, trifles his time away in making curious toys, notably he gets a strange living lizard, to which he affixes wings and horns and a beard, then he lets it loose in a room full of his friends, all of whom take to flight from the monster. (Vasari.) He received an order from the Pope for a picture, but before he started to paint, he began experimenting on a new kind of varnish for preserving his work. The Pope heard of it, and probably well knowing his man from the aforetime, uttered judgment: O, he will never do anything, since he thinks of the last thing before beginning the first. Of course in a short time Lionardo was disgusted with Rome, and doubtless with himself. Early in 1515 he is again in Milan, which has fallen once more under the rule of the French, whose king, Francis I., becomes one of his greatest admirers, and takes him to France, where he dies at the castle of Cloux near Amboise in 1519, reconciled (if we may judge by his will) completely with the church, against which, however, he had never openly re-

volted. Why should he, with Savonarola's fate before his eyes? Besides he was not made of martyr's stuff, he never martyred himself quite enough for the sake of his Art.

Still, we cannot help thinking that he has uttered the sharpest judgment on his career and its outcome in two sketches of himself, evidently made during these last years of his life. The first is at Turin and is thrown off in his Titanic mood; it is a most convincing physiognomy, telling the truth about itself with a colossal sincerity. From its massive corrugated brow we hear a self-confession which quite touches self-damnation, still with a kind of earth-born defiance. The muscles of its firm-shut mouth pull back as if ruminating a cud of wormwood, yet braced in scorn of fate itself. Life's disappointment peeps out from underneath a world-embracing contempt of the world. Germans like to compare Lionardo to Faust, and even to Goethe, but the comparison seems to us not to fit at the deepest nodes of character. At what is Lionardo looking in the portrait of himself? My conjecture is that he is gazing back at his two younger rivals, Raphael and Michel Angelo, and weighing their achievement with his own, and perhaps taking a glance into their future. When at Rome he must have often

gone to see their works, and have heard the acclamation of their greatness, even met them socially. But in his manuscript any mention of their names has not been found, nor any allusion to the mightiness of their accomplishment, which he must have well understood—better indeed than any other living man. So that disillusioned look of world-pain may be heard to speak: Behold, I have not fulfilled the mission of my genius. Such an overwhelming utterance we read in this Olympian visage, so swiftly sketched, a kind of Last Judgment on himself; to our mind face-making Lionardo has here limned his truest, most significant, aye, his most godlike face.

There is a still later sketch of himself as an old man much less powerful but even more pathetic bespeaking his last isolation from his country and its art; his defiance is gone, and his aged frame, utterly wearied of life, is drooping fateward while his resigned face only hopes for the tomb which cannot be far off (sketch at Windsor Castle).

Such was Lionardo da Vinci, whose soul was born with more and greater potentialities than that of any other famed man of the Renaissance. As to Painting, his small achievement is of the highest quality, and

also makes an epoch in the Art. But he seems to have done it with one hand or even with one finger, comparatively; he was also scientist, mathematician, engineer, sculptor, musician, and whatever he chose to be—an unparalleled versatility, and that was what ailed him. His greatest limitation was that he was so impatient of all limitation, and so he scattered his life. Unrealized and unrealizable, he had a universe in him, but it stayed implicit with some notable exceptions. In that respect his opposite was Raphael, who made the most of his possibilities, even too much.

2. *Raphael.*

In the trinity of Italy's supreme painters whom we are trying to grasp both individually and in their inter-related movement, we place Raphael the second or middle member, on account of the time of his activity as well as through his work and personal character. His life lies between Lionardo and Michel Angelo; he was younger than either, still his period of achievement ran parallel with theirs, though much shorter. He outlived Lionardo only eleven months, while Michel Angelo survived him many years. More elemental and compelling than his was the

genius of the two Florentines, who had the tendency to fly asunder, and did keep apart during most of their days; while Raphael was naturally a mediating, reconciling, associating soul. We shall find him a great appropriator; still he transforms with his own spirit what he appropriates.

Lionardo had won a great new freedom from the crystallized conventions of the older painters; but in order to win this freedom, he had practically broken with the Christian Mythus itself, the original source of his Art. He employs Christian subjects for his painting, but he treats them as purely human; there is no divine descent from above, no epiphany of the God in the Man, which fact may be observed of his *Last Supper*, and of his Holy Families. Now it was the chief function of Raphael to keep the old, yet to reconcile it with the new, to mediate the liberated Art with its divinely creative origin, to harmonize, so we may put it, Lionardo with Fra Angelico, or the purely human with the purely divine. How well he has done his task is indicated by his popularity. Many who reject the Christian Mythus and its faith will lovingly accept his humanity, while quietly dropping his divinity. Yet the two belong together in any complete view of the man and his work.

Raphael likewise forms a mediating link with the grander achievement of Michel Angelo. All three had come together at Florence in the germinal year of 1504, which revealed the first generative center of the artistic outburst later fulfilled in Rome. At the start Raphael shrank from the too revolutionary ways of the young Florentine Titan, and leaned more toward the older rival, Lionardo. But during his Roman period the spell of Michel Angelo grew in power over him, till in his latest work, for instance the Loggia of the Vatican, he became largely, though not wholly, the imitator of the stronger genius who had really overmastered him. He bridges the two extremes, the two mightier individualities than his own, partaking of both, yet therein remaining himself, and developing his own peculiar strain of genius, which neither of the others possessed. So Raphael becomes an influence greater than that of greater men; he interlinks into the one supreme process of his Art elements which would otherwise have never been conjoined. Of the culminating trinity of painters already mentioned he is the mediator, uniting them not indeed personally, but spiritually.

In order to perform such a function Raphael had to possess two very different

strands in his composition; these we may name respectively his original and his appropriative gifts. First we are to see that Raphael was not wholly acquisition, he had his own field of genius, unique, creative, unsurpassed and unsurpassable. But he also had an enormous capacity for receiving from others and of making foreign wealth his own; few have ever equaled him in this important quality. In fact, the talent for quick and massive appropriation and for transfusing his stores with his own soul enabled him to heap up in a few years an amount of work which still appalls. But on the other hand we are not to forget that Raphael had his own primordial endowment of genius altogether distinct from his ability to take up and digest what came from the outside. Such a twofoldness we observe in him, especially in his later development.

Here we may well inquire what was this original and distinctive vein of genius which is the center and source of his highest creative power. It is to portray the Mother and Child of Deity; first these two alone then on through lesser and larger groups, of which, however, the Madonna and her Son remain the radiating center. The appearance of the God-Man in space and time, as the infant human being born of woman, is

the primal source of Raphael's genius, from which all his life and work are generated and illumined. The divine epiphany in flesh, from which the art of Painting bursts forth creatively, Raphael taps at its fountain-head in the Christian Mythus. So intimate is his spirit with his theme that his work at its best seems itself a divine manifestation of what is portrayed, an inspiration from supernal sources.

The Madonna with her Child in one relation or other will move through Raphael's whole career from beginning to end. To be sure his picture of his one deepest ideal will vary outwardly with the stages of his development: there will be an Umbrian, a Florentine, and a Roman Madonna, and these again will show varieties of excellence and of artistic treatment. Still amid all such diversities, there is at the original well-head but one Madonna, but one universal soul-form which is also the artist's own. For Raphael's character was creatively feminine with all its fascination, while that of Michel Angelo was repellently masculine. Raphael's genius was a woman, just the Madonna; he had but to draw from his own soul, in order to portray hers. So it comes that his real masterpiece for all time is a Madonna with her infant, painted toward the close of his ca-

reer, as the culmination of a long line of her appearances to the artist. This line is the genetic thread of his activity and indeed of his existence. The ideal or universal image in his soul, will clothe itself in many individual experiences, his one celestial love will enter into and transfigure his terrestrial loves, he will often paint his earthly maiden but her mortal lineaments will be transfused with the radiance of the one eternal Madonna. So we follow this gallery of faces through which the one ideal Raphaelitic Madonna shines in manifold iridescence as the sun through falling rain drops.

Raphael had his personal evolution into his Art, passing through several stages which are so marked that they have been generally recognized. Indeed Raphael painted himself more fully during his few years than any other artist ever did; his biography is best read in his pictures. He painted his own soul yet in it the world-soul as manifested in his own time. The stages of his life's panorama we shall briefly designate.

I. Raphael Santi, or Sanzio, was born April 6th, 1483. His father, Giovanni, belonged to the class of trades-people, but was at the same time a painter of some note and worth. Several of his forefathers seem to have been able to paint. Thus the child had

an artistic inheritance, and was started at an early age in his ancestral calling. The father was also a poet, and has left a long poem in the meter of Dante, which celebrates the exploits of his ruler.

It is probable that the home of Raphael laid in his soul the deepest and most abiding germ of his Art, namely the conception of the Holy Family. Vasari eulogizes the father for the care with which he looked after the early training of his son. Giovanni Santi was an idealist, as shown by his poetry. Even stronger was the influence of his mother, Magia Ciarla, who left him orphaned of her care and countenance when he was only eight years old. But that early disappearance of the mother kept her an eternal presence (as it often does) to the child, who stayed behind. Such was the primal psychical source of Raphael's profoundest artistic strain which made him the supreme Madonna-painter of Christian Art. Every memory of his mother and himself turned to a picture of the Madonna and Child. It was the one theme which he loved above all others, and which to the last he would paint without help, by himself and for himself. Such a work was a supernal communion, his most intimate act of worship. After three years another keen separation follows: at

the age of eleven the boy loses his father also, who then takes his place in the ideal Holy Family of the artist, often to be pictured from the stores of memory.

The birth-place of Raphael was at Urbino, a small city lying on the eastern side of the Apenines, and looking peacefully toward the Adriatic and the East. It was remote from the ceaseless agitation, commercial, political, and intellectual, of the typical Italian Republics; its people lived the quiet transmitted life of their ancestors. Church and State were not questioned; Art went hardly beyond the simple traditional needs of worship, and retained still somewhat of its Byzantine tradition, while the Christian Mythus bubbled up from its primitive fountain of faith in the hearts of the people. Now it was this idyllic environment in which the youth of Raphael was passed, enshrining it in his very receptive artistic soul.

When about sixteen years old, it is supposed that he first came under the tutelage of the famous artist, Pietro Vanucci, otherwise called Perugino, of Perugia. To this city Raphael now passes, leaving his native Urbino. Soon he appropriates the manner of the master and for several years the style of Perugino dominates his work. Toward the last, however, he shows signs of growing

out of the limits of Perugino. Still he belongs to what is called the Umbrian School, which is his first stage, and whose traditional hieratic manner was what he had seen and learned already at Urbino. In all these matters we observe that Raphael had taken up into himself the primal immediate content of his Art, the original Christian Mythus, in its first naive simplicity and sincerity, though with a transmitted formalism and church prescription. We feel the lack of artistic freedom in the recurrent pious looks and postures of the figures, in the sacerdotal bend of the head and the crystallized outline. But there was no breach with the faith, or with the traditional order in Church and State, while Art reflected an other-worldliness of soul which still fascinates the religious idealist. This Umbrian time will remain a permanent strand in our artist; he will go back to it again and again in his later Roman career, as if for a fresh draught from the creative well-head of his Art. Such was the pre-Raphaelitic period of Raphael himself, which has its followers even today.

II. Toward the end of 1504, when Raphael had reached the age of twenty-one he passed to Florence where he lived some four years. He must have heard at Perugia much about the new artistic spirit which had

arisen in the Tuscan city, lying thence at no great distance. His teacher, Perugino, now not far from sixty, had studied at Florence in former years, but he had caught almost nothing of the renascence of Art taking place there, and had stolidly kept on in his antiquated manner, though he knew Lionardo and had worked with Verocchio. Indeed he is declared to have grown stiffer, more formal, more Byzantine with advancing years. It is no wonder that the beginning of a reaction against the master has been detected in some of the pupil's work of this time. Raphael was doubtless prepared to make the transition when the hour struck, and to quit his backward teacher whom Michel Angelo scornfully called for this reason doubtless a *goffo,* a blockhead, unteachable by the spirit of his period.

Thus, however, Raphael passed from his Umbrian to his Florentine discipline. And a great plunge it was, really from the undisturbed idyllic world into the seething vat of all the spiritual agitations of the age. Of his own accord he quit his innocent Paradise of Urbino to experience the trials of the sinful Tuscan Purgatory. In the very year of his arrival (1504) took place the famous battle of the cartoons between Lionardo and Michel Angelo, the two supreme artists of

that age and of all ages. Of course there is no record of the effect of this struggle of the Titans upon the youthful Raphael. Did he have any intimation of the place which he was to occupy in connection with the mighty twain? One thing is certain: History has put him alongside them, yea between them in the uppermost cycle of the three supreme personalities of Painting. But at present in Florence he had his first glimpse of the tense dualism to which he will in time be joined as the reconciling and completing intermediary.

What, then, was the peculiar experience, the epochal training which Florence brought into his life? He must have seen on all sides the grand breach with tradition, not only in his special Art, but in culture and civilization. Now Raphael will take up this breach into his own career, but will after his way heal it; in adopting Florence he will not cast off Urbino. He finds a painter who already conjoins the old and the new, and whom he chooses as his teacher. This is Fra Bartolommeo, who still has his niche in the temple of famous Florentine artists.

But Raphael also comes in contact with the new spirit of the Renaissance which was then in full flower at Florence. He followed the example of the artists of the city who were studying the antique by means of the

sculpture collected by Lorenzo dei Medici in the gardens of San Marco. This had been already the main fountain of Michael Angelo's inspiration. For first time Raphael now breathes the atmosphere of ancient Art, of which he will take far deeper draughts later at Rome. It is recorded that a learned man, Taddeo Taddei, became deeply interested in the open-souled aspiring young artist, and inducted him into the erudition of antiquity, and also made him acquainted with the most distinguished humanists of Italy. All this classical knowledge he will widen and employ at Rome, for example in the School of Athens. And there is no doubt that Raphael during his Florentine quadrennium took a dip into philosophy, especially into Platonism which had a devoted band of followers at Florence, and which was very congenial to Raphael's idealism. Of classical learning at first hand he had very little, his school training had been meagre, but with that marvelous power of appropriation he absorbed whatever lay in his environment.

Raphael is not known to have manifested a political interest anywhere; still he could not help feeling the institutional difference between Urbino and Florence. The latter in 1504 was again a republic having thrown off the yoke of the Medici, and selected a Gov-

ernor of its own, the Gonfaloniere Soderini, who was a promoter of Art and had been the prime mover in starting the artistic contest of the cartoons between Lionardo and Michel Angelo. We have to think that Raphael in that receptive soul of his, took a whiff of Florentine freedom and carried it with him to Rome, where, however, it was soon smothered in the papal absolutism. (Compare his first Roman mural paintings in the *Stanza della Segnatura,* with those that follow.)

Certainly there was contrast enough between the alert, self-assertive, freedom-seeking, and often turbulent people of Florence, and the inert unchanging mass of Raphael's home-folk. The spirit of the time was throbbing restlessly in the former, but left quite untouched the latter. This is what the sensitive artist must have often felt, and indeed this is the deepest strand of Raphael's Florentine experience. In the Tuscan city he learned much, saw many important persons; but his chief acquisition was that he felt the presence of the World-Spirit, which was there in evidence at this time, and was preparing the instruments for the supreme expression of itself in Painting. This is what will reach the highest fruition later at Rome.

The works executed at Florence, by Raphael are all of moderate size and importance and pretention. It was largely a time of study, of experiment, of appropriation. The new order which had broken into the World's History he must make his own. Still he was not entirely occupied with external acquisition; his original gift, his genius would assert itself and so we have quite a line of Florentine Madonnas under various names. We see in all these female faces Raphael's elemental type of the woman's soul, of the God-mother, but it changes its vesture not merely of external dress but of facial lineaments; the Umbrian nun-like Madonna has been transformed into her uncloistered, more social and earthly Florentine sister, though both are daughters of the same native artistic genius.

But in 1508 Raphael felt that he must take a great new step in his Art. He asks the Governor of Florence for a commission to paint one of the rooms of the Palazzo Vecchio, the scene of the rival cartoons of Lionardo and Michel Angelo, beside both of whom it seems his ambition to place himself. To such a height he feels his growth risen in his four Florentine years.

III. It was during this same year, 1508, that Raphael, while waiting for a response

from the Florentine government, received a call from Rome to do some work for the Pope. Thither he at once went, probably feeling that the opportunity of his life had arrived, for he must have received from his friend Bramante some intimation of the grand artistic schemes which had there begun to unfold. So the Roman period of Raphael begins, lasting some twelve years full of unparalleled achievement.

It may be said that Raphael at Rome becomes world-historical in his mental outreach and in his artistic work. Such he was not yet at Florence, though he felt the spirit of the age fermenting in that tumultuous city. But he could not embody it there, it broke not forth into his Art; it was alive and throbbing in him, still only as yet embryonic. But as soon as he gets established at Rome and strikes into the heart of his task, there rises in his vision a colossal panorama of Universal History which he at once transforms to a pictured world, starting with the *Stanza della Segnatura* of the Vatican.

This opens the long and densely peopled procession of Raphael's mural pictures at Rome. On the whole it is the best, at least it is our favorite of them all. The artist, fresh from Florence, brings with him the new spirit of the Renaissance and works with a

freedom which he hardly felt afterwards. This *Stanza* is broader in conception than the later ones, there is a universality in it which the rest lack, though they all be transfused more or less with the distinctive genius of Raphael. So significant are the themes here treated that we shall take note of each of the four, though briefly.

The first fresco is called *Theology,* or the *Dispute of Sacrament,* but neither of these titles seem to us adequate. In its upper part it gives the creative process of the Christian religion, namely the descent of the God-Man with its triune process, Father, Son and Spirit, the Madonna also being present. In the middle part are shown the apostles, and in the lower part Saints, Doctors, Fathers of the Church. It is evident that the artist has here summarized what we have elsewhere called the Christian Mythus, the original source of Painting. Raphael thus connects his new work with his Umbrian period, as well as with the primal creative fact of Christendom, yet with a totality of view not attained by him hitherto. We might call it an epitome of his Art.

The second fresco takes up by way of counterpart the Heathen Mythus with its supreme Art, that of Poetry, whose center is Parnassus with the God Apollo surrounded by the

Muses. Very graceful and idyllic is the scene, but not especially great; Raphael was probably not ready to portray Zeus in all his grandeur on Olympus in the midst of his antique God-world, though such a presentation would show the originative source of the Heathen Mythus and its Art. As usually employed in the Renaissance, Classic Mythology was not truly mythical but only paramythical, that is a play of fancy round the old Greek deities, yet with an allegorical substrate devoid of all serious faith.

The third fresco is the famous School of Athens, perhaps the favorite of this first series. In general the theme is Heathen Philosophy as the chief secular discipline of thought not only for antiquity, but for all time. Plato and Aristotle are the centers of a large two-sided group and represent the dualism running through all Philosophy, the idealists and realists. It is a work of reflection and erudition, yet permeated with the Raphaelitic spontaneity. There is a quiet atmosphere of meditation spread over the whole scene though not without some appearance of difference and discussion. The work has far more sincerity and indeed conviction in it than we find in the Heathen Mythus just mentioned. The artist could believe in the Greek Philosopher but not in the Greek

God. The picture shows Florence and its Platonic Academy which seems to have had quite as much faith in Plato as in Christ.

The fourth and last fresco of this *Stanza* celebrates Justice, the supreme Heathen virtue, elaborated by Greek Philosophy and realized by Roman jurisprudence. Of the latter, two derived forms are here indicated, the Pandects and the Decretals, or the civil and the canon Law. Wisdom, Temperance and Valor, the other cardinal Heathen virtues would seem to be figured in the picture along with Justice.

Such is that painted *Stanza della Segnatura* in the Vatican, with three of its frescos dominantly Heathen, while only one is Christian. In this respect it may be regarded as the most typical representation of the Renaissance. Pope Julius the Second had the ambition to resuscitate old Rome in all her supremacies, artistic, intellectual, political. But she has to stay papal in faith unquestioned. The criticism must have come to him that Raphael's work, which made a great stir, had altogether too much Heathendom in it—actually measured, three parts to one. He was the patron of Raphael and was determined to be the Pope of Art, as well as of the Church. That the artist received a hint from the highest authority is credible, though not documented.

At any rate there is a great change: the mural paintings of Raphael from this time forth in the Vatican drop their Heathen side, and become religious, yea papal, with emphasis upon miracles wrought chiefly by Popes. Thus the Christian Mythus itself becomes extremely narrowed. The artist himself must have felt a diminished interest, for he hands his work largely over to his pupils. Still he employed the Heathen Mythus outside the Vatican, as in the *Triumph of Galatea* and in the later *Cupid and Psyche*. His last extensive mural work was the Loggias of the Vatican, often called Raphael's Bible, being a series of pictured scenes from the Old Testament, in which he appears as the rival or rather the imitator of Michel Angelo, but much in the rear.

There is no doubt that Raphael began to shirk and to slight his frescos. Overwhelmed with tasks, he turned from the least congenial to what appealed most strongly to his native genius. Without any doubt the theme which lay deepest and most imperishable in his soul, was the Divine Family with its central Mother and Christ-child, to which central twain was added a varying environment of persons and scenery. Thus he has his Roman period of picturing the Madonna, or rather of picturing his own genius in its

most intimate act of adoration. For Raphael when he worshiped from the fountain of his being would start to paint a Madonna; his Art then became his Holy Communion with God. But he felt no such nearness to the Eternal in his frescos; great and beautiful as they are, they still proclaim themselves external to the innermost man, they are works of the understanding, wonderfully calculated and put together, yet always transfused with the magic touch of Raphaelitic genius. And to our mind the World's History was not Raphael's natural field; it was after all something appropriated from the outside, which he had largely picked up from the learned men at Florence and then at Rome. Far more intimate was Michel Angelo's gigantic soul with the historic soul of the ages.

As already indicated, each period of Raphael, Umbrian, Florentine, Roman, has one ideal Madonna (with Bambino of course) manifesting herself in various visible forms which make quite a distinct group or sisterhood by themselves. Still the three sets are not rigidly limited against one another, but often seem to overlap. Indeed there is the one underlying Raphaelitic type running through and underlinking all three periods, and thus is the deepest spiritual thread unit-

ing the artist's whole career. Still further, Raphael had ultimately but one face from which he painted not only his Madonnas, but other women, especially those whom he loved; yea even in some of his men there is that same Raphaelitic visage which he seems to have drawn from his own soul as the model of all his models. Who has not felt that Raphael's own portrait taken by himself is a variant upon his Madonnas? In one of his letters he gives us a brief peep into his inner Workshop: "I paint after a certain Idea I have in mind. I am not conscious that this Idea has any excellence in it, but I strive to realize it."

The Umbrian Madonnas (the authenticity of some of them is contested) is churchly in look and even in dress, rather stiffly hieratic, with more of the nunnery than of the family, showing love more religious than motherly. The Florentine Madonna changes all this, though by gradations. She is domestic, humanly affectionate, at home rather than at church, more maidenly than anxiously maternal, still somewhat of a child with her child; a flower-girl whom Raphael loved at Florence is said to have furnished the naive, girlish loveliness enshrined in these immortal faces which some prefer to all other pictures of the artist. The line of

Roman Madonnas form a gradation out of the Florentine which show a simple light-hearted domesticity, to the mature, fore-thoughtful, even care-worn mother who is again religious and becomes the center of a varying hierarchic environment—Saints, Fathers, Popes, and other Church dignitaries. Still the Virgin herself does not drop back into old stiff ecclesiastical formalism. But the Umbrian is again in evidence though transformed.

There is little of the negative in Raphael, even when he paints demons and dragons; one cannot think of his having ever been in any sort of Inferno, like Dante or Michel Angelo. His temperament was a Paradise, but not the Dantean; in his Eden there had been no fall though he painted Adam's, or rather his pupils did it for him.

As painter elect, he held communion with his Creator through an act of painting. It has already been indicated that such a mood of worship would evoke in him a Madonna. Suggestive is the fact that in this case he would do his own painting, and not turn it over to his pupils, who, however, of their own accord sought to reproduce his Madonna type. He had to do his own praying in that way. Hence it comes that his best pictures are his Madonnas, being his deepest and

most direct communications to us from above through his Art. The greatest one we may select for a few observations.

The Sistine Madonna. Nothing is known of its origin except the half dozen words found in Vasari that Raphael painted it for the Blackfriars in Piacenza. The time of its composition is not documented, but doubtless belongs to a period when several very similar faces were painted by the artist (1514-6). It is now in the Royal Gallery at Dresden, having been sold from Italy in 1754. It has been pronounced the most famous picture in the world, being one of the very few combining the greatest popularity with the highest Art. It gives the concentrated soul of the Christian Mythus probably better than any other painting—the manifestation of the Invisible through the Visible.

(1) The unity of the work is the first matter to be noted. Inspect it, and you see that all looks and acts are directed to one object —rays from each person would converge to a point. Six converging lenses or searchlights are thrown upon the same center in the distance, from six persons. This unites you with them. You almost turn around to see what they are looking at. Note on the street a group of people at this corner and on

that looking at some common object and you will look too.

So the picture has a unity, an active unity which unifies you who look at it with the first gaze, though you may not be conscious of it; just through your sense of sight you are unified, concentrated upon the one thing. The primal artistic act may be deemed unification of vision, which is of course followed by the unification of mind.

(2) The next question is, What are they all looking at or turned toward, those six forms? Of course this is no longer your vision, but your reflection. That act of looking compels you to think, nay to think of the unity. For when you ask yourself the question: What are they looking at? you are seeking what unites their glances and unifies your glance with theirs.

Then comes the fact that they are looking at nothing visible, nothing which is in the picture, but outside, beyond the picture. It is not told in color and form what that object is, and here we may conjecture in advance that it possibly cannot be so told or seen.

Of course the answer to this question cannot be given till the end, for those six faces must in their looks communicate what they are gazing at. Here, however, we may throw

out the faint premonition that this unseen object may be just the Unseen, the Invisible itself—wherein we glimpse the supreme content as well as the inner dualism of Romantic Art.

(3) Now let us scan the form of the picture. There is a center (mother and child) with its circumference made up of the two cherubs below, and two human figures on the two sides, while faint angel faces float above and around. A rim or border and the heart or center are suggested by this form.

The first group are the mortals, who are alike in not looking directly with eyes upon the object, yet both are turned toward it. Also alike in having close relation to the virgin, being near her; she and the child mediate the two mortals in bringing them nearer the object.

But they are also contrasted, and sharply individualized. First as man and woman (one questioning, the other receiving); the one sees with open eyes (intellect) the mediator and points to the object, the other receives with shut eyes (the soul), yet both with faith (pietas intellectus, and pietas cordis). Difference also in look, position, dress, color.

Two cherubs, the unfallen, gaze directly, immediately. These should be put first in contrast to those looking mediately. Also

they are different: one lower, just coming, and less intent than the other. Also one has childish wonder merely, the other has in addition a searching reflection. They connect with the child in one look and in features.

The third group is the divine-human, uniting the two sides, yet differently: the Child is more the angel or cherub, the Mother is more the human or Saint, she might be the sister of Santa Barbara.

Often the figure is said to represent the ideal mother; still we see it to be not alone motherly. The human mother looks at her child. Madonna does not here. The human mother is more like the Florentine Madonnas, who turn mostly to the Child. Some other element takes her eyes away from her infant in the present instance.

What does her face say? Anxiety, yet a joy; a deep pang, yet a triumph, both evidently in reference to her Child; in her face lies a foreboding of the whole history of the Child—its trial, crucifixion, resurrection—sorrow yet the triumph over sorrow.

The Child gazes intently with large open eyes—he has wonder like the cherub, yet something more, some intimacy with what is seen, some childish presentiment, a wondering acceptance of his own future.

Now we may catch some notion of what

they are looking at—"eye hath not seen," etc., verily the Invisible, the divinely creative principle of Christendom, hence the world-creator in his process. You are to see the divine essence of your life and world, and commune with the same, in this picture.

(4) This brings us to the external set of lookers; who are they? Where are they? Manifestly they are you who are now gazing at this picture.

It is really you for whom it is made, yea all Art has been created for you and your representatives. The artist had you, the beholder, in mind. Possibly all these six are looking at you, or at the monks of the monastery for whom the picture was painted. But I think not, those cherubs are not looking at you, and so not the others.

You, through this picture, are to see what they see, you are to behold the Divine, and to feel it suggested to you. In their faces you are to read sympathetically what they see with their vision.

Here lies the function of Art at its best, it brings you into communion with what is highest and ultimately creative in this universe. Through the Seen it enables you to realize in heart and imagination the Unseen, the alsolute Spirit. Especially Romantic painting, of which this is perhaps the su-

preme illustration, has this supreme significance.

The modern picture which stands next to the Sistine Madonna in popularity and in artistic worth is Millet's *Angelus;* both of them are often seen hanging side by side upon the same wall. But the latter is altogether without the cherubs, Pope, Saints, without even the Madonna and Child. On the other hand the people, wholly left out by Raphael, are taken up into the new picture whose center is just the communion of the folk with the Divine through themselves, not through the many-graded hierarchy, such as we see in Raphael. It is understood that Millet was a devout son of the Church, which, however, has receded in his work into the dim distance, and from whose belfry the bell may be faintly glimpsed ringing. Nothing could show better how every true work of Art reflects the consciousness of its age. It is now democratic; even the peasant in wooden shoes is to commune immediately with his God; this is what has here the stress, and the sacerdotal element quite vanishes from the picture. It should be added that the Christian Mythus also is nearly eliminated from the representation—a very significant fact in regard to Painting itself. Still the *Angelus* is deeply religious in spirit.

Raphael died April 6th, 1520, at the early age of thirty-seven, leaving behind him an incredible amount of work. Raphael was companionable, made strong friends, gained many pupils and disciples, and loved woman. Quite the opposite was the artist whom we are next to consider. Michel Angelo was not associative; he kept apart, was a solitary genius, creating his worlds and even performing the pettiest details of his Art by himself. Tremendously individualized, like a lonely God—while Raphael was diffusive and internally separative; the twain are indeed antitypal, but belong together in the one supreme artistic process of their time and of all time.

3. *Michel Angelo.*

The greatest artist that ever lived: him we have now reached and must grapple with mentally, seeking to think out why he stands on the summit. The most universal in his sweep: in the three Arts of Design, those which appeal to the sense of vision—Sculpture, Painting, Architecture—he was creatively a master, producing works typical in their domain, themselves creative of many succeeding similar works. The supreme artist in all three he has been acclaimed; in-

deed he pushed each of his Arts quite to its limit of expression, as if it grew to be too small for the outreach of his genius. The periods of his artistic evolution run through the three mentioned Arts, beginning with Sculpture and ending with Architecture, as will be set forth more fully later. So we have to think that Michel Angelo was too great for any single Art; he unfolded it and himself till he broke over its bounds and pushed forward into a new province. Undoubtedly other artists also have been skilled in Sculpture, Painting, and Architecture; Phidias, who seems the artistic genius with whom Michel Angelo has the nearest kinship, must have been acquainted with all three, though he was original only in one, as far as we can now catch his outlines in the nebulous aforetime.

On the whole Michel Angelo was the most creative of artists, because he stood nearest to the Creator himself in the act of creation. In his work he comes into peculiar intimacy with the Divine maker; his David is the one whom God made originally, and whom the human artist has copied at first hand, though this be in a number of respects a crude copy. All Art worthy of the name taps the genetic fountain of being and lets it flow down into visible form. This must be

filled with the supernal Presence, which is beheld by the spectator who is to receive the message from beyond. One feels that Michel Angelo must have wrought in God's workshop and have drawn thence a share of the generative energy of the First Cause. It is not said that his shapes are elegant or even accurate according to the rules; the modern drawing-teacher can point out mistakes and the fastidious connoisseur can revel in violations of good-taste; but the floods of genius are his in which we too are immersed by him and in a measure re-born. Suggestive is the fact that Michel Angelo's greatest and most impressive work is just the Creation of the Universe, at which he was himself present and which he re-created by his Art; God, Nature and Man are brought before us in their creative round which embraces the All (see the Ceiling of the Sistine Chapel). Here is his masterpiece, as well as the primal deed of his typical Self, daring humanly to measure his power with the generative All-Self in its first act of Creation. From this highest point we are to construe the elemental magnitude of Michel Angelo's genius, which participates in the genetic source of the Universe itself at its primordial overflow into its process.

We may next look at the artist in another

of his greater phases. Michel Angelo belonged to his age or to his particular temporal moment in the universal sweep of History. Very limited, transitory, unfree is such a moment on time's clock, unless it be filled and made to represent the spirit moving in and through all such ephemeral manifestations, and directing them to its end. Michel Angelo felt that he was living in a great historical epoch, at a nodal point in his country's evolution. The Italian City-State which had shown such a turbulent, but on the whole a fruitful life, and especially had developed the Fine Arts was passing out of existence; his native Florence during his time was manifesting the last convulsions of a dying social and political order. One alternative was Italy's rule by non-Italians—Spanish, French, German—each of whom was grasping after some part of the land of beauty, or the whole of it would not be refused. The other alternative was the restoration of Rome with all her political and artistic glory and authority—which was specially the ambition of Pope Julius II, the patron of Raphael and Michel Angelo along with a cohort of lesser artists. The centralization of the greatest modern Art at Rome was a success, but the political part of the program did not and could not win. The

ablest politician of the time, this same Pope Julius, died, and not long thereafter Italian unity was smitten to fragments both from the outside and from the inside. In such a tumultuous environment of clashing institutions Michel Angelo was born and passed his days; the Titanic contortions of his Art were those of his time, his city, his nation. The struggles and wrenchings of the bare human figures in his famous Florentine cartoon represent indeed an episode in the campaign against Pisa, but also far more; they hint of Florence stript naked in all her furious conflict and effort to preserve her institutional world against the assaults of the age. So the Florentine citizen would feel as he looked at the picture; so Michel Angelo must have felt when he poured the full intensity of his own civic spirit into the stalwart muscles of those soldiers. To be sure there is a touch of humor in the situation which also has its meaning in relation to the Florentine populace.

The artist was a republican cast in the mould of the old Florentine City-State; to that form of government was given his heart. He showed his devotion to his communal ideal when he fought against the return of the Medici, and defended Florence by his engineering skill. But he felt the rent in his

allegiance, which rent lay also in the time. He owed much to his early patron, Lorenzo dei Medici, and was grateful; but that Medicean House he knew to be the destroyers of his city's liberty. Still the scission within did not stop here. He recognized the need of Italian unity, and this he saw to be possible only through the political supremacy of the Pope, which was of course inconsistent with the autonomy of his dear City-State, Florence. Thus Michel Angelo was tossed internally and externally between the two chief political tendencies of the time, communal freedom and papal absolutism. The result was he veered from one side to the other spiritually and artistically; now he gives his Art to the service of the Republic, now to the service of the Papacy. Hence came his many restless careenings and shiftings between Florence and Rome, he is continually going from one to the other and then back again. To be sure he had work in both places, but that is not the secret of his fluctuations, for he had enough to do in either city, if he would have stayed. His institutional soul was torn in twain, having two opposing, yea warring ideals, civil liberty and national unity. For forty years of his best life he kept flying between the two homes of these deepest principles of his

being, for they could not then be reconciled in Italy, or even in Europe. He first visited Rome in 1496 at the age of twenty-one, and remained there at work some years; then the old longing for his native community must have seized him, and he hastened back to Florence, where he executed his defiant David, while at Rome he had sculptured his dead Christ on the lap of the Mother (his famous Pietà). Finally in 1535 when at the age of sixty he returns to Rome and stays there to the end of life, though his corpse was brought back to Florence in accord with his request where his tomb is still to be seen. Sometimes he ran away from both places, and went to other cities for short seasons; he even thought of quitting Italy, and for years he was banished, certainly with his own will, to the quiet of the marble quarries of Carrara.

Michel Angelo was an institutional man, otherwise he could not have been the artist of his age. He communed with the world-historical Spirit of the time, and felt the fierce dualism of that Italian period, between whose two main representative cities we have just shown his fluctuations. Such was the institutional see-saw which tore his soul and of course passed over into his Art. To him in this mood the world was fit only

for damnation, which he painted with such terrible energy in his Last Judgment. But it is our opinion that in the final period of his life there was a recovery from this deeply negative condition and a restoration into new harmony with the Divine Order. But of this change we shall take some account later.

It is recorded that Michel Angelo Buonarroti was born March 6th, 1475, of good burgher stock, with claims to a remote strain of nobility, at Caprese in the Florentine territory. He was sent to a school at Florence, but never got so far as to learn Latin. It is said that his early pastime took chiefly to drawing pictures. After some parental opposition he was put in the workshop of Ghirlandaio, a famous painter of that time, and still known through his works. This was in 1488. The boy must have seen many sacred pictures already, for Florence was full of them, and thus he had become acquainted with the general content of the Christian Mythus. Also he had learned the use of color and had helped his master in some frescoes. Both his cotemporary biographers (Vasari and Condivi) adduce examples of his wonderful precocity in drawing which seems to have been his first and greatest original gift, and which he deemed the

source of all his Arts. Late in life he is reported as saying: "The science of design, or of line-drawing, is the source and the true essence of Painting, Sculpture, Architecture, and of every form of representation as well as of all the Sciences. Sometimes when I meditate upon these topics, it seems to me that I can discover but one art or science, which is design, and that all the works of the human brain and hand are either design itself or some branch of that art." This is a very significant statement: Michel Angelo's germinal art, the genetic center of his genius was design, in which he showed a unique excellence from the start. Recollect his brief thrust against Titian: This man cannot draw.

Now follows a great new step in the art education of the youth, who one day comes to the watchful notice of Lorenzo dei Medici, under whose patronage he begins to study Sculpture and the antique. He quits the painter Ghirlandaio after about a year's apprenticeship, and for three years he lives in the Medicean Palace which had become a large museum of artistic treasures. Here Michel Angelo reveled in the plastic shapes of Greek and Roman Art. But the opportunity was still greater. He sat at the same table with a number of the most learned men

of the Renaissance, from whose talk he caught up a knowledge of the Greek Mythus as well as its application to Art and Poetry. This he absorbed with such sympathy that it became an integral part of himself, and took its place at least for many years alongside the Christian Mythus in his work and in his soul. Moreover he appropriated a good deal of Greek Philosophy, especially the Platonic idealism, which almost might be called the atmosphere of the Medicean court. Especially in Michel Angelo's poetry the flashes of the Platonic idea occur often.

In 1492 his patron Lorenzo died and he returned for a while to his father's house. He showed his classic bent by trying his hand at a statue of Hercules, which is lost. Lorenzo's son Piero took him back into the palace, but he was evidently no longer at home there, for Piero was both tyrannical and incompetent. So Michel Angelo fled and went to Venice and Bologna. Moreover, fierce conflicts had risen within Florence and without, which resulted in the expulsion of Piero and the elevation of Savonarola, the moral reformer and preacher, to the practical headship of the State. Soon after Michel Angelo was again in Florence (1495) where he made two statues of marble, the small *Saint John* and the famous *Sleeping*

Cupid (both still shown but of questionable authenticity). At any rate the remark may be made that Sculpture is in these two cases employed for both the Christian and Heathen Mythus.

Savonarola was now in the height of his power, which, from religious and moral, had become political. There is good evidence that he produced a great effect upon Michel Angelo, as he did upon the entire city. He was an elemental character, wherein he shows a deep affinity with Michel Angelo. But the preacher was a volcano of mighty words, while the artist was a volcano of colossal forms, both of them often bitterly destructive with lurid Hell-fire, speech-painted in the one case, color-painted in the other. Still Michel Angelo could not accept the whole of Savonarola, who had assailed the Heathen culture and art of Lorenzo's time. Probably the political turn of affairs did not please the friend of Lorenzo on the one side and of the old Republic on the other. Besides the plastic artist was not ready to give up his Classic Mythus and its Art. At any rate we find Michel Angelo rather suddenly quitting Florence in 1496 and going to Rome where his first stay lasted for several years, and where he was able to give full rein to his artistic bent, in both directions, Heathen

and Christian. There is no doubt that he felt more freedom under the Pope than under Savonarola. The Renaissance was in full tide at Rome, while it had encountered a temporary reaction at Florence. The little stories told about this change of the artist's residence may be true, but do not touch the heart of the matter.

We are now brought face to face with a problem which it is very necessary to settle, but which we have found not easy of solution. This concerns the order in which we are to arrange the movement as well as the products of Michel Angelo's prolonged, varied and busy life. He was within a few days of eighty-nine years old when he died, and he had shown a very changeful career both as to his habitations and his works: how can it all be put together so that the best survey be obtained? On the whole we shall follow the artist as he develops through the three Arts of design, so he himself calls them, namely Sculpture, Painting, Architecture, each of which dominates a period of his life in succession. To be sure he learns and practises all three together; still we shall find that each of these Arts becomes in turn the dominant factor of what we shall call a period of his total creative achievement. Three such periods we shall note in

their order, though exact limits in time cannot be insisted upon.

I. *The Artist as Sculptor.* The earliest works of Michel Angelo which have come down to us are pretty evenly divided between Christian and Heathen subjects—Madonna, Angel, Saint on the one hand, Greek deities, such as the Apollo and Eros, and the fighting Centaurs on the other. But the important fact now is that all these themes, both Christian and Classic, are done in marble, Painting seems to be quite eschewed. Such a fact shows the early persistent attempt of the artist to express himself in Sculpture alone, his strongest bent is to restore antique Art, yet with added content. His artistic spirit at this time he has expressed in one of his sonnets: "The greatest artist can conceive nothing which the marble does not contain within itself;" but he adds, "it needs a hand obedient to thought to draw it forth from the marble." Thus Sculpture is regarded as the universal Art, if the genius is on hand to make it universal.

During his first stay at Rome Michel Angelo produced two famous works which are characteristic of his double theme, Heathen and Christian, set forth in his one Art of Sculpture. The first is a statue of the God

Bacchus wreathed around the head with bunches of grapes, and holding in his right hand and leering at a cup of wine of which he has already taken too much but proposes to take more. It is a typsy young God, "about eighteen years old," says Condivi, Michel Angelo's Boswell; beside this tall shape, or a little behind it, is carved a small tricksy Satyr, goat-legged, who seems to be secretly poking fun at such a drunken deity. The technical merits are acknowledged to be of a high order. It is certainly a reproduction of the Greek wine-god, and may be deemed a youthful effervescence of the artist, in his twenty-second or third year, a sort of orgy in the Bacchantic Art of old Rome, of which there was and still is a great abundance. The statue is not far from being Michel Angelo himself intoxicated with the antique, and self-portrayed with a decided dash of realism.

In the most striking contrast to the exuberant fullness both of the flesh and the happiness of the Heathen God Bacchus, is a Christian work of the same Roman period: the sorrowing Mother holding the emaciated dead Christ on her lap—an artistic group best known by its Italian name, Pietà. A very famous piece of marble and set up in the most prominent edifice of Christendom,

which edifice is also Michel Angelo's work essentially: it is placed in St. Peter's at Rome, in a little chapel on the right not far from the front entrance; but it is so badly lighted that a good picture will show most of the details better than the original. There is little or no bodily suffering here, no anguish or contortion, though there be sorrow, through which, however, an inner rising sun begins to shine. The body of the Christ is not rigid or cramped, though meagre of flesh. He appears in deep sleep with relaxed limbs; especially the left arm thrown gently across the Mother's lap must be alive. This is not death but rather the death of Death, the rise into a new Life out of the old. The face shows some lines of outer affliction, but they are radiant with a deeper joy which transfigures the whole visage with what may be called blessedness. I cannot help thinking that Raphael had this model before him when he painted the face of Christ in his *Transfiguration;* certainly Daniel da Volterra, pupil of Michel Angelo, was ecstatically inspired by it in his picture known in Rome as the *Descent from the Cross.* Such are the three most accepted, and, we may say, most transcendently celestial Christ-faces in Christendom (we can hardly include that of Lionardo in the *Last Supper*).

The countenance of the Mother in this same work, as she looks on her dead Son is likewise that of joy breaking through the cloud of sorrow. She recognizes before her the mortal one rising through mortality into immortality. Not only does her face show this recognition, but the peculiar gesture of the left hand can have only such a meaning, seeming to say: There! behold him! He is not dead, but liveth! Here we may see the deeper spiritual unity of the work: both these faces have a common character in manifesting a divine other-worldly blessedness bursting through and transfiguring the heaviest sorrow of this world. Such is the revelation brought down from the highest sources by Michel Angelo in this work of Christian Sculpture, of which it may well be deemed the supreme masterpiece. A lofty mediatorial work of Art for the folk of its faith who behold it and accept its mediation: each individual has to travel the same path of mortality and rise even through the gateway of death to immortality.

Still the limit of the Art we feel; we almost long for the heart's red gush into color. The white impassive marble stays cold to the last in spite of all devices; the material contradicts its content, why preserve so

much soul-warm love in ice? Sculpture is here pushed into the deepest breach with itself; it seeks to make the ever-changing iridescent inner world into a changeless blank outer shape "marble-smooth and marble-cold." Did not Michel Angelo, Titanic limit-breaker that he was, feel himself struggling against his Art's confinement? We believe so, and that from now on he shows a change, he must move toward a more tractable and more internal material. Still he does not propose to give up his dear Sculpture, the first darling of his artistic heart.

In 1501 Michel Angelo quits Rome the papal and autocratic, also the desperately corrupt under Borgia, and returns to Florence for a fresh whiff of republican air. Moreover Savonarola, the enemy of the Heathen culture and of its Art, had been hurled from supreme power to death, the moderate party had taken his place in the State, and a new artistic restoration had begun at Florence, which had thus become again congenial to the self-banished artist. Family affairs are also assigned by his biographer for this return. At any rate he hastened back to his native city and was soon at work on his colossal statue of David, which is still to be seen in Florence. It was paid for by the municipality, evidently

being regarded as a communal work, which character it undoubtedly shows, as it looks a huge image of defiant Florence, ready to face her larger-sized foes, papal, imperial, Medicean. The youthful heroic David triumphing over the giant Goliath had been a favorite with former Italian artists, for instance, Donatello and Verochio. But Michel Angelo changes Scripture, David is the real giant, while his antagonist is not portrayed, unless in David's tense-drawn forehead, which indicates brain-work, calculation directing this considerable display of brawn—all of which suggests a just compliment to the Florentine beholder. Much fault has been found with the proportions of this statue. Also the motive of the work has been discussed with no little variety and some asperity of opinion. Its excessive realism has been praised or blamed according to the viewpoint of the critic. Concentration of mind and body upon some outward foe is here expressed with patriotic vigor, for this body stands ever ready as the guardian of Florentine liberty. In spite of its modern touches, the statue has its kinship with the Greek athlete who was such a favorite in ancient Sculpture. But his athletic action is directed against the enemy of the country, and thus has a strong institutional appeal for the witnessing people.

Other less important works of this time we shall pass over and hasten to his cartoon of the battle of Pisa which has been already touched upon in our account of Lionardo, who was Michel Angelo's competitor in decorating the walls of the Palazzo Vecchio. Both these supreme artists of Florence and of all time were engaged in a duel of Painting, which has become in this Art a pivotal event, and their battle of cartoons was more picturesque than even their pictures. It was in this work that Michel Angelo showed how much more he could do in Painting than in Sculpture, hence it may be deemed his point of transition from the Plastic to the Graphic Art. He had already run against the boundaries of Sculpture and felt the confinement of his limit-transcending genius. Still such feeling was doubtless more or less unconscious. But the battle of the cartoons called forth all his latent graphic powers and revealed himself to himself so that he must have been aware of the next step in his destiny. Accordingly we may see him in these fragmentary sketches—all that is left of his complete work—breaking out of his narrower sculptural into his much freer and larger pictorial consciousness.

The cartoon was begun in 1504, but was interrupted by a visit to Rome, as usual,

from which he took flight back to Florence, as usual. Staying again in the latter city, he finished his cartoon during the year 1506, when it was exhibited to the public with extraordinary huzzahs from both the people and the artists. Says Vasari, a somewhat later cotemporary, in his description: Nude men bathing in the Arno during the summer heat are suddenly summoned to arms by the approach of the enemy. The soldiers rush out of the river to jerk on their clothes as quickly as possible. All sorts of attitudes with a prodigious display of bulging muscles: one man wrestling with his shirt, another putting on his pantaloons, some bent down, others rising and buckling on their armor, with grimaces and contortions of the lips. Some picked up their garments and weapons and ran stark naked into battle line. "All in the air foreshortened with full conquest of every difficulty," says artist Vasari.

Now it must have become evident to Michel Angelo that Sculpture with its solid bodies grouped ever so skillfully could not achieve such results as these. Far greater, therefore, is the associative power of Painting, requiring surface, line and point merely for its presentation of the human shape, which thus is easily united or even fuses of

itself, with other shapes. But the sculptured body is on the whole refractory to association, being so materially individualized, when compared with Painting. Now Michel Angelo can depict the masses of humanity grouped on the walls of the Sistine Chapel. But his hero David has to stand solitary while the Cartoon shows the people themselves to themselves, surprised indeed, yet rallying with desperate energy to the call of the country. So the Florentine folk saw an image of itself in the work and greeted its humerous counterpart mid inextinguishable laughter. The artist happily seized upon the bathing scene with its sudden excitement as a means for getting nude figures and throwing them into the most varied and violent contortions. On this side the Cartoon is sculpturesque, its shapes seem a plastic multitude turned into a picture. The few figures of it still to be seen show the statue transformed into the lined surface. It was a mighty outburst also in the soul of the artist who set forth his spirit breaking loose in every stressful figure of the picture, and in the whole of it as well. Each muscle has the bulge of bursting strenuosity, and is by itself a sort of Michel Angelo.

Such is what we deem the first period of

his career with its nodal turn into Painting, of which turn he became conscious through the triumph of the foregoing cartoon. It should be added here that Michel Angelo has left many unfinished statues, which have been brought to light in various places. We look at these half-chiseled shapes with a peculiar interest as showing the struggles of the man with the limits of his Art. In our view he often found that Sculpture could not adequately express his conception, though he may not have thought that way himself. His gigantic personality seems stamped the stronger just on the line where he quits his marble form as something unfinishable. The infinite in him cannot fully individuate itself in Sculpture, and so he pushes even unconsciously for a more adequate Art.

II. *The Artist as Painter.* Incontestably the greatest works of Michel Angelo lie in the field of the graphic Arts, not of the plastic. His two colossal associative Paintings in the Sistine Chapel are not only his best, but probably the best; the frescoes of the Ceiling (1508-12) we place at the beginning of his pictorial period, the Last Judgment at its conclusion (1534-41.) Altogether the second part of his artistic career lasts some thirty-three years, embracing the very

heart of his mature life. During this long time he did not give up Sculpture, indeed he could not; still it did not dominate his activity as in his previous stage. He must have found that Plastic Art belongs properly to the Heathen world, and that it cannot adequately express the Christian consciousness, which has evolved its own Art for its truest and deepest utterance. Still the Antique is not to be thrown away, rather is it to be cultivated and appropriated but as subordinate to the higher world-view which has arisen. Really now Michel Angelo is for the first time in harmony with his own historic Art, whose supreme representative he is hence to become. It should be noted, however, that already in his Sculpture he prophesies the coming painter. Michel Angelo's plastic feeling was very different from that of the Greek who adhered generally to a certain norm in his treatment of the human body. Hence we hear so much of the Greek canon or rule of proportions which every statue was to follow, however varied its action might be. Already we have noted the famous canon of Polycletus, and also the slight change of the same by Lysippus as significant facts in the history of ancient Sculpture. But Michel Angelo disregarded the norm, or diversified it

more or less in every work according to his needs of expression. He broke through the rule of proportion, and made the body, the limb, even the single muscle tell what was going on within. The perfect organic form in the Greek sense, the beautiful ideal harmony of parts, he cared little for; on the contrary he was going to bring the surgings of the Psyche to the surface, though it threw the whole frame into chaos. Hench the classically trained eye finds fault with Michel Angelo's proportions—hands too large, thorax too broad, this and that muscle too swollen and the whole somewhat out of shape. The ordered objective beauty of the Greek was just a little too beautiful for him, who sought to utter the subjective intensity of the soul at the expense of classic symmetry. The ideal Greek statue usually lacks in facial expression, it is too universal in feature to be any real individual man—only a God could it truly be. But Michel Angelo turns the whole human body into a face, making it weep and cry, rave and pray. Thus, however, he was clashing with the limits of his Art, the sculptor in him was trying to paint, to get rid of the clogging outer three dimensions of length, breadth and thickness, and to reach the more inner soulful utterance in line and color. The

Greek deified the canon, but Michel Angelo defied it, and made his own canon according to his need. Still he had to find out that there were limits to his Art which he could not overstep without landing in another Art. Moreover, he has many facial ideals in striking contrast with Raphael, who has mainly one typical face. On the other hand there were many Raphaels, but only one Michel Angelo. Raphael could impart his style, his ideal, his very individuality to his pupils, Michel Angelo really had no pupil to follow him as maker of ideals—hence he stood alone on his height in solitary grandeur.

So it comes that Michel Angelo evolves out of the sculptor into the painter, and enters upon a new period of his career. Now can we catch the true bearing of this Second Period, which lasts a full generation, constituting the central sweep of his entire creative activity? To our mind it has a unity: as a whole it portrays the Tragedy of Man, the fate of individuality. It starts with the Creator individuating the universe from primal chaos up to man and woman, and ends with the damnation of the wicked, even if there be a fragile thread of good ones who may be saved. The underlying world-view of the artist is dominantly negative, wherein it agrees deeply with his institu-

tional surroundings, Roman, Florentine, Italian. And all these were receiving a terrible historic judgment during this stage of his artistic career. So we are to witness Michel Angelo's tragic Period, which like his genius is veritably colossal, depicting the tragedy of total human existence. Or we may say that it reaches up to the divinely creative fountain and introduces the Maker himself on his tragic side, which he has in himself, if he be the All-in-All.

(1) The opening act of this second grand sweep of Michel Angelo's genius, that of the painter, was the fresco of the Ceiling of the Sistine Chapel at Rome (1508). How did he get started on this totally new work? A good deal of frothy anecdote obscures the beginning of it; we are told that he was victimized into it by the intrigues of Bramante and other enemies, who would inveigle him into a task in which he was bound to fail; it is also said that he himself did not wish to take this fresh labor, having his mind set on a sculptural mausoleum to the Pope. At any rate, the Pope himself gives the autocratic command, and Michel Angelo commences. It is our opinion that the subtle Julius II. saw where the artist's power lay; and the latter was probably not so unwilling as he may have pretended to be. Michel An-

gelo could always be stirred by rivalry, and he must have known that his youngest but greatest competitor, Raphael, was preparing the cartoons for the Stanza della Segnatura in this same year (1508). It was no doubt a huge, hard, long labor; but just that must have been one of the allurements of his task to the Titanic lover of the Impossible.

Of this pictured Ceiling whose surface has been calculated to be over 10,000 square feet, the central theme is Creation in its totality. Creation of the Universe, not merely including man but also the Cosmos, a line of nine groups (four larger and five smaller), fills the middle of the vault beginning with the picture of God separating light from darkness, or perchance his creation of light as the primal cosmical act. Then comes the separation of the sun and moon and the creation of the cosmical luminaries. Next is the separation of earth and water, which is followed by the separation or individuation of Man from the earth, the total all-embracing Man who is himself next separated into the two sexes, male and female. Such is the first grand sweep of divine Creation made up of five scenes in each of which God is present as the original Maker. It is to be noted that He is performing a series of successive separations, or individuations,

till He reaches the individual himself who, being sexed is capable henceforth of individuating himself, and can take his destiny into his own hands. Likewise the fact is significant that God is presupposed. He is given Personality with whom the universe creatively begins, and out of whom it is unfolded. Thus the All-Self rounds out this first drama with creating the finite human self, having its own power of self-creation.

The most impressive and supernal Presence in these scenes is that of the Creator, as He goes through the various stages of self-alienation, of making Himself different from Himself, that is, from the first or immediate Self. There is an underlying fateful strain in that face of His, as if He were under some strong inner necessity to create or to make Himself outer, as if He would not be God unless He made the Universe. Moreover, His countenance indicates that the task is not altogether agreeable or effortless, this continual self-separation has in it a divine pain or repugnance which thrice breaks out into a visible scowl, and is indicated by the gestures of His hands as well as of His arms. One may also trace a prophetic glance in His features, for He surely foresees the necessary suffering which will follow in the wake of His work.

He prefigures somewhat of it in Himself. Of all epiphanies of God the Creator in the domain of Art, this is the grandest, the most compelling and adequate. Who could have been the model? Primarily none other than Michel Angelo himself, of course universalizing his own creative genius. For the artist in this very fresco is creating hundreds of shapes, male and female, Adams and Eves we may call them, through the divinely genetic energy of his Art. Three hundred and forty-three figures, it is said, are projected on this Ceiling; what are they but Michel Angelo's individuations of his own original Self, so prolific of fresh souls drawn from the first sources of creation? I dare to think that I can trace in Michel Angelo's portrait (the Salviati one) certain subtle lines in common with his God's countenance, even if this varies a good deal in the five pictures. Most self-satisfied he seems when he extends his hand and touches with his forefinger the corresponding forefinger of the first created Man now taking form out of the earth. But what a scene is there when God, looking down divine dubitation on his own creature, and raising his awful hand of warning, appears before the first woman overwhelmed yet prayerful! That is the loveless misogynous Michel Angelo of this Second period;

differently would he have painted Mother Eve after he had seen Vittoria Colonna. So we have to feel the individual mood of the artist even in his largest universality. Still we hold that these five appearances of God the Father are the Supreme Theophany of Painting, driving it indeed upon its last limits, with a demonic mightiness which terrifies the beholder, but which constitutes their highest artistic effect.

The other four pictures along the central line represent the outcome of the preceding creation of the individual. Man starts on his own line of destiny; the result is the expulsion from Paradise, the Deluge, the Curse of Noah—all of them constituting three generic human tragedies, in which the Genus Homo receives punishment for transgression. Such is the second part of the series, much inferior in our judgment to the first part already considered, more narrow in its mythical treatment and in its suggestiveness. God disappears from these scenes, and with him goes the elemental genius of the artist. The whole moves on the lines of the Hebrew Mythus as set forth in the Old Testament; but in the first part the artist remakes the Bible, in the second part it makes him, as he follows it quite after the letter.

Mightily featured and cognate in form and character with the Creator Himself are the figures of the seven Prophets and five Sibyls who are ranged in a line around the before mentioned fresco. The first show the Hebrew strand of divine prophecy, and are men, the second belong to the various peoples of the Heathen world and are women, who are seen eagerly consulting their written oracles, while the prophets seem for the most part to get their inspiration more directly. Still both sets have their whispering genii who bring messages and appear to connect with similar genii around the Creator of the central painting. Into these twelve prophetic personalities Michel Angelo has flung his whole elemental strength, they are divine appearances in themselves, especially the faces of the men are God's own, apart, solitary, of gloomy outlook, as was the artist himself as well as his deity, forecasting in one glance the human tragedy. The women are Amazonian, Titanesses seated alone, marriageless and childless; Fates they seem looking into the sorrowful future.

Many other unique forms and faces populate this Ceiling; the artist is their Creator evoking them from himself with a vast generative energy, as if he too were a God mak-

ing man by his Promethean Art. A world-ful of visages look at us in whose genius-born company we would like to spend a goodly part of a life-time—but we must on.

(2) We are now to see Michel Angelo dropping back into sculpture, his Sistine fresco being completed. Possibly in a kind of reaction from his long and strenuous labor he returns to his first Art. He plans to resume work on the magnificent tomb of Julius II, which had been proposed already, in 1505. But the work could never get itself finished; taken up and dropped many times it winds through the artist's life for nearly forty years with ever-renewed vexation and disappointment. Hence, it became known as the Tragedy of the Tomb, whose manifold serpentine sinuosities must here be omitted with brief mention of results.

By all means the chief remaining work connected with this Tomb is Michel Angelo's sitting statue of Moses, usually held to be his greatest achievement in Sculpture. What is the right conception of it? At first view it appears strangely discordant with the biblical character of the God-inspired lawgiver; rather is it the natural man in all the plenitude of his sensuous existence. Behold the massive beard, or better the huge mane of the animal, with which the fingers

of the right hand are caressingly toying, while the symbolic left hand spreads over or perchance pats the lower abdomen, seat of appetites carnal and gustatory. Then the two horns on his head, satyr-like, prolific source of interrogation and repugnance in the beholder, especially the woman. So he is an animal and a big one, too. Now for the other side. That same mane-fondling right hand rests on the tablets of the Law, whose essence is to subject the animal in man to the divine decree, or to reason, that he may live with his fellow-man in a social order. Then look into the face with its stern inflexible, consuming glance at the violator, who must have withered at that eye-shot. So the statue seizes the primal lawgiver himself as two-natured, who must first be what the Law puts down, then must give the Law to himself, and so learn it, when he will be able to impart it to others. Possibly the whole reflects the Pope himself.

Two other noteworthy statues, now in Paris, are assigned to this Tomb of Pope Julius: the two so-called slaves, but the name does not fit or is at least a disguise. One is alive, wrestling against his bonds, with supplicating look heavenward for release. The other has swooned away, or is asleep, but hardly dying (as some titles

say); a lovely idyllic form of exquisite beauty, but not strong, not fate-resisting, it gently droops into a luxurious dream. Two ways of meeting the inevitable lot of life: the resister and the yielder, perchance the intractable Michel Angelo himself fettered by this very Pope Julius, and conflict-shunning Raphael of beautiful dreams. Or let it be Italy or Florence in two diverse stages or attitudes, for the artist must have felt some strong personal interest to have poured such power into his work. To this same Tomb belong four unfinished statues which have the value of showing the artist in his workshop and of revealing various stages in the evolution of his idea.

Strangely the construction of another Tomb, that of the Medici at Florence, weaves through nearly the whole length of this second period of the artist's career. Likewise, this Tomb was the source of many vexations, and after repeated stops and new starts was never really finished, though it called forth several of Michel Angelo's greatest statues. The work was to be both sculptural and architectural; the setting was the church San Lorenzo, to be erected by the sculptor as architect. The start was made in 1515 under the Medicean Pope, Leo X, but it had to wait till the second Medi-

cean Pope, Clement VII, pushed it forward to its present state. But he died in 1534, when the work again stopped.

By these dates we may see that the monument would be a kind of retrospect of the House of Medici, which had furnished two Popes of Rome and a number of rulers of Florence. Michel Angelo had seen their rise, their successes and their defeats. He felt grateful to the memory of his early patron Lorenzo dei Medici (who died in 1492). But the old republican and stern moralist secretly abominated the House which had destroyed the liberties of Florence, and corrupted the religious center of Christendom. He was not in Rome when it was sacked in 1527 by a so-called Lutheran army during the Papacy of a Medici, yet the event he deemed a divine judgment, if not a forecast of the Last Judgment. But he was present as a soldier in Florence when it was besieged by a Medicean Pope, and he fought and wrought as an engineer against the return of a Medicean ruler for that city, who, however, finally captured it through the treason of its commander. Michel Angelo escaped by his flight, but was at last lured back and forgiven under the promise that he would finish the Tomb of the Medici, whose living members he had just tried to entomb.

Such was the internal mood as well as the institutional environment of the artist, when he put the last touches to those six statues now to be seen in the Medicean Mausoleum. There is no doubt that they reflect his deepest feelings, and his view of that sovereign Italian Family whose career he had watched all his life, and with which he had been closely associated. To be sure, he will spread an outer disguise over his work, especially as regards its title; the fact is the right name of not one of these six statues is known; their traditional designations, though originating probably from the artist himself, do not fit, and are not intended to fit, or at best are very remotely suggestive.

First let us take the two seated figures, called Giuliano and Lorenzo, of the Medicis. The question has been often discussed: which Giuliano, which Lorenzo? For there were more than one of each name in this family of Rulers. But so much we may see: here are the two sorts or characters of the Medici, as revealed in their history. It is said that neither face is a portrait of any individual Medici. The one is armed, has his hand on his mace or club, ready for use, and has turned his head sideward for a look, perchance at his foe—evidently the man of violence. The other is unarmed, sunk in

deep reflection; what is he thinking about? That is a question which has been answered very differently and always will be. As for me, I like to connect this troubled retrospective (or prospective) look with the visit of Savonarola when called to the bedside of the dying Lorenzo the Magnificent, to whom the daring priest prescribed as the command of Heaven: "Give back to Florence her ancient liberty." In such a moodful moment the artist would portray the greatest member of the House, though not in bed or sick.

Two recumbent figures lie as it were at the feet of Giuliano, whose names, Night and Day, are doubtless a mask in the form of a very vague allegory—the mask indeed lies just at Night's side. This Night is a woman asleep, or rather adream, restlessly, wearicdly so; her dream seems to be that she may never awake. Her counterpart, the male figure called Day, looks up from his sleep at the world and scowls hollow-eyed like Death because he is awake; possibly those eyeless cavities mean that he will not see; like Oedipus he does not want vision. Why should he wish to look on Florence now, on Italy? Why should Night ever wish to wake up in such a time, and Day be ever looked upon? It so happens that Michel

Angelo has given an interpretation to this figure of Night in answer to the complimentary verse of a fellow poet who declares that the marble has life, and who speaks about waking the sleeper. The artist puts his hopeless answer into the mouth of the sleeping and otherwise speechless statue in the form of a quatrain which is here freely translated:

"Dear to me is it to be asleep,
More dear still to be of stone,
As long as wrong and shame prevail;
Not to see, not to feel, how great my fortune!
So wake me not, and, I pray, speak low."

The most intense lines that he ever versified; they express his inner volcano when he made all four of these statues, his utter weariness of life, his disgust night and day, his Titanic world-pain at what seemed the grand cataclysm of his institutional world. Florence enslaved, Rome debauched, Italy rent asunder by foreigners! A Medicean tyrant in his city, a Medicean sensualist in the chair of St. Peter; such are the present scions of the House which he has to glorify by his monumental Art! Scathing damnation lies in it, though concealed under a far-off allegory. His most intimate biographer, Condivi, says that these works were

executed under a sense of fear, rather than of love. Undoubtedly some intimidation there was, which made him mask his intention, but beneath his disguise he tells the more impressively his story.

The other two recumbent figures at the feet of Lorenzo are allegorised as Dawn and Dusk, titles not so very different from the two preceding ones, and probably intended to indicate a symmetry both in theme and meaning and form. Dusk, a philosophic male figure propped on his elbows, is in contemplative mood like the Lorenzo above him; I take him to be a stoic who is looking down upon the world with a meditative contempt yet with a calm endurance—also a mood of the artist. The other figure is called Dawn, a woman lying exposed in all her bodily glory, but with a face of thought-filled anxiety as she looks out on the coming sun. What is to become of her and hers? She too is an echo of Lorenzo's meditative motive, as if she might be fairest Florence herself incorporate, but with a sorrowful outlook for her beauty and honor under the enthroned usurper of the House of Medici. Thus Michel Angelo poured forth all the pathos of his soul into these sorrow-laden world-wearied shapes, which likewise mirrored that of the people who beheld them

in deeply responsive sympathy. How different was their echo to the defiant David looking triumph over his gigantic foe!

Such is the sculptural undertow (so we look at it) of this second period, which threw up to the surface the statues of the Two Tombs, both unfinished, monumentally as mortal as the bodies within them, keeping the artist in a torture of worry and disappointment for many years of life. To our mind the subject was unworthy of his genius. Still let us rejoice in the great works of Art which the unhappy theme drove him to create almost in spite of himself.

(3) We shall pass now to the third and final act of this long Period and behold again the artist as painter in one of his greatest works—the Last Judgment, which is the culmination of his negative mood, indeed of all possible negative moods concentered in one mighty outbreak of the world's damnation. We feel the volcanic eruption in the single figures, in the groups, and in the huge totality, all of them bursting out from an Oceanic soul long seething within and seeking utterance whose opportunity has come at last.

Clement VII, the Medicean Pope, is dead, the new Pope, Paul III (a Farnese), is elected and sends for Michel Angelo (1534)

to whom he wishes to assign a fresh task of his own, different from building tombs to the vanity of dead Popes. It is claimed that the artist was at first unwilling, and thought of another flight from Rome. But whither could he now flee? Certainly not to his beloved Florence, at present, groaning under its Medicean tyrant. But let the outcome at once be given. September 1st, 1535, Michel Angelo contracts with the Pope to paint on the rear wall of the Sistine Chapel, the fresco of the Last Judgment, which is a continuation, both in space and in spirit, of the fresco on the Ceiling begun some twenty-seven years before. Thus these two vast works make the arch of Michel Angelo's Painting, perchance of all Painting, and form the beginning and the conclusion of the second period of the artist as painter. On Christmas Day, 1541, the finished picture was exposed to the public, after a fierce six years of continuous labor. The feelings both of terror and of fascination were roused by this new miraculous epiphany of the Lord delivering his damnatory sentence as world-judge. The frescoes of the Ceiling showed already three adverse judgments inflicted on sinful man: the expulsion from Paradise, the Deluge, the Curse of Noah. But the years have only deepened the in-

tensity of Michel Angelo's damnation of man. Has he not personally witnessed the betrayal of Florence and the loss of her liberty, and too at the hands of a Pope? Moreover, he could still see about him many marks of the destroyer at Rome, when the sacred city of Christendom was besieged and in part looted by its foes in 1527. That was certainly a divine Judgment, which will now be painted with a far deeper and more real experience and with a mightier energy than ever before, for it is the ever-present fact of the world which he sees.

We have noticed the same damnatory spirit in the sculptured figures decorating the Tomb of the Medici at Florence. The four recumbent statues in different ways express by look and attitude a negative view of their environing world, as has been already set forth; they too are a Last Judgment, though very small and also disguised. But the artist, now restored to freedom of utterance by the new Pope, throws off the mask and breaks forth into a vast totality of damnation, immediately presented in form and color to vision. Very small and pale seems that Florentine Inferno of white marble compared to this furious cataclysm of humanity. There is no doubt that the artist was deeply inspired by Dante's Hell;

it is also reported that he also pored over Savonarola's fire-tipped maledictions all his life. But there is no Paradise here, hardly a Purgatory; Christ is indeed present, but not as a mediator with mercy, but rather as executor with justice, if not as executioner. Nor is there, alas! any Beatrice, though a shrinking Madonna leans toward him beneath his uplifted right arm, with a look mingled of pity and abhorrence, as she glances downward.

Thus the present Last Judgment is but the intensified culmination of this entire second Period of the artist, which in its whole sweep is one great Last Judgment, sculptural and pictorial. We have to consider it his negative epoch, in which his deepest impulse as well as his world-view was that man enacted a tragedy on this earth, if not God Himself in the Creation. Herein, we are reminded of Shakespeare's second or tragic Period, in which he wrote his most impressive and indeed his truly Titanic work, namely his great tragedies, and during which he was overshadowed with the penalty of humanity, feeling little of its redemption. So Michel Angelo has here painted a cosmical epos whose theme embraces God, Nature and Man, with deity's doom suspended over his own work, which

on the whole might be inscribed with Dante's words over Hell-gate: "Leave all hope ye who enter." Undoubtedly there is a small line of the good streaming through this vast mass of retribution.

But now comes a change. The woman enters for the first time with her love into the lonely soul of Michel Angelo. It is not known when Vittoria Colonna begins her transformation of the world-view of the artist, whereby he is restored from his negative condition, and wins a new life of spiritual reconciliation. His first letter to Vittoria is dated Rome, 1545, in which occurs the following passage which speaks of "your favors," probably some poems of hers which she sent him: "When I possess them . . . I myself shall live in them, and my house will seem to encircle me with Paradise." Here is a note of Dante's Beatrice which we shall often find in Michel Angelo's later sonnets and madrigals. He declares that her soul has fashioned his, transforming him with love. He looks back at himself as a lost soul in his previous condition: "She lured me from the ways I was going," like Dante in the dark wood; then I was "borne from my former state away by her," to whom he prays "O lady, let me return unto myself no more."

Another striking co-incidence which connects Vittoria with Beatrice, and Michel Angelo with his favorite and deeply studied poet Dante, was the somewhat sudden death of Vittoria in 1547, and her transfiguration in the soul of her lover. Says Condivi: "Her death was the cause of his often standing stupefied, thinking on it, as a man who had lost his mind." Many a sonnet gives glimpses of the idealist's vision of her place beyond: "Love has triumphed, lifting her to the saints of Paradise" where Beatrice also is, whereat her lover still hopes from her "that help which was on earth before." So Michel Angelo re-enacts the part of Dante and represents the woman of his heart as leading him out of his Inferno and conducting him toward Paradise, even here on earth.

And now for the stranger and deeper side of the occurrence. Dante was a tender, impressionable youth when Beatrice passed away, but Michel Angelo was seventy-two years old at the decease of Vittoria Colonna. Doubtless their first acquaintance reached back to the concluding years of the Last Judgment, but her influence is hardly traceable in that work; this spiritual transformation must have taken place later, when through love he becomes reconciled with him-

self and with the Divine Order. The living Vittoria Colonna mediates the old artist, not Christ, whom he had often painted without receiving the last consecration. Perhaps it were better to say that she, bearing the Mediator in herself, brings him to Michel Angelo. This was his first and only love; during all his days he had kept aloof from women, and had never shown any attachment to the other sex. But now he becomes aware of their place in the universe and in his own life. His God on the Sistine Ceiling is a solitary bearded loveless male, but of enormous creative power, like Michel Angelo himself at that time; his Madonnas and his Christs are certainly not overcharged with tender emotion. But now comes the great change, which may be traced in his later drawings; the old man is really born anew through love.

What about Vittoria on her side? Through her veins coursed the most aristocratic blood of Italy; between the two lay always for her the impassible chasm of rank. Moreover she was devoted to the memory of a deceased husband and to her somewhat monastic view of religion. Still she is held to have had deep sympathy with the Reformation, which was then seething in Germany, and was overflowing the Alps into

Italy. Many diverse opinions have been held about this relation between Vittoria Colonna and Michel Angelo, and will continue to be held; but in the last and deepest sense of sacrifice she did not love him, though he loved her just in that sense. Hence his love had to be absolute, disinterested, without ultimate requital or reward. So he idealized her, for the ideal possession was the only one possible. Again we think of Dante's Beatrice who was the wife of another man, so that the poet's love could not be realized, but was idealized all the more.

Still Vittoria loved the artist, or rather she loved his love, and she knew what she had to do with such a gigantic gift of devotion. She must mediate the man, not marry him; must become his ideal, not his wife, and he must translate her to heaven, not to his kitchen or household. To be sure, there was also the difference of age, but she was no longer a summer butterfly during these years of the artist's attachment, being fifty-seven years old when she died. All this is told in Michel Angelo's prose and verse of the time, which have the undertone of Dante's *Vita Nuova*. It is true that the artist wrote poetry all his life and toyed already in youth with love as an outside momentary fancy, or as a Platonic plaything. So in his

two earlier periods; but now we feel in his writ the grand conversion of the man from Hell to Heaven.

But what effect will this transformation of soul have upon the works of his genius? That demonic power of expression which sprang from his mighty but negative spirit has departed. We have only to look at his last pictures in the Pauline Chapel to see that the Michel Angelo of the Sistine Ceiling and of the Last Judgment is no more. He was in Hell personally when he portrayed those infernal scenes, and was himself writhing under the penalty of negation; but love has taken him out of his Inferno and translated him into his Paradiso, though still terrestrial. No more Painting, no more Sculpture, except as fitful but pale remembrances of what has been. Some may say that old-age had palsied his hand or even his brain, but that is not the whole or the deepest truth of him now. The demon which had so great power over him, and lashed him into such mighty utterance of his fury, has been driven off by an angel from Heaven, by a Beatrice who is now in control. He looked back with some degree of penitence upon his former artistic career. In a later sonnet he cries out: "Now I know my soul was snared by error, when it made art its idol and sov-

ereign master," and this prayerful confession: "Nor Painting nor Sculpture suffices to soothe my soul which now turns to thee, O, Divine Love." Such is his retrospect, doubtless uttered in a melancholy moment, still it indicates the great change in the man from his first and second periods. But he is yet active, yea creative; to what now will he turn?

III. *The Artist as Architect.* Michel Angelo did not perish with Vittoria Colonna, nor did he lose his genius, though it shot off in a new direction; he still was a mighty Self needing artistic expression, though transformed. He survived her some sixteen years. A genetic energy was yet driving him on, forcing him into his third Art, Architecture. Here we may cite a description of the old man at work: "I saw him, though over sixty and not robust, knock off more chips from very hard marble in a quarter of an hour than three young stone-cutters would have done in an hour—and he went about it with such impetuosity and fury that I thought the whole work was flying to pieces." Such a volcano, though so long active, is by no means extinct, and must have an outlet.

He betakes himself to building, which will be on a vast scale, quite parallel to the magnitude of his genius in Sculpture and Paint-

ing, both of which now drop into the background during this third period of his artistic career, though they are by no means given up. Still his creative bent during these last years of his life is massively architectonic. He cherishes and in part realizes a grand scheme to rebuild Rome, both secular and religious. In 1546 he made the plan for the three palaces on Capitoline Hill, that of the Museum, of the Senators, and of the Conservators. His great ambition was to adorn the center of the old Roman world, the Capitol, with three commanding edifices; these the visitor beholds today with an inner uplift. Such was to be the lofty institutional home of the modern secular city. He did not live to see his plan carried out, but it was finished after his death, with a number of minor changes. Also he built the most imposing portions of the superb private edifice, still known as the Palazzo Farnese. Other lesser structures he planned and in part erected, as well as bridges and works of engineering for the defense of the city. His secular style was in general of the Renaissance, was indeed often suggested directly by that old Rome, whose gorgeous imperial ruins were lying every where around him. Confinedly classic he often seems, yet with marvelous outbursts like the Farnesian

cornice and the stairs of the Palace of Senators.

Thus his mighty limit-defying spirit turns architectural, and finds its fresh congeniality in the strict mathematical limits of regularity, proportion, symmetry. The new Art seems to be deeply consonant with his new spirit, and to give to the same an adequate expression. Architecture must be constructive; it has to build and not destroy; moreover it has to obey the law of construction and of materials, and it cannot portray negation like the other Arts, or only to a small extent. It cannot go very far in defiance of the law of gravitation, without danger to its own being. But Painting is hardly subject to the law of gravitation, being primarily wrought of the ideal dimensions of point, line, and surface, which in themselves are not heavy. In some such manner we may construe Michel Angelo's turn to Architecture as an inner necessity of his changed world-view, which ushers in this third period. He loves the obedient world of matter because he himself has become obedient —which he never was before. It is often said that the impotence of old-age caused this transfer of vocation, or the autocratic behest of the Pope, or the intrigues of rivals. But he was not the man to be forced by ex-

ternal circumstances into a field of Art contrary to his inner call. Pope Julius indeed commanded him to paint the Ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, but the far more coercive command was that of his own genius. So this transition to Architecture has in it an outer adjustment, but likewise a more deeply compelling inner adjustment, which is the thing especially to be seen.

It is true that he had practiced Architecture his whole life, beginning in Florence where, during his youth, he could gaze upon the finest architectural flowers of the Renaissance in that city's unique palazzos, and specially in the lofty dome of the Cathedral built by Brunelleschi, which he felt cognate with his own towering spirit, and which he will transfer to Rome during this period in a mightier, more Heaven-resembling, and even more graceful form.

This brings us to the supreme architectonic act of Michel Angelo, the most commanding and creative one of our modern era —the Dome of St. Peter's at Rome. It caps his own colossal life, and symbolizes the unity and sovereignty of the religion with which he had become reconciled. We know that the work is an evolution out of former similar edifices—the Roman Pantheon, the Byzantine St. Sophia's, the Florentine

Dome, all of which are stages representing central authority, which, however great, passed away. But the Dome of St. Peter's truly typifies the Eternal City, and is altogether the most commanding object in Rome today. It contrasts very suggestively with the lower part of the edifice, which is huge but gross, gigantic but tyrannous, brilliantly ornamented but sensuous. We see the ideal celestial church superposed on the very terrestrial body—the upward flight heavenward and the downward gravitative plunge in the other direction. Let it be said that this prodigious body is not the work or the plan of Michel Angelo, he had thereof another ideal which though more beautiful could not be realized in that time.

The Dome of St. Peter's is still traveling round the world, and has passed from religious to secular structures, which represent the home of authority. It speaks to the folk of their associated power in the institution as no other architectural form. Particularly in America it belongs to the House of the State more than to the House of Church. The Dome of our Nation's Capitol was originally modeled by Michel Angelo. It was the last great creative act of his artistic career, truly an institutional act representing the supremacy of institutions in

its most complete structural manifestation. All the rest of Rome seems small compared to the Dome of St. Peter's; indeed lower Rome vanishes when seen in the distance, while the upper Dome rises solitary and even looks greater than ever.

Thus Michel Angelo has in Architecture produced the most commanding visible symbol of himself as well of the religious institution, and indirectly of all institutions; likewise a symbol, we believe, of his reconciliation with the Divine Order whose terrestrial home he has here sympathetically built in its most colossal as well as beautiful manifestation. He has now seized upon that Art which is psychically the most consonant with his character at this time. The lofty Dome of St. Peter's could be erected only by a man reconciled with God and His governance of the world; such is still the impression which it sends down upon the responsive beholder. Michel Angelo maintained that the artist himself must first be a worthy and harmonious vehicle of his theme; a mere technician, however skillful, cannot paint a Madonna, whose picture in itself must be an act of the deepest faith. Says he: "In order to represent in some degree the image of our adored Lord, it is not enough that a master should be great and

able. I maintain that he must also be a man of good life, if possible a saint, in order that the Holy Ghost may stream down inspiration into his soul."

Moreover we can see that in his last and highest architectonic work Michel Angelo attained a greater universality than in his other two periods, which, as before said, deal almost entirely with the Classic and the Christian Mythus. These are the expression of two limited peoples and epochs of Europe, and hardly touch the Orient. But Michel Angelo's Dome can be taken to represent an Oriental religion or state as well as a European or American; its authority has no sectarian bias, nor national, nor racial, even if its development belongs to a certain time and people. Now Sculpture and Painting even under the spell of Michel Angelo's genius, are, each of them, a limited historic utterance which rises with him at last into the more universal, though less intense Art, his latest Architecture.

Still it is not intended to say his Dome, which he never built, but whose model he made after his own gigantic conception, is a greater work than his Sistine Ceiling. But the view of God, of the primordial Creator, is different in each. Michel Angelo felt the limits of man's individuation more deeply

than any known artist, perhaps more deeply than any known man who has given expression to himself in any known way—in Art, Literature, Religion, Philosophy. The tragedy of Creation itself, hence of the Creator, is what breaks out of his own individuated Self all through his second Period with a demonic energy. Thus he touches mightily the profoundest negative note of humanity, and plays the whole gamut of it in the multitudinous shapes of the Sistine Chapel. There we feel him to share in the act of the Creator; the colors and the forms are not merely an expression of the Psyche, but belong to the original Psyche of Nature herself, in her primordial evolution. The artist seems to be individuating Man and Nature out of himself into these shapes along with God.

So rounds up the great Florentine trinity of painters, who, according to the general consensus of the best judges have never been equaled since. With them Painting delivered its supreme message in the highest way possible to it as an Art. Indeed its greatest hero, the Titanic Michel Angelo, broke over its limits just through his world-storming Titanism, and found his final expression in another Art. Still it is he who has brought down to our wondering vision

the Theophany of Creation itself, and therein produced the last and greatest work of Painting, with which in the present book we shall conclude our view of this Art. It still lives and has produced a long line of artists and schools all of which have their merits and their import in our modern life. But the World-Spirit no longer paints, having other more adequate utterance. Hence in accordance with the purpose of the present book, we shall have to drop any further consideration of this Art.

What next? Somatic Art has still another stage which passes again to the solid Body, wherein it goes back to Sculpture, resuming its spatial fullness. Thus the three stages or kinds of Somatic Art stand in intimate relation to the primal element of total Nature, namely Space. Sculpture is solidly spatial, Painting is de-spatialized or ideally spatial, kinetic Art is re-spatialized or really spatial, with motion added to Body, whereby Time enters, the second element of Nature after Space. So far down we have to reach, if we touch the bottom of the distinction between the Arts of Body, of which the third is now to be briefly considered.

III.

Kinetic Art.

We now come to a stage of artistic manifestation whose elementary fact may be stated thus: Body moves. To be sure something more distinctive is to be added to make this movement an Art. It must show, at least primarily the Supernal, the Ideal, the Divine. It must be the bearer of man's association, mirroring the same to himself in its way. Such was the Dance originally—a religious ceremony, often a part of the ritual, like the sacred painting, or statue, through which the people might participate in the deity. Such too were the holy Processions, Festivals, Celebrations dedicated to the God and revealing Him in some form, and for that reason they were to be made beautiful. For the ultimate ground of the longing after beauty lies just in this manifestation of Godhood which the folk will behold in what to their conscience is its highest revelation and perfection. Hence it comes that the appearance of the Beautiful has varied with the stages of human development; we today may appreciate but we cannot produce what the Greek would call supreme beauty, though

he started the thought of it which we still are maundering over.

It should be noted that the Kinetic Arts, as here designated, belong to the somatic group, they are Arts of the Body, essentially of the organic Body along with Sculpture and Painting. But that Body is no longer fixed in Space and Time, it is endowed with Motion which is a union of those two primal elements of Nature; so much extension (Space) is integrated with so much succession (Time), and thus has movement; or, the Body as Space-occupying changes its fixed position into a series of successive moments of Time. Now Sculpture and Painting had no motion properly; they seized upon the one given moment and held it fast in the statue or picture, both of which have become fluid (so to speak) in the Kinetic Arts, which outwardly may be grasped as moving statues and pictures. The kinetic artists here can take living bodies in action and paint with them his representation. The word *Kinetic* is of Greek origin and means capable of or pertaining to motion (*Kinesis*); Music, we may note, is kinetic, since it has motion, but it is not somatic, since it has not Body as material and visible.

Evidently the Kinetic Arts show a good deal of variety, splitting up into many dif-

ferent kinds. Still they all have the common characteristic: the moving Body, which is usually living, but may be also life represented. Likewise the motion may start from within (self-moved) or from without (mechanical). A picture carried in a procession may become a portion of a Kinetic Art, which thus can embrace both Sculpture and Painting even externally. On the other hand the Body may be conceived to walk out of the picture where it is fixed in a given place at a given moment and to resume its free activity, which through Sculpture and Painting shoots into a crystallized state for once and for all. In this sense the Kinetic Arts may be said to bring back the Body's liberation from its painted and sculptured prison.

So we may say that this sphere is more free in itself and stands for a greater freedom than the two previous spheres. The restraint of the Body's own movement means a kind of servitude in Art as well as in Life, hence the tendency of the fixed form to break out of its fetters into self-activity. That is, the living Body in Sculpture and Painting, being confined and enslaved to a single moment of action has the tendency to burst its limit and to make a dash for a more complete artistic liberty, which it finds in the Kinetic Arts. These give to it the full round of its own action in living reality.

For this reason the grand descent of Christ into corporeal appearance, which occupies such a central place in Painting, being the genetic idea of the latter, had to be transformed by the Church from the fixed picture into the actual series of events, had to be made over from one single moment of its process, even though this be the most important one, into all its moments. Thus we see the whole cycle of the great occurrence in real sequence of its several scenes. The famous Christmas festival at Rome would give the appearance of the Son in a human Body illuminated above in the dome of St. Peter's, and descending gradually with increased size and radiance to the earth below, where stood the people viewing with awe and adoration the successive stages of the creative event of Christendom. To be sure many pictured forms of that same world-transforming Theophany had been painted there in Rome, and had been viewed with admiration and love, but they stood still, fastened to one point of Space and Time, and hence did not adequately represent the moving reality. So the impulse of Art drove to add what was missing, the embodied process itself in actual manifestation. Here we may behold the transition from Painting to the Kinetic Arts, from the moveless to the

moving form, though this form in both these fields of Art has the same content, utters the same message, namely the God becoming Man, the universal Self descending into the individual, the divine-human manifesting itself to our vision in outer Body. But the before-mentioned transition shows the painted Theophany widening out into the kinetic one, which fact may be otherwise stated as the appearance passing over into the reality, the pictured Body transmuted into its counterpart in action.

Here we may emphasize that all three stages of somatic Art—the plastic (Sculpture), the graphic (Painting) and the kinetic —are theophanic, they manifest deity in the human organism. Such is their common spiritual attribute, which, however, they show in different ways. It is true that they often represent far other and lower things than this one supernal theme which is their original ground of being. The history of all Art shows the great lapse from the inner creative soul of itself to an outer technical display on subordinate subjects, which may still be made to have artistic value. Sculpture and Painting today have lost their directly theophanic purpose and with it their original power, since the consciousness demanding such an Art is transcended. And yet they

have their sphere of service, though it no longer can take rank as the highest and most adequate expression of the age.

So the Kinetic Arts on this side are an advance over their two predecessors. And yet on another side they are less effective, less intense than Sculpture and Painting. The very fact of their breaking loose from the one fixed center means lack of concentration; they are thrown into the sweep of Time, and thus disperse their power as well as scatter the attention. The sense of sight and with it the soul, instead of being focused upon the one essential point, is whirled through many successive points, and feels the diffusion if not the confusion. The result is that the external appearance and not the essence has the emphasis. The danger of all kinetic Art is that it may degenerate into a mere show gratifying the outer curiosity but not the deeper emotion and thought of the beholder. Thus the phenomenal, the ephemeral, the evanescent is uppermost, and does not let the abiding abide. One impression wipes out the other, and then is wiped out in turn. So it may become a chase of superficial images across our eye-balls. Accordingly kinetic Art moving in real Time with beginning and end lacks the permanence of Sculpture and Painting held fast in an ideal Time with-

out beginning and end. We still look upon some statues which Pericles saw, while his pageants, probably just as artistic in their way, are buried in the very bottom of oblivion, unless one of them should happen to be preserved by the sculptor, such as the Panathenaic Procession. So it comes that kinetic Art has the seal of mortality stamped upon it by old Time so remorsely that it scarce seems to live at all as an Art. For this reason it is often not regarded in books treating of the Fine Arts. Still it belongs, is indeed a necessary link in the chain, without which link there is no chain.

Note that this Art has been unfolded out of Sculpture and Painting in the foregoing account; yet these two Arts may be seen to unfold out of it in its first crude manifestation. Hence it comes that some writers derive all Art from savage games, dances, festivals. Still such an early stage belongs more to archaeology than to Art. Undoubtedly the Body had motion before this was fixed in outline. Likewise the highly developed agonistic skill shown in the Olympic and other similar Games was caught and made permanent in Sculpture. Imagine how much trained motion before and after is crammed into the one crystallized moment of the (so-called) Borghese Gladiator. How did he get

into that position—how will he get out of it? So we are driven by the work to gather into an ideal unity many actions antecedent and consequent. On the other hand just these actions are what is realized in kinetic Art. They are implicit in the statue and also in the picture, but they break forth into life and actuality in the Art of bodily movement (kinetic). They are dormant though present in the plastic and graphic shapes, but now in the present domain they wake up and start to going in their own individual embodiment. The suppressed crystallized activity of the organism becomes explicit, real, unfolded into a new artistic expression.

So in psychological sequence we arrange kinetic Art as the third of the somatic group, not as the first. Undoubtedly it turns back to Sculpture determining the same as well as Painting, both of which, however, in their limitations can manifest but potential phases of it in its entirety. Thus the somatic round is made complete in its process of thought. Organic Body in its truth, which is its self-movement, has thus its own Art, and is put into its own picture, which represents it in its freedom, not in its subjection to the one tyrranic moment as master. It is no wonder that great artists, sculptors and painters, and also architects, cultivated the kinetic

Arts, feeling therein a kind of liberation. Lionardo at Milan devoted only too much time to the pageantry of the court of Milan; Brunelleschi in company with other great artists at Florence produced grand festal entertainments for the show-loving city in which the kinetic Art of the Renaissance reached its culmination. To be sure it could only sport as the gorgeous butterfly of a few hours' duration. Its fatal birth-mark was transitoriness, and yet it was an integral part of the artistic process.

The reader probably is asking what is to be included under the present Art. Its great diversity has been already hinted; it embraces many fragile forms of spectacular evanescence, not easy to relate together. Indeed the chief reason why it is often deemed not to be an Art at all is that it has no eternal element, being merely an outer transitory appearance, the undivine victim of Time. Still, we repeat, it fills its niche, and so we shall try to group a few of its leading varieties.

I. The most immediate example of the artistic significance and position of kinetic Art is the descent of the divine Person into the human, as illustrated by the already cited instance of Christ's epiphany in the form of a church spectacle. The fixed pic-

ture was thus transmuted into the moving pageant, and herein lay also the passage out of Painting into the next Art, as previously stated. But this was only one instance, though the most central, since its theme touched the source of all Art. The whole Christian Mythus was turned into action from its painted fixity. Nativities, Annunciations, Adorations, were represented in pageants and processions. The Madonna and child were shown in their living counterparts, along with other members of the Holy Family. In like manner scenes from the life of Christ were enacted in pantomime in which the Apostles, Saints, Fathers, as well as the real symbols, animals, flowers, implements, were present fulfilling their parts. Thus the legend and the picture were transformed into the direct palpable fact before eyes of the people who demand the actual thing and some appearance of it in their Art. Of course language was added to the representation when the whole became the medieval passion play, which our age has seen revived with a world-wide interest. A spectacle of the Inferno given on the river Arno at Florence became famous; a bridge upon which many persons were gathered broke down, and precipitated its human mass into the waters below, and seemingly into the

flames of the boats, in which a number perished. Still the church retains not a little of this artistic pageantry in its processions, rites of worship, and ceremonies on festal occasions.

Also there were numerous kinds of secular spectacles. Ancient Mythology during the Renaissance furnished many subjects for varied display. Venus and Mars caught by Vulcan perhaps led in favor, as illustrating the manners and morals of the time; Guido Reni's Aurora could well be named a painted spectacle. Roman triumphs were likewise re-enacted in the streets of Florence; the antique world, both mythical and historical, renascent Italy longed to live over again through its great characters.

The spectacular parade has still its hold upon the popular fancy, though seldom upon the popular faith. The carnival is hardly a religious festival any longer even in its home, though Christmas certainly retains its hold, yet often with changed meaning. Children are now the main celebrants, though for their sake parents are also involved. Very different was medieval Europe when the whole people took part for their soul's need of a new bond of fellowship in faith. Still today the feeling of a common nationality may be roused by an imposing spectacle like a coro-

nation or inauguration. Kinetic Art has an associative power; an institution often uses it to waken or keep alive an interest in itself among its own adherents.

II. A different phase of the kinetic Art, with its parades, processions, and spectacles, is the Game, or contest of skill and strength of body, especially as developed in ancient Greece. Here the world-famous Olympic Games are the model. Their influence not only upon Greek Art but upon Greek character has probably no parallel among other peoples. Indeed the prestige of these Games has continued through time along with Greek civilization, of which they were a very significant part. Today they are being revived not only in Greece but throughout the world. The art of bodily superiority brought out by competitive trial seems still to be holding its own along with its cognate Art, Sculpture, though the modern conditions be so different from those of antique Hellas.

The Olympic festival opened with religious services to Zeus principally, and in a less degree to the other Gods as well as Heroes to all of whom offerings were presented. The Greek Pantheon headed by its ruler was thus invited to be present and to show divine favor in the great contest. It is evident that the Greek conceived his Gods to manifest

themselves at the Games, especially in the person of the victor. Here, then, we may again note a phase of the divine descent into Body which runs through all somatic Art in its origin. In the perfect shape of the athlete the God is seen to appear quite as in the sculptured form, which certainly was modeled from the Games, whose religious character must be put first, at least in their beginning.

The contest itself (the pentathlon) came to consist of five parts, leaping, running throwing the quoit (discus), throwing the javelin, wrestling, to which boxing was afterwards joined. The contestants came from all parts of Hellas, from the farthest colonies to the nearest communities, and had to be freemen of pure Hellenic blood; no slaves or barbarians could compete though they might be spectators. Thus the Hellenic race was brought together in a common celebration, which in this way became a strong bond of association between its separated and often hostile members. Religiously Greece would unite, politically it would separate. This separation was also reflected in the Games. Each of the contestants belonged to one of the many Greek communities, and fought for it against all the rest in his personal battle. The winner was always re-

ceived with special honor when he returned home, as having performed a great public service, as a victor in a mimic war of his City-State against the other City-States, which were full of political jealousy. To be sure there was an undercurrent of Hellenic unity against the barbarian, especially against the Oriental in the bloom of Greece, though this feeling lapsed more and more with the loss of Greek independence, till the last Olympian victor is reported to have been an Oriental. But the Olympian contest at its best pictured the civic struggles of the Greecian world within itself. Thus it may be said to have mirrored the Greek consciousness, when it was at its supreme flowering, when it was world-historical. Hence we may say that the kinetic Art of Greece in the form of its Games, was an image of the rise, bloom, and decline of its civilization, an image as distinctive as its Sculpture and Poetry. It should be added that not only at Olympia once in four years were these Games celebrated, but in many other places at different times. In fact, each little community had its local Games, and also its gymnasium for training in preparation for this Greek university. And not only the somatic Arts were in evidence there, but Poetry, Song, Music, could be heard, and even History and Philosophy.

On the whole, this form of kinetic Art, the athletic Games, was the most popular Art of the Greek people. The interest sprang not only from the fascination of a contest of skill and strength and endurance, but also from a covert religious feeling that the perfect human body in its victorious deed was the manifestation of a God-sent power and beauty. The contestants had to be naked, and thus each triumphant muscle was made visible, and the total human organism revealed itself in its divine fulfilment. We moderns have lost such an artistic impulse, as we have lost the faith out of whose depths it gushes up. It may be felt already in the Iliad and Odyssey, in both of which Games rise spontaneously to the surface. But the culmination of the athletic spirit and its Arts are co-eval with the culminant period of Greek civilization. The poetic representative of this sphere is the lofty-worded Pindar whose odes celebrating victorious contestants introduce often the Gods and the sacred Mythus as the divine element both of the Games and of his own song.

The revival of the Olympic festival as well as of athletic sports has doubtless its artistic significance for our time. Still the half-naked runner of today, though he be called Olympian, can hardly rouse any religious

thrill in the gazing multitude, such as made the antique kinetic Art a kind of revelation from Olympus, home of the Gods. The creative belief in such a manifestation has departed, and with it the corresponding artistic reality. Still the perfectly developed human Body in its triumph and majesty has its own worth which may be mirrored in Art, even if this be of a lesser significance. It should be added that gymnastic practice in its excess turns destroyer of what it seeks to cultivate; both ancient and modern physicians have pointed out the bodily ills of too much athleticism.

The people in our own time are strongly attracted to the various kinds of skill in the kinetic Art. The popular circus with its acrobats, gymnasts, cavalcades, etc., is full of kinetic performances which require training and Art. The *Veiled Prophet's* procession in St. Louis, the *Mardi Gras* celebration in New Orleans have won a national fame. Many festivals, including those of children, show artistic merit of the kinetic sort.

III. Another form of kinetic Art is the Dance, which in general inclines to some phase of circular movement, either of the single Body or of a group of Bodies. The festival parade or procession keeps onward in line, the Game (as here regarded) is a con-

test between two or more, the Dance has the tendency to return into itself, whether as simple bodily rhythm or as the complex rounds of the ballet.

Primarily the Dance also is to be regarded in its religious aspect. It was with early peoples a way of worship, of expiation, of reconciliation. It is a means among savages of kindling war, of stirring patriotism, of preaching a crusade. Our Indian (Sioux) outbreak of 1890 was chiefly the work of a prophet who claimed to be the red Messiah arisen to save his vanishing race; he promulgated his doctrine chiefly by means of the Ghost Dance, through which the Great Spirit came down and entered the living tenement of every Indian. Thus the God became incarnate in the human form and manifested himself in a supernatural frenzy of gyrations. The old Greeks had a similar view and have transmitted to us a word for this state —enthusiasm or the working of the God within you as body and also as mind. Certain Grecian deities, as Cybele and Bacchus appeared to throw their worshipers into extravagant saltations and convulsions, which on the whole the Greek sense of moderation and symmetry shunned. Still the Pythian priestess at Delphi partaking of the prophetic vapor, was supposed divinely pos-

sessed of Apollo, the God of Art, when she uttered her oracles. Moreover Delphi was noted as a center of all the Kinetic Arts, Dances, Processions, Games (Pythian), as well as of Sculpture and Painting. It is probable that the Greeks refined the Dance to the highest artistic perfection it has ever yet attained. It too must have had that ideal divine strain running through it which we have noticed in all Greek Art. Into the bodies of the youth and maiden as they circled gracefully in the chorus, the God was conceived to descend and to manifest himself in all his ever-youthful beauty. Doubtless the Dances accompanying Pindar's words were as full of myth and deity as are his lyrics which we read today. His Kinetic Art, however, being of the moment has perished with the moment, even if we may catch some faint traces of it in the rustic whirls and leaps and rounds still to be seen on the choral places of Greek villages.

Of course dancing drops to a mere amusement, having lost its sacred intention like every other somatic Art. Also it becomes a display of surprising bodily dexterity in the ballet and other stage exhibitions. It has its heroes and heroines well known to fame. Lucian says that the Greeks danced their Homer, making thereof an epic of motion

which included their mythology. We also hear of the dance poem of Faust, the great character of Teutonic legend. The angels dance in many a Christian picture, notably in one by Fra Angelico. The spinning Dervishes are hallowed objects to the Moslem through their Allah-inspired rotations. Some modern communistic sects have made a form of bodily movement a part of their worship, and indeed of their faith.

It is evident that the Dance has an associative power which likewise originated from a common religion. The God who unites the people into tribe or even nation is thus manifested. All participate in the motion which makes them one in honor of their deity who thereby becomes to them a presence. It is the sense of the Divine which primarily associates man and which drives him to express this association in Art, in kinetic as well as in other Arts. Then the secular Dance, which is without a direct religious impulse, also associates, is indeed the prevailing social act for young people, and assumes many ingenious figures.

Kinetic Art tends toward the rounded movement, the varying circle which still returns into itself. Thus it completes its sweep and becomes an outer manifestation of the mind in its basic psychical process. The

so-called round dances and square dances are many variations of this one cyclical act of Body and of Bodies. The play of children tends to be at bottom a moving ring, which means that they play their very self from within outward. This fact the kindergarten has used in many ways.

Painting is nearer to motion than Sculpture which has the solid forms of length, breadth and thickness, not the seeming forms of surface, line and point. The latter, accordingly, appear ready to move, if not to fly, and to become kinetic. Still they are fixed, though imagination tries to make them start. The thought will rise that the popular show of moving pictures may be the prelude of a new synthesis of all the Somatic Arts.

Putting the latter, the Somatic Arts, together we observe that they form a round or a process of which the Human Body is the center. Sculpture makes this Body real in a real Space. Painting reduces it to an appearance in an apparent Space, both fix it in a moment of Time, from which kinetic Art sets it free, giving to it successive movements of Time and also restoring to it its first spatial fullness. Such is the primal elemental round of the plastic, graphic and kinetic Arts, each of which has its own proc-

ess, but is at the same time a part of a higher process which we call Somatic Art as a whole. It has also been noticed how the before and after, implicit and crystallized in the one moment of Sculpture and also of Painting, becomes explicit and dissolved into actual motion in kinetic Art. Likewise emphasis has often been repeated upon the creative theme of all somatic Art, the manifestation of the Divine in human shape, which manifestation defined itself differently in the different Arts.

But next we are to make a fresh and larger transition from the first stage of the Fine Arts (Somatic) to the second stage, Architecture, which evidently does not belong to the Arts of the organic Body, being an enclosure separate from, yea opposite to the latter, even if including it. This fact determines its place and character: it is inherently separative and twofold, it is an outer which reflects the inner from which it is separated. Thus we pass out of the first or immediate stage of the total cycle of the Fine Arts (or Sense-Arts), and enter upon the second stage, that of Architecture, whose position must be vindicated in a few remarks.

CHAPTER SECOND.

Architecture.

As a starting-point let us conceive that Architecture brings to manifestation a second artistic Body—the first Body being that of Somatic Art which has already been considered. Keeping up the analogy, we join together the two Arts, that of the human Body and that of the architectural Body—the one adopted by the artist, the other constructed by the artist; the one is nature-made, the other is man-made. All somatic Art follows ultimately the one transmitted model, real, immediately given; all Architecture follows its own model, ideal, mediately given. Let us take a Greek temple:

the statue of the God within we may deem the first or organic Body, the environing structure its second or inorganic Body which is in decided contrast and even opposition to the first Body, though determined by it, sprung of it, and radiant at last with the same spiritual significance.

Now the point which we would here emphasize is the twoness, dualism, separation inherent in the character of Architecture. It is fundamentally an enclosure, which must contain in some form its corresponding part, or rather its antithetic counterpart, the enclosed. On the one hand it is not tied to any traditional shape, like the human organism, and thus seems very independent; on the other hand it is determined by something outside itself, and thus seems very dependent. Such is the doubleness, yea the contradiction running through all Architecture: on the side of form it is free, self-determined, while on the side of spirit it is unfree, other-determined. In the Gothic church the enclosure shows its freedom and even its caprice in many a little outbreak of ornamentation; still it is governed by the spirit enclosed which must be manifested in this its second Body all the more, since the first Body (in somatic Art) has been largely discredited by Christianity, and in part, though not wholly,

eliminated. It should be added that Architecture, through its freedom from the bonds of any given natural form, becomes the more easily formable, and hence is plastic to the controlling Spirit within its enclosure.

Such is the essentially twofold character of Architecture, which fact is here brought out with so much stress, since it puts this Art into its true place in the order of all the Fine Arts. It is second in the round, not first, as it is usually arranged; moreover its basic psychical attribute (which must be at last its ultimate ordering principle) is separative, dual, mediate, while somatic Art out of which it unfolds is unitary, with separation only implicit, with form immediately given by nature. Such a classification runs counter to the succession of the Fine Arts as generally received, which starts with Architecture, puts Sculpture next, then Painting as third—all three being apparently on a par and equally related. But it is plain that Sculpture has a much closer and more intimate connection with Painting than with Architecture, though all three have a great deal in common, fixity for instance and the appeal to sight. Still we must reach down more deeply and classify them by their most essential differences and relations. In such case the final controlling fact is the double-

ness of Architecture as distinct from the singleness of both Sculpture and Painting, or of somatic Art generally. Moreover these Arts must be seen to take their place in the total process of the Fine Arts (more technically stated, in the Psychosis of the Presentative Arts).

Architecture, then, builds an enclosure for something not itself, which, however, determines it. Still not every enclosure can be deemed architectural; a cowpen, a stable, a hut, though they enclose, hardly rise to the dignity of an Art. There must be a distinctive element enclosed in order to make the enclosure artistic. It must be the dwelling-place of the God, the home of the Spirit held to be divine by the given folk, and it must reflect his Presence within ere Architecture rises to the surface as a Fine Art. We have already noted in somatic Art that the human organism merely as such is not the original source of Sculpture and Painting, but that there must be a descent of the Divine into the Body whereby this is transfigured out of its merely natural form, and is made radiant with the light from the Eternal. Now Architecture has to manifest in some way that same supernal Spirit, which we commune with in the truly religious statue and picture. But it is the second manifestation

enclosing the first, yet revealing in its Art the same creative essence. The Parthenon is the transparent home of the Goddess within. Hence in Architecture also there is witnessed a theophany, a divine appearance builded into the enclosure of the Deity's presence. Such at least was its origin, as it first sprang from the soul of the people. The Egyptians would never have erected the Pyramid, unless they had seen in it a sacred revelation; it might indeed be a tomb, still it was the home of their King made immortal by death, of their supreme man eternalized in his second body, which has proved so lasting that it still excites our wonder.

The next important fact about Architecture is that it is strongly associative. It brings together in a united effort the community, the city, the nation perchance, in order to build it, and when it is built, it becomes the center of association. The construction of the medieval cathedral usually focused the energy of a locality for many decades, and it often remains today a monumental witness of associative power which has by no means vanished. Undoubtedly it was religious Architecture which begat this spirit of association. It has been already observed that the earliest Architecture will be the home of the God who unites the people in

a common worship and faith, that is, who associates them in their deepest tie, and who thus realizes for them their primal associative principle, even if this was already implicit in them from nature. So it comes that the people erect their first temple to the deity who makes them a people, and whose character is transfused into this structural home of himself, making it Architecture.

Furthermore this association of Man moves from its germinal starting-point in religion and passes into the various secular relations of human existence. Hence institutions arise, such as Family, State, Society, all of which are forms of association common to the race, necessary forms, since they spring up everywhere and at all times. Man, accordingly, builds institutions as his spiritual abode which, however, must have its visible counterpart in an actual abode, and the latter has to be artistic as reflecting the indwelling spirit. At this point Architecture again finds its true domain as the builder of the home of institutions, which is the habitation of associated Man. The Capitol, the City-Hall, the School-House, also the Bourse are homes of institutions, of forms of associated Man, and hence must invoke Architecture to build a suitable residence, for in all these cases the enclosure should show an image of the spirit within.

Religion, the common God-consciousness was the prime association of human beings in an institution, though animals have the gregarious instinct, while beavers build, and bees construct. Architecture, however, erects the edifice of human association and thereby becomes an Art, which thus has the ideal in it transforming the real. Undoubtedly there is a utilitarian side to Architecture, but the utility must subserve the Art, not the Art the utility. The temporal demand presses and must be obeyed; but the architect, unless he be a mere builder, will use it to express what is eternal.

Architecture is, accordingly, an enclosure which has two faces, one turned outside to the world, the other turned inside to the presiding spirit, visible or invisible—each of these faces being marked with its own character in relation to what is enclosed. Note too that this enclosure divides space into an outer and inner, cutting off a particular space from the universal, keeping the one inside and leaving the other outside, making the one the God's own to contain his presence and his worshipers. Still further, the enclosing wall has two opposite characteristics: down-bearing along with gravity and up-bearing against gravity, supporting and being supported. This architectural inter-

play of opposites is of deepest import (see our *Architecture,* pp. 39-43). Here we may add that kinetic Art employs a form moved from within (organic), while Architecture employs a form moved from without pressed down or held up or both together (gravitative). Hence it comes that gravity is so emphasized in Egyptian and even in European Architecture, having its end outside of itself.

In kinetic Art, therefore, soul and body are immediately united and interactive; in Architecture the soul is separated from the body and is even in a very different sort of body. The enclosure has a soul and reveals the same, yet it is artistically determined by its soul from the outside; in its very separation the enclosure is to tell what it is separated from, thus pointing to its source. The Architectural wall of the temple is originally an eject of the divine form which it encloses, and says so after its own way of speaking. In a sense the God may be deemed in Art to have two dwelling-places, the Body and the Temple, tenements of the ideal are both of them, and manifesting a divine epiphany.

Architecture has also this advantage: it is historically the most complete Art, that is, all its historical Types, Styles, Periods are quite fully developed, without serious gaps. On this side likewise we may call it the more

universal Art: it has not merely its one Classic Style of supreme excellence like Sculpture, not merely its one Romantic bloom like Painting, it has both in quite equal excellence and more; it has lived the entire artistic life of the ages more adequately than any other Art, and this is what adds so much value to its purely theoretic study. For instance it is the only one of the Fine Arts which has manifested all three of the supreme Types of History, Oriental, European, Occidental. Already it has been repeatedly intimated in the course of this book that Architecture is the unique Art which has evolved an Occidental or American Type in distinctive contrast with the Architectural Types of Europe and the Orient. (See our special work on *Architecture*, Introduction. Any extended development of this Art in the present connection we shall have to drop, referring the reader who may wish further details on this subject to the aforesaid work.)

CHAPTER THIRD.

Music.

In the entire sweep of the Fine-Arts, or the Sense-Arts, we have reached the third great stage or manifestation, which is Music, and which correlates with the Somatic Arts (Sculpture, Painting, Kinetic Art) as the first or most directly given stage, and with Architecture as the second or separative stage. Already in the Introduction we have started with the unit of Music called the sound-whorl, and from it have unfolded an outline of the superstructure of Music culminating in its completest form, the Orchestra. At present we shall put special emphasis upon the place of Music in the cycle of the Fine-Arts and the

psychical ground thereof, along with some reflections seeking to fathom its ultimate character.

Fundamentally, then, Music is to be grasped as the reconciler, mediator, harmonizer. Its place as third in the supreme artistic round indicates its general nature: it interlinks and unifies the total sweep of the Fine-Arts, which are through it not merely so many separated products (as in the first two stages), but also the uniting process, not merely the *created* but also the *creating* as represented in its movement. Moreover its smallest constituent, its genetic unit or atom, the mentioned sound-whorl, has in itself the whole process self-separating, yet self-returning, wherein it is the complete musical act as germinal. This manifests, accordingly, the ultimate harmony, the basic act of Music in which the dualism of Nature is continually being overcome into unity. Such is not simply the typical form of Music but the real constituent out of which it is built from its simplest to its most complex compositions (see preceding Introduction, vii, xx, *et passim*).

Here we are to note again that this unit of sound, which is the ultimate musical tone, stirs the corresponding elemental unit of the Self, which we may call by analogy the soul-

whorl (Psychosis). This is the primal agreement of Music, marrying (so to speak) the first inner process of the Ego to the outer process of tone and filling the soul with thrills of its own primordial activity, which is indeed a kind of self-creation. Still between these extremes, the Inorganic and the Psychic, or between the sound-whorl and the soul-whorl, there lies a mean, the organic cell or life-whorl which shares in both sides and conjoins them. Such is the original triple chord which is heard in every musical tone, without which trinity of Sound, Life and Soul, it could not be at all. (The further development of this biological element in Music is given in the Introduction, Part II, p. xxx.)

If in the present field we compare Music with the Somatic Arts, we shall note first of all that the former seize upon the fixed Body (the human mainly) which is crystallized in a single moment of Time, while Music breaks up this crystallization, and suggests the creative process behind all these bodily shapes of Art springing from the psychical act of their creator, which act, however, they have to leave out. But Music seizes upon just that as its content, and moves in Time, dissolving the fixity of Space. The end of Music is not the product as a thing

separate and by itself (like a statue for example), but the process lying back of it and making it appear, the process of the product's own production. The musical sculptor is not simply to make a statue outside of himself, but he is to include his own act in his work, which is to be not only his realized concept, but is to be filled with his creatively active conception. Music may be taken as plastic, the block of marble being the air, but such Sculpture is to embody at the same time its own creation in artistic representation. If the sculptor can bring deity down into stone, Music reveals him (the sculptor) in the very act thereof. Phidias as God-maker of Zeus is outside of his God, but Beethoven puts him inside, showing the process of the supreme God moving from the soul of the artist and taking the corresponding form. Thus Music also is or can be a Theophany in its way, representing the divinely creative movement of the Universe.

In some such manner we may conceive Music, as the last and completest of the Fine Arts, to go back and take up Sculpture as the first and most immediate and most material of the Fine-Arts, interlinking with the same in the finished artistic round, which is also psychical. Music we may conceive as returning to Sculpture in all the latter's sen-

suous fullness of length, breadth and thickness, and supplying what it lacks, namely its own creative presupposition.

If we scan the other two Somatic Arts in relation to Music, we find that Painting is drawing towards it, that is, the picture is closer to Music than the statue. The picture with its variety of colors suggests an intimate analogy to the variety of musical tones; still further, it bears within itself a greater sum of motion, even if its figures do not move, than Sculpture, burdened as the latter is with its solid material. So we may say that Painting shows a striving to get out of its fixity, which striving will be realized in Music, whose prime element is its time-movement. Still in the Kinetic Art the body will manifest movement, which, however, is not yet the form of the pure inner psychical process, but is the outer corporeal act itself. In general, then, we may observe that all three Somatic Arts are marching one after the other toward Music, which thus seems to be their inner and higher aspiration, whose fulfilment, however, is their dissolution.

The second great division of the Fine Arts, Architecture, is yet closer to Music than the first or Somatic. All Architecture is primarily an enclosure, and hence is twofold, separative; it is the abode of the God,

or of the Institution, and so it has an outer and inner, or the built shell and its indwelling spirit, the latter determining the structure as its own yet as wholly different from itself. This dualism so striking in Architecture, is what Music takes up but overcomes through its elemental process; the basic sound-whorl, we must recollect, is self-separating, but likewise self-returning, thus mastering its own inner division. Hence Music is the harmonious and harmonizing Art, though it too can fall into discord and violate its own law. It gives the very process of the inner becoming outer and the outer becoming inner, and thus solves the fixed twofoldness of Architecture which from this point of view may be called "frozen Music."

In contrast with Architecture generally, Music can be deemed upward-bearing, ascending by nature from the earth heavenward; the propagation of the sound-whorl is around and above, and bears the soul of man along. On the whole Music like its medium, the air, is degravitative, while Architecture strongly gravitates with its massive stones; hence Music is felt to be necessary in the church, as complementary to the edifice, and likewise as counteractive, carrying aloft the worshiper Godward. We may note that the Gothic cathedral with its pointed forms

shows a mighty struggle against its own gravity, yet cannot structurally help itself. But the High Building through a constructive device masters the down-bearing appearance of all former Architecture, both Oriental and European, and flies upward quite at will. So we dare affirm, even amid the jeers of the whole cohort of Art critics, that the American High Building is more deeply harmonious, is more closely kinned with Music than any other form of Architecture. And we may add that this ascent, this rise from below upward means democracy in Art, which has always been hitherto essentially aristocratic both in form and meaning, since it has put stress upon the descent from above downward. The ultimate act of both Sculpture and Painting for instance, was the coming-down of God into Man or into his bodily counterpart, not the rise of Man to God, who is no longer to be simply given him from the outside, but whom he is to re-create through the new Art sprung of the new consciousness. Already in the State we can observe the great world-historical change: the Law is no longer given us from above downward, but rises from below upward, from the soul of the folk who thus can be said to govern themselves. So the High Building is not down-pressing in character, even if it gravitates,

but up-bearing, ascending, in a sense earth-defying. Thus it runs counter to all the old rules and the old artistic effects of Architecture, to the horror of the average technical architect and critic sunk in European standards.

It should again be emphasized that the sound-whorl as the fundamental fact of Music is what classifies it among the Fine-Arts. As its character is this continuous self-division and self-return, ever expanding beyond yet ever contracting itself anew (a tonal diastole and systole of the world's heart). Music hence belongs to the third and final stage of the total artistic movement; it is always coming back to itself and thus completing the Psychosis of the Fine-Arts taken together, which, mentioned in common order, are Sculpture, Painting, Architecture, whose entire movement is capped by Music with its sound-whorl. And this sound-whorl, always moving in itself, is the total process of Art as heard, its audible summary and culmination. In Music, Art, as a manifestation of the sense-world, gives the last form of its own self-expression; the sound-whorl turns it back, we may say, on itself and finishes the artistic round.

It should be noted here that Poetry is not included under the head of the Fine-Arts

which wholly lie within the realm of the senses. On the other hand Poetry in the main moves outside the range of the world sensed, and enters the world imaged; so that Poetry and its kindred Arts should be ranked in a wholly new division which we may name the Image-Arts, in contrast with the preceding Sense-Arts (or the Presentative and Representative Arts).

The relation of Music to Architecture has already been designated, with an allusion to the popular saying: "Architecture is frozen Music;" that is, the sound-whorl is fixed, solidified crystallized—and perchance icicled. Certainly the Psychosis of stone does not start the emotions to racing like the musical whorl with its direct appeal to the psychic process itself. We have often thought that the above suggestive saying might be turned about: Music is fluid Architecture. Many fixed structural forms show the rounded sweep of the Psyche, but seized by a stony grip and held fast forever, like weeping Niobe transmuted into the rock on Mount Sipylus. For example, the Greek Column makes us feel its inner process as the eye moves upward from Base, through Shaft, to Capital, which last quite returns in form to the first, since the square plinth at the start is essentially repeated in the square abacus at the

top, so that we even sense the beginning conjoined with the end. Indeed we may well note the next form from below (the torus) returning to itself in next form from above (the Echinus), both of which are round and bulged. Thus the Greek Column is the psychic process petrified, a Psychosis in stone, and this we hold to be its deepest and truest artistic effect. It stirs us to the ultimate act of our individual self-hood, and puts us into harmony with the self-hood of the All. We are not to forget that the Greek Column, as well as its Egyptian prototype, was born of the religious consciousness; the vision of it was to rouse the feeling of worship, to bring the human beholder into communion with the God. Thus it performed in its way the highest function of Art, which was to reveal the Divine even to the senses of man. That suggestion it still bears, wherever we may find it, and this is the quality which makes it truly beautiful. The Greek Column may be deemed the most architectural of all constructive forms—the most representative of its Art, having a more decisive note of universality, as we may see by its thousandfold applications, great and small. The race seems to have taken it as its own, though playing upon it and around it many variations.

So the typical stone-whorl of Art may be deemed the Column, echoing in its fixed round the fluid sound-whorl of Music, wherein their close kinship is to be remarked. Nor should we fail to observe that this columnar stone-whorl is made up of a number of lesser similar whorls; we may observe the Base to have in the main its triple sweep of forms (the plinth, torus, taenia, with some fluctuations); so the Shaft has its threefold process, and also the Capital. A like repetition of sound-whorls we noticed in the forms of Music. And the whole Greek Column is at last seen to be but one member of a larger round self-returning, namely the Peristyle of the Temple.

Still Music has movement as distinct from the moveless forms of Architecture, though we may call them whorls for sake of the comparison. But on the side of its motion Music goes back to the early appearance of Art in the Dance and interlinks with the same; the corporeal rhythm, which is also a kind of whorl, suggests Music and calls forth a primitive sound-whorl for its attunement. Music and Dance are coupled together in nature as well as in Art, in the simple childish swing and in the complicated ballet. Here, however, the stress is that Music, the last sense-art, returns to a primitive sense-art

and suggests the Psychosis of the total sphere of the Fine-Arts.

Another point of relationship between Music and Architecture is the exact measurement of their elements. The sounds of the scale are subject to mathematics as well as the masses of the temple. The law of proportion governs in both cases, the notes are just so far apart, so are the columns. The rigid quantitative principle may seem to comport easily with Architecture whose materials are spatial and visibly measurable; but it at first surprises that changeful Music should also be in the grip of unyielding numbers which control it beneath all its fluctuations and seeming caprices. The fact, however, that the feeling of the permanent in the variable constitutes its main artistic effect; moreover mutable Music anchored within by law, imparts its lesson and perchance something of its character to the listener's emotions. Those ever-moving sound-whorls constitute also a measured structure, and are built into a musical temple according to exact mathematical proportions which of course have to be learned in advance.

All Music by its very Nature has within it the return out of its own scission and inner separation, thus it suggests recovery, restoration, the self-regaining of the soul after

some trial or estrangement. Hence comes its healing power for the lacerated heart; its inherent character is sanative, it medicines its own wounds, so to speak, and retrieves its own breach. So much lies in the simple process of the sound-whorl as already described in its self-division and self-return. And if it stimulates that same process in the soul, we may understand its remedial nature, so often celebrated. It touches the fate-broken psychosis of life and tends to make the same whole again, revealing itself as restorer. To be sure, it must unite with the suffering emotion, in order to overcome the rent; the outer Music must become inner, making the soul musical, reestablishing its healthy psychical round. The concord of sweet sounds is to render the self concordant within itself. Still the fact cannot be denied that Music may become negative, dissonant, contradictory to its own nature; it may halt its own separation and refuse to move forward to its self-restoration, thus reflecting and uttering the disease of the man or the time. So Music may beget a fate to itself, and break to pieces its own complete circle; it can turn destroyer in its frenzy, and undo its own work and itself, like those two other great healers, love and religion, which have also a destructive side. The dis-

order beautiful has been thrown into the succession of sound-whorls with piercing effect, and anarchy has been let loose in the tonal realm of law.

Having thus looked at the relation of Music to the preceding Sense-Arts, we shall seek to extend our glance to the entire acoustic realm of which the musical tone is but a small part.

The Sound-World.

In the Introduction we have attempted to show forth the ever-present, but shifting and evasive unit of Music, which clothes itself in so many varied appearances of sound. This unit, here specially named the sound-whorl, is the basic constituent of all organized Music, from the simple tune to the full orchestra, and is, moreover, what stimulates in us the psychical element, corresponding to the same and connecting with it in form and movement.

But now, in order to reach a complete conception of this subject, we must grasp the total sound-world, which has also its non-musical part. We may imagine Music as a great sphere which lies inside a still greater environment of sound. The tone is on all sides surrounded by noise; the band of players in the street is enshrouded and often en-

gulfed in the roar of the city, and still farther of the earth; indeed, the musical and non-musical domains are often in a fierce clash on their borderland. The Orchestra, that it may be heard, walls itself in from the disordered din of the non-periodic sound-world, which is verily its foe. Here takes place the strife between the two kinds of sound, the one ever moving outward in separation, the other ever returning inward to its start and rounding itself out to concordance. And we should add that the human soul has the same two tendencies or possibilities: the sweep toward inner separation, disruption, distraction—chaotic, and on the other hand the self-returning sweep toward unity and self-integration — all-ordering. Now Music stirs man to the latter by its very origin and character as the sound-whorl. It battles with the negative of itself, its devil, the anarchic uproar of the unsubdued sound-world, which it has to conquer and put under its law. Yet the fact is not to be left unmentioned that Music can beget its own devil within itself and turn negative to its own origin.

(I.) The sound-world shows, accordingly, two opposing sides—the musical and unmusical, the periodic and unperiodic, the ever separative and the ever restorative, the

one pushing to divide outwardly in successive undulations, the other pushing to integrate inwardly in repeated sound-whorls. Still between these two extremes lies a third intermediate department partaking of both: the musical notes of Nature herself, the spontaneous sound-whorls which at times spring out of mere accidental noise. The waves of the sea have a musical recurrence, the falls of Niagara move up and down forming a scale of notes, likewise the ripple of the brook, the whistle of the winds, the susurrus of the forest. Nature, even inorganic Nature, shows the tendency under certain conditions, or perchance in certain moods, to roll back the noise of her collisions into itself, as in thunder, and thus to suggest the musical unit, the sound-whorl. Nature often shows a longing—probably this is always present in some form—to get out of her state of separation, which is her primordial character, and to be restored to oneness and harmony with her first origin, the Creator of whom she then becomes a psychical image. Hence she may be heard in auspicious moments to break out into a voice of aspiration which at least intones a note of return and restoration, and may be deemed the prophecy of Music. Possibly we may have the right to say that Nature wishes to be made

over into a musical being, and aspires to have all her ungodly noises transformed into sound-whorls, which of course represent and stimulate the happy Psyche. Thus lifeless, inorganic Nature has a bent toward Music amid all her unmusical alienation and discord within herself. And when we take living organic Nature, for example the song-birds, we find the musical individual already existent as a natural phenomenon.

From the present point of view, accordingly, we observe three divisions of the sound-world: First is the non-musical realm of Nature, its vast sphere of material clash and noise, circling the globe in an envelope of discord with which is always raging along the line the fight of musical concord, though in many a fluctuation. Second is the spontaneous but sporadic outburst of harmonious tones and even phrases from the foregoing maelstrom of broken irregular lawless noises —the sound-whorl pulsed up from the bosom of Nature, who has far down a psychical throb and aspiration derived from Creation's first fountain. Third is that division of the sound-world which embraces Music proper, the work of man who, through one device or another, turns sound back upon itself, making it psychical in form and therefore deeply harmonious with himself and at its best with the All-Self.

Such we conceive to be the general sweep from the sphere of noise to that of the tone, from the unmusical sound-world to the musical. We may further conceive that the latter is the true realization and fulfilment of the former, that the destiny of noise is to become musical, whereby the cosmos may turn harmonious literally, and the music of the spheres be actually heard. At least some such transition we can observe in the Orchestra to which we betake ourselves out of our noisy existence with its many conflicts. In the composition of the Orchestra we may first note the so-called instruments of percussion (drum, cymbals, triangle, etc.), whose character is to give out Nature's musical scale on being struck. Then follow the wind instruments and the stringed which are made to produce the sound-whorl by art, and of course constitute the body of the orchestra. Here then we may emphasize the transition from the unorganized unmusical sound-world to the organized musical one, the two being connected through the instruments of percussion, which are a kind of conduit from the vast chaos of noise to the very limited cosmos of tones. Music thus becomes a suggestion, a prophecy, a symbol if you please, of a soul (and of a world too) rising out of disorder to order, out of discord to harmony,

out of Inferno to Paradise. This movement is the fundamental one of the present Fine Art, revealing its ultimate training and significance for man. It should also be observed that all musical instruments are primarily percussive, that is, matter strikes matter in them and starts them to vibrating. The bow of the violin strikes the strings, and in the flute the breath strikes the column of air, and sets it to indulating in sounds. In the voice the breath strikes the vocal chords. Thus Music begins with an external blow, the blow of Fate which it is to transform even in sound. Accordingly the whole material sphere may be regarded as one vast instrument of percussion whose separated pieces of matter are perpetually colliding in some way and producing sound. Such is the primordial percussion instrument in the orchestra of the universe. At every microscopic point there is a little friction, and so the sound-world has its atoms. This thought may be unfolded further.

II. When any material object is struck, it gives forth a sound, it utters itself in response to the blow. The body is said to vibrate, it is set in motion by the force from the outside, it trembles, as it were, shivering in every particle or molecule; it seems to quake with a kind of terror. Undoubtedly

it is assailed, its individuality has been attacked, possibly jeoparded, though not necessarily destroyed. When I lay my pen down upon this table, there is a collision between the bounds of two limited material objects, the result is the report.

Thus the physical world is full of sound, because full of colliding matter. All bodies are in a state of motion, of change, and hence all bodies are giving forth some kind of sound, though it may not be heard. The fact that they are bodies, distinct, individualized, bounded, exposes them to everlasting conflict, whose expression primarily is sound. The whole material universe is a vast mill in which every particular thing is grinding and being ground, is striking against something and is being struck by something in turn, even down to the minutest particle of dust. The cry of this universal conflict of matter is sound—not the cry of pain, which implies a being with sensation, but the cry of a material thing or individual object whose existence in small or in large is assailed.

On our earth at least the air is the chief medium for the transmission of these vibrations, these tremblings of the stricken thing. The latter strike the surrounding air, which is also material, infinitely elastic, responsive

and continuous. Though this medium be matter, it is without rigidity, expansible, supremely plastic; it is completely formable, that is, it has no form which can be seen and so is quite invisible except in its effects. The air has its own individuality, but its individual character is a surrender of individuality, it yields itself to be the bearer of the stricken material world, being struck itself by it, and gives a sympathetic response to the blow through sound. Air is the impressionable element still more than water.

Every collision of material objects, even infinitesimal, becomes a center of vibration, which is communicated to the surrounding atmosphere, and continues in ever-widening circles to go beyond and beyond, toward the aerial boundary. The leaf falling on the ground we may not hear, still it sends forth its little pulsation of sound upon the circumambient air. The skylark, soaring out of sight, continues to sing, and thus makes itself a center of vibration, wrapping itself in a musical garment made up of spherical fold on fold, to the thickening of a mile or more. In such fashion it forms the heart of an unseen melodious world of its own, and like a tiny insect, weaves an enormous cocoon of song about itself. Such is the tuneful

sphere called into being and kept in a thrill by one little throat.

From millions of points throughout the universe, wherever matter impinges on matter, these centers of sound are created and surround themselves with their spherical vibrations indefinitely extended. And it may be said that quite at every point in space matter is impinging on matter, though it be of the greatest tenuity. The capacity of the human ear takes up only a limited range of sound vibration, probably but a small fraction. Yet that capacity is marvelous. According to the calculation of Lord Rayleigh, there may be a sound vibration when the amplitude of movement in the vibrating object is one twenty-five millionth part of an inch. As regards pitch, the range of audibility is usually said to lie between 16 vibrations per second for the lowest sound, and 35,000 for the highest. Such are the limits of the sensation of sound which through mechanical devices can be indefinitely extended.

So what we have called the unmusical sound-world can be transmuted into Music by the suitable contrivance, and what is immediately noise can be mediated into harmony, perchance through a new combination of instruments. As the sound-world is probably composed of something like sound-

atoms, we may yet find some apparatus for investigating them and employing them in the science and in the practice of Music. Seemingly we have yet no adequate microphone for the ear equal to the microscope for the eye. The sight-world has been probed more deeply and minutely than the sound-world. At present, however, we would repeat the fact that Music seeks to transform the irregular unruly sphere of noise into the well-ordered law-governed sphere of organized sound-whorls which constitute the harmonious realm. Hence Music is deeply institutional—a thought here only to be intimated, since it has been before fully unfolded. (See Introduction under *Music as associative.*)

Thus around us exists an inaudible world of sounds yet to be heard, as well as an invisible world of things yet to be seen. The air is full of stray notes, lost chords, wandering melodies, a homeless gypsy music of the atmosphere. A strange instrument is the so-called melodiaphone, invented by Daguin, which has as its object to catch up some of these unheard strains out of the circumfluent ocean of sound, and make them reveal themselves to the human ear in their musical shape. It is something like a horn with a peculiar mouthpiece, not to be blown

into by man's breath, but through aery lips, truly those of a spirit (*spiritus*—breath, wind), and it has three vents, like those of a flute, which vents, however, are to be stopped and opened by mortal fingers. The result is a melody, now audible, but coming out of the unheard world of sound vibrating everywhere about us incessantly; the instrument has found the lost strain, separated it from the other roving vagabonds of the air, and has endowed with new vocal utterance that silent voice. This is, however, but one short streak of sound caught out of the full skies, yet we can imagine by means of it how pregnant with music the air must be, all of it perchance ready to be born, if only the right midwife would appear, doubtless in some instrumental form.

III. Still another turn we may give to this subject. Every free material point in the universe is a center of friction and so must be a center of sound enveloping itself with spherical layers of vibration to infinity. The result is that these spheres of sound, perpetually expanding from every point, must clash, and the entire physical universe becomes the arena of their collisions. Such is the elemental crash of the sound-world, always taking place, whose spheres roll against one another, interfere, double up,

suppress and are suppressed in turn, making the grand battle-din of matter. For all matter means ultimately division, antagonism, conflict, being in its very genesis the separation from the one harmonious principle of the universe, which is spirit and the Divine. Nor must we forget that the air, as medium of sound, is itself material, and is furthermore divided into currents, strata, bands, which collide, like the winds, and so produce as well as transmit sound.

All motion begets friction of matter with matter, thus making a huge instrument of percussion, for thus friction finds utterance in sound; even the quiet hills are enveloped with unheard collisions. But what is behind this motion? A force or cause it is called; it works upon the material object and sets it going. Then what is behind the cause? Ultimately self-cause, the primordial originative energy which is Will, and not only Will, but also Feeling and Intellect. The stroke which reaches through all matter, driving it against itself, can be only the fiat of an Ego. One hears in the least sound the echo of the primal shock of creation, which matter everlastingly perpetuates throughout the physical universe, and which scientists often call the Conservation of Force or the Eternity of Motion. The primordial source of sound can

be discovered only in the creative Will of a Self or Person.

We have observed that the vibrations of the stricken object are communicated to the surrounding atmosphere, and continue in ever-widening spheres to sweep onward through space—whither? Many other spheres of sound they encounter, still they keep on going, like wandering voices, till they are lost in the vast externality. Manifestly all sound is an expression which has in it a seeking and a vanishing; it longs for but does not find. But what is it seeking, what is the end of its longing? Something which it has not, and never can have, though it roam onward forever through space. I hold that it is seeking to come back to its primal source, to reach the self-determined, the Ego; it is longing for self-recovery, for selfhood, which is really its fountain head. Thus it has its consonance with a soul in alienation, stricken by the blow of fate and yielding to the external power. The stroke assailed the material object from without and made it vibrate in reaction. The sound of this vibration is the outcry of its stricken individuality, corresponding to the outcry of the soul at the blow of fate.

Thus there is a natural basis for Music in the correspondence between sound and soul;

a philosopher has called sound the subjective principle of the material body, and hence a connecting tie or sympathetic bond between matter and mind. Still this natural relationship is not enough; the Ego must take crude physical sounds of matter and work them over for its own purpose, as the architect hews the native marble into blocks for his temple. These straying voices of nature must be caught and turned back from their aimless wandering toward the bounds of space; they must not only make the return themselves, but also express the return, and thereby become a true utterance of the process of the Self. In this manner to their physical side is conjoined a psychical side, the purely material element of sound is transfigured into Music, whose deepest character may be said to be a coming back out of nature to the process of spirit through the work of the spirit.

Sound becomes the Art of Music through its expression of the Return, which hints restoration of the soul from its many estrangements, restoration from chaos, anarchy, pessimism, and a hundred other spiritual maladies. Still we have to repeat that Music itself may become diseased and express the time's disorder. Music in its ultimate constitution springs from the mastery

of its own fate; yet it too may become fated. It begins with a percussion which we may take as the external stroke of destiny, whose outcry, however, is not suffered to repeat itself evermore, but is turned about to its start and is made to control just the stroke which originally caused the sound. This becomes thereby the sound-whorl which determines the musician to his art, whose function is to produce not simply the sound, but the sound-whorl, the basic unit of Music. Mere noise may be taken as the image of fate, but Music in its field shows to us fate overcome. The further reflection may be added that these units of Music are organized into a beautiful temple of sound, such as the symphony, in which man may well see and feel the building of his institutional world, the true home of his freedom.

To be sure the total symphonic movement is in time, it comes to an end, it is not eternal, it persists only as it takes lodgment in the soul and character. Thus Music too finds its fate just in its fundamental element—time, and calls for a more universal utterance of the universe, perchance a higher Art. Moreover Music is always shown having a struggle within itself to transcend its given limits. The Ninth Symphony of Beethoven, the last one of his creation, reveals a deep wrestle

with the symphonic form itself, which the great composer had unfolded to new power and completeness, and then had grown to feel the limits of his work. He had become traditional to himself, and would break over his own self-made bounds. The old Titan seems in a wrestle with very Time. Still his long effort concludes, the Music ends and drops us back into our old world, though for a while it has borne us beyond into the feeling of a universally creative Presence.

IV. It is worth while to give a thought to the medium of sound and hence of Music—the air which we use also for breathing. We notice first of all, that air has two opposite qualities: it is heavy yet indefinitely expansible; it falls downward yet is always rising upward; it obeys gravitation, yet it defies its obedience and degravitates. The weight of a column from its indefinite height to the surface of the earth equals thirty inches of Mercury, or about fifteen pounds (Torricelli's famous experiment). So at last after expanding and reacting many miles over our heads, air gives up inner opposition and yields to the terrestrial pull. It keeps separating within itself and resisting its material center till the final molecule. Thus air itself is an image of vibration with its rises and falls, till its evanishment. Hence this me-

dium is already sympathetic with the throb of matter when assailed, for it is already throbbing in itself, and takes up the latter's outcry into its own bosom, and really gives utterance to the same, at least for us. Air is supremely sensitive to the material stroke, and voices the same, be it great or small, producing what we have called the sound-world.

Now air is itself matter and heavy, and can be made to impinge on itself, emitting sound which may be the low whistle of the breeze or the roar of the maddened tempest. Thus air gives an outcry at its self-inflicted blows; it can shout in agony at the throes of its own inner conflict, or perchance whisper a kind of pleasure at its own self-titillation. Air may be said figuratively to be able to utter its own joys and sorrows. And we may note that air is always in a state of inner dualism, self-repulsion, self-separation, being both depressed by gravitation and exalted by expansion. Hence it is ever ready to sympathize with stricken matter and to take up and to propagate the accents of the latter in sound. It possesses a kind of heart for feeling and expressing the strokes of the fated world of externality which we often name Nature. Such is the impressionable and responsive medium, which feels (so to speak)

itself struck and answers in sympathy when any piece of matter is struck within its compass.

The elemental symbolism which lies in the very nature of air should be scanned, as it goes over into the substrate of Music. We have marked the inner scission of air, ever compelled to gravitate yet ever reacting against gravitation; it seems a soul aspiring heavenward yet dragged down earthward; it shows a material side descending, and an ideal side ascending. And so ever vibrating within itself, it becomes the medium of all vibration of bodies, really the universal vibration through which Music is possible.

We have at times to ask whence comes this separation millionfold into colliding bodies with their outcries, their noises? The primordial individuation of the total material world is a fact to be accepted by Music which indeed turns matter upon matter (in the form of instruments) to produce the tones of its Art. At this point we may hint a thought which has been already suggested: Music, if it is to be an Art, must go back and play its own tonal origin; such is, in fact, its supreme sound-whorl. In fact total creation from the musical point of view is a sound-whorl.

Music may be conceived to lie in the bosom

of Nature, in the much-separated world of matter with its never-ceasing conflicts. Now this separation is what Music is trying to overcome, trying to turn it round upon itself or to give help toward such an end, which is in general the musical tone or sound-whorl. Yet Music never absolutely succeeds; that is, if it makes the complete cycle of sound in a work of art, the cycle still rolls on in time toward infinity. Thus the finest orchestral symphony, rounded out within itself, is yet swept onward in the elemental Time-stream toward every point of the compass, still on the search for something beyond—what? It aspires to reach its source, and vibrates such an aspiration in the individual Ego, which through the true work of art is borne back, in suggestion at least, to its creative fountain. Music at its best gives us to drink at the well of all existence, unites us, for a while anyhow, with our Creator.

We should not fail to grope for the limits of air and its Art. It belongs to our earth and wraps the same in its covering which extends many miles above and then quite vanishes. In the next place, our ear has a limit in hearing the vibrations of sound. Thus Music has its limits within the realm of mere sound, having a scale of about seven octaves and a third, as usually given. Then within

the sphere of Music many boundaries have been laid down, which seem fixed, but some of them are being broken over just at present. The advance of Music takes place by challenging old limits and transcending them, by conquering the vast domain of noise through new musical instrumentalities, and turning crude air into sound-whorls.

The question arises whether any other medium besides air will ever be used for producing Music. Already the telephone is employed to carry Music far beyond its place of origination; but this is still the old Music conveyed to a new environment. Air is confined to our globe, but science has predicated an universal medium which extends not only through the planetary but also through the stellar spaces. Will it ever be possible to tap that etheric medium and to hear the collisions and convulsions of the stars? We can see the prodigious explosions on the surface of the sun ejecting masses as large as planets—doubtless the planets were first thrown off in some such way—but we can hear nothing of the shock, the medium as yet is wanting. To our eye the rays of light bring those far-off occurrences, but no organ is yet developed in us for their sound, and no cunning instrument has caught their echoes and borne them hither. Are we in the course of

the coming millions of years to evolve a new sense for the etheric waves, like sight for light-waves, and hearing for the sound-waves? Of course this ether is still hypothetical, though the so-called Hertzian waves of wireless telegraphy seem to show a little shred of its existence. But in the present connection the inquiry comes up: Are these etheric undulations musical or capable of Music? Infinitely finer than those of air they are supposed to sweep through the whole physical universe; is it from this source that the old strange prophecy is to be fulfilled concerning the Music of the Spheres? Possibly the true telephone is soon to appear, which will be as far-reaching for the ear as the telescope is for the eye, tapping the universal medium which we suppose to underlie even light and electricity.

At present, however, Music has to work in the very limited terrestrial sound-world, and in but a small portion of that. Even this small portion it has not yet exhausted. And so we turn back to our elemental sound-whorl which has still some points to be considered. There are many sound-whorls and of all sorts: which is the best musically, the most typical for the entire Art, perchance the most universal? Or which has Music itself selected in its long course of experiment

and evolution? The answer is that the *stretched string struck* produces what we are seeking. Hence to this fact some observations are to be devoted.

The Typical Sound-Whorl.

So we are to conceive the string stretched and struck, whereby it sends forth its peculiar note. This string is often called the monochord, when isolated as it should be and completely separated from other tones.

Accordingly out of the millions of vibrational centers of which the world is full, we wish at the start to get the best one for illustrating sound, especially musical sound. In this business experience has gone in advance of us and has selected the stretched string, which, being struck, becomes a very characteristic center of vibration. It is a curious fact that Pythagoras, the old Greek discoverer of the scale, chose in his experiments the stretched string, which choice remains valid to this day, not only for theoretical instruction in acoustics, but also for the study of the psychical effect of musical instruments, the most important of which have their source in the stretched string. Moreover this has its analogy to the human voice, being a kind of externalized vocal chord; and

the vocal chord is the primal instrument of Music, not made by hands, but grown in the organism of man and animal, nature's own product. When we study the stretched string, we have projected out of ourselves a piece of our own musical organ, which stands in most intimate relation to the soul. For this reason among others the violin is often deemed the most perfect of all instruments, being the nearest to the human voice and hence nearest to the Self, while the string family is the heart of the orchestra.

The string is fastened at each end and wound up to a *tension,* and in such a condition it is assailed from without. It is important to note this tension and its significance; not matter, but tense matter in what now produces sound when struck or moved. The string, keyed up to a strong energy, is already in a state of keen resistance to an external force which seeks to pull it asunder; this is what gives to it character. The string unstretched has no character or only a latent one; like the untried man, the quality of it is as yet unknown or undeveloped. The particles or molecules of the string may be regarded as a little family deeply united in love; the attempt to separate them is met by a stout catching hold of one another and a clinging

together; such we call their cohesive power or tenacity, which asserts itself against the external might assailing their unity. Undoubtedly there is a limit to this cohesive ability; the chord may succumb to outward violence and snap; still it cannot be relieved of the trial, if it is to show its mettle. The string stretched thus begins to reveal a Self, a decided inner concentration of power against an outer destroyer.

But the stretching is only preparatory; through it the string gets tense and is ready to spring out against the attack. Now the blow descends, the stretched string is struck, the character comes out in sound which is musical or the beginning thereof. It is true that any material body, being struck, gives forth a sound, which also has some little character; the unstretched string thrown down on the table makes a noise which indicates some assertion of the individual object. But the real character is brought out only by an inner tension of every molecule of the body; then hear the reply when it is struck. It answers the blow of Fate by a short musical response, which tells its character; this character is musical because it wakes like echoes in the Ego, when the latter too is struck by the blow of Fate; in fact, we shall find that the stretched string has a process

in deep correspondence with the process of the Ego, which also has its epochs of tension and of strong vibrations of feeling.

The three items we must then keep in mind: the string, the stretching, and the striking; the first is as yet undeveloped, the potential, the mere passive material; the second is this material unfolded into scission, tension, opposition, which shows the inner character ready to act; the third is this inner character made outward, real in the world, revealing itself in vibrating.

These thoughts with additional facts about sound and the string we shall set forth in some further details.

I. What kind of material is best for making the stretched string—one that will show most completely the above-mentioned musical character? This material must be not brittle, but cohesive, keeping itself together against assault; yet it must also be flexible, yielding to a certain extent in order to react and vibrate. Two quite opposite properties are required, elasticity and tenacity; two, yet really one, and in a process with each other, holding together in being stretched. Then, when the blow falls, the two properties must work in a kind of correlation, the string must in its elasticity yield to the stroke, yet in its tenacity it must always re-

cover itself. Thus the stretched string moves backward and forward in response to the blow, which has the tendency to separate or to break it, but this must not happen; the unity must always be restored—the unity being the process between elasticity and tenacity. Such is the oscillation, till the string regains its equilibrium, which is the state of inner tension already described. Note, then, that the stretched string has by nature the return to itself, after the separation caused by an external power.

Next we are to observe that the stretched string, being struck, becomes itself a striker and strikes the adjacent air, which in its turn yields, yet also resists. The air too is a material body, having elasticity—a great deal, and likewise having tenacity—a very little; yet this aerial tenacity has in it enough resistance to bring the vibration of the stretched string to a pause after the stroke. But the main thing now to be regarded is that the air responds to the process of the stretched string when the latter is struck, and quivers under the blow, hovering, as it were, between life and death, swaying between retreat and recovery. The air, we may say, is sympathetic with the stretched string, takes up into itself the latter's blow, having the same elements, elasticity and tenacity,

though in very different degrees. The total circumambient atmosphere receives and communicates the message of the stretched string struck, its cry to the world, which cry thereby reaches the ear of man, whereat a new and very important stage of its history opens, to be considered later.

The stretched string accordingly, being assailed, is roused to move forth out of itself, out of its equilibrium and then it returns to itself, thus producing a musical sound; musical, because it, as sound, has this self-separation and self-return in an audible process, which corresponds with the innermost process of the Ego, and thereby stirs it harmoniously, attuning the soul-movement to the sound-movement.

II. We have now the musical sound, which is produced by the vibration of the stretched string, and has these three elements, the inner tension, the outer blow, the resultant oscillatory movement on the air. Next we are to see this musical sound differentiating itself, undergoing all sorts of variations, which have their source ultimately in the vibratory principle. A musical sound is said to have three main properties: Pitch, Strength (or Quantity), Character (or Quality).

1. Pitch (highness or lowness of a note)

depends upon the rapidity of the vibrations; the quicker their succession, the higher the sound. Pitch, therefore, suggests a scale, giving a simple sequence of tone, yet without inner organization. This uniform line of musical sound the mind or the Ego seeks to organize into a scale with its intervals; such scales are very different among different peoples, inasmuch as the national bent shows itself in forming a musical scale. Increase the vibrations of a stretched string in a given time, say, a second, and you heighten the Pitch. The question then comes up: How can such increase (or decrease) of rapidity be made?

Rapidity of vibration or Pitch depends on three qualities of the string. First, *its length,* or the string as a total line, which is first to be considered; the longer the string, other things being the same, the slower the vibration and the lower the note. Secondly, *its density,* or thickness, or specific gravity, which pertains to the particles or molecules in relation to one another; the thicker or heavier the string, other things being the same, the slower the vibration, and the lower the note; the molecular character of the string determines the speed of the vibration, by encumbering or lightening its movement. Thirdly, *its tension* or the degree to which

the string is stretched; this is what shows the inner nature of the string, its individual character, the greater the tension, the quicker the vibration and the higher the sound.

The stretched string must possess all three qualities: it must have a certain length, a certain density, and a certain tension; they do not exist separately. A variation in either causes a variation in vibration, hence in Pitch; thus each, to a degree, can take the place of the other in varying the highness or lowness of the musical sound. Moreover both length and density of the string are manifestly dependent on tension; the stretching between two points really shortens the string and lessens its thickness, and weight, and relative density. Given, therefore, the material string, with its length and density, the tension is what determines the speed of the vibrations, hence determines the Pitch and with it the possibility of the scale.

2. The Strength of the musical sound is next in order, its loudness or softness, which depends not on the length but on the width or amplitude of the vibration. This clearly has its cause in the blow or outside force directed against the stretched string. To play louder, we add increased muscular power, which widens the vibration in the same time; hence the air is struck harder by the string,

and responds with proportionate intensity, which response is conveyed duly to the ear, and rouses its activity in the same degree. To the varied power of the external irritant or blow is to be ascribed the difference in the Strength or Volume of the musical sound.

This power may be, in the first place, pure physical force, which assails the stretched string and produces the degree of loudness. But in the second place, the volume of sound depends also on the point at which the blow is struck on the string, whether toward the middle or toward the end where it is fastened; mere force misplaced is not likely to produce much of a result. In the third place one has to ask: with what is the blow struck? The stretched string may be excited by the bow as in the violin family; may be struck with a kind of hammer as in the piano; may be plucked, as in the guitar, banjo, harp. These various methods determine the Strength of the sound, but also its quality, which is the next topic.

3. Every musical sound has a certain Quality, or character of its own, which is its very essence and constitutes what may be called its individuality. The note of a violin and that of a piano, though they have the same pitch and the same loudness, differ much in Quality, though both arise from the stretched

string. This peculiarity of sound is usually designated in English by the French word *timbre* (German, *Tonfarbe,* or *Klangfarbe*). The same violin in the hands of a beginner sounds very differently from what it does in the hands of a skillful player. Of two equally good artists each will have his own characteristic tone-color, though playing on the same instrument, and the instrument itself, notably the violin as is said, has it own variable moods of Quality. But this difference of Quality becomes enormous when we think of each different kind of instrument, as flute, horn, bagpipe.

Quality depends on vibrations, not on their rapidity or their amplitude merely, but on what is called their form, or better, their composition. That is, the Quality of a musical sound is a composite of the fundamental tone and its overtones, for every tone, high or low, loud or soft, divides within itself and reproduces itself in the mentioned overtones, with which it coalesces and makes the special tone-color. This process of the simple sound, separating itself into divisions and then uniting itself in manifold ways with these divisions, produces the distinctive timbre of the instrument sending forth the sound.

Such are the three main elements of the sound of the stretched string when struck:

Pitch, Strength, Quality. The Pitch of the stretched string, though it must have a certain length and a certain density (molecular composition) goes back to the stretching or the tension as its essential principle. The Strength or loudness of its tone goes back to the nature of the blow from the outside. But the third element, the Quality, is really the process itself; the simple sound of the string divides within itself unto manifold sounds and then projects these sounds into the so-called overtones, which are finally taken back into itself, forming one compound tone, it is usually said, but really constituting the process of the sound of the stretched string struck. This process, received by the ear and taken within, is what makes music, along with its special sound-color.

III. Herewith, however, we have reached the psychical element in the present sphere. The physical element, already set forth, stimulates the soul to that response which is called musical. The process of the musical sound, as just given, is seen by the psychologist to correspond to the innermost process of the Ego, which also divides within itself into subject and object, and projects itself as object, and then identifies this object as its own, as itself. Such is the fundamental form of the Ego, the movement of its very

self-hood, which is stimulated by the musical sound coming from the outer world into attunement with the same. The stretched string struck, sending forth the fundamental tone, which creates a progeny of overtones and then unites with them in one composite tone, is not only a symbol of the process of the Ego, but the active stimulator and harmonizer thereof, bringing the two worlds, internal and external, into concordance and unity. Such is the function of Music: the tone-world, organized by the Ego and echoing its process in sound, is to attune the soul-world to its order; the latter hears the call of the former and is responsive to the note, putting itself into harmony with the same. When the physical factor with its process stimulates the psychical factor with *its* process, and both coalesce in one common process —that is the elemental musical act.

Final Thoughts. There is a theistic element lurking in common vision, noted by good Father Malebranche when he uttered his famous aphorism: "We see all things in God." We can behold the tree only by reproducing it as the act of its Creator. But in such an act of mere sensation the divine side is not explicit, not directly present, while it is just the function of Art to make such a divine presence explicit. The piece of marble seen

has no suggestion of its creative source; but in the statue of Zeus by Phidias it is over-made into its own original maker, yea into the world-maker himself. Thus the crude thing of Nature becomes beautiful, bearing in its little particular self the image of its universal Creator. And the self of the beholder is raised into communion with the self of all selves, with his divine origin.

Music appeals to the sense of Hearing, whose field is Time's succession, not Space's extension. Thus it has the infinite temporal division, but overcome into a process. Suggestive is the fact that in the Orchestra we see the Many (instruments, players, etc.), but we hear the One (the sound as played). In this case Sight separates and Hearing unites; we often shut our eyes and cut off the distraction of vision, in order to deepen the unity of the heard Art (Music) into our own very Self.

After all, the musical sound remains inorganic, it is not life, not soul, though it stimulates both of them. Music is not Psyche herself in her own form, though a close copy; so close that it may be called the soul unsouled in matter (air) and longing to come to herself. This is indeed what makes Music an Art, verily the soul's Art.

Music has to be recreated every time that

it is heard; it is not fixed like a statue, which is made for once and for all. You, the spectator, have to re-create for yourself the process of the Space-Art, outside of it, but the Time-Art keeps re-creating inside itself for you its own process. The musical composition is dead till it is re-played, that is, re-made. Thus, in order to be at all, it has to be born again, and therewith compels our own Psyche to a re-birth. Here lies the reason why Music is the most psychical of all the Fine-Arts, and hence the most modern.

Music lies back of the word which is not only sound, but sound laden with a conventional meaning, product of society. Music, however, is sound transformed directly into the process of the Self, and hence it existed long before speech. Sound made psychical is Music, which is therefore as universal as consciousness itself, is verily the universal expression of man's Ego, the language of the *genus homo.*

Music is also a dissolver, it has a separative, disrupting, yea anarchic element, it can protest against all order, even against it own. It is inherently self-separating, self-reacting, out of which stage it may never be able to rise to the third, the return. Napoleon had a notion that French song stimulated revolution, and he would put it down by force.

If Music wings us to the overworld, it has also the power to tap the vast underworld within us not yet risen to consciousness, the long vague era before worded speech even, the sunken tract of remote life with its far-off intimations, with its undefined and indefinable stirrings of the soul, perchance pre-human inheritances. The great development of Music in the Nineteenth Century has its parallel with the new doctrine of man's pristine evolution belonging to the same century.

Music, as it arises out of a great multiplicity notably in the Orchestra, has a relation to the universe, which means literally in the Latin compound, the turned to One, or the returning to One out of the Many, or out of the Multiverse. Time, the elemental divider with all its divided contents, is turned back into itself by Music (mark the symbol thereof in the conductor beating tempo). So we may conceive Music to play the Multiverse ever returning to the Universe, when the Art reaches its ultimate sovereignty.

Still another thought in this connection: the Universe with its round of God, World and Man shows a peculiar correspondence with the round of the Fine Arts. For instance the Somatic Arts are most directly the God-Arts, bringing down God immediately to vision in the human body; Architecture on

the other hand with its heavy masses is more cosmical, or a World-Art, giving no direct image of the Divine, though it may so do indirectly; Music with its process is more distinctively the Man-Art which gives the human Psychosis rising to the divine at its best. Still we are not to forget that each of these Fine Arts within itself is a Theophany in its creative supremacy (as often stated in the foregoing account) while the three as stages correspond to the round of the Universe, God, World, Man. Each part by itself is an image of the Whole, yet the three parts together image the process of the Whole, and thus reveals the grandest Theophany of Art.

We may use three ways of stating the round of the Fine Arts as they interlink their first and last: Sculpture represents the God humanizing, while Music represents the Man divinizing; or Sculpture represents the universal becoming individual, while Music represents the individual becoming universal; or Sculpture represents the All-Self descending into the finite Self, while Music represents the finite Self with its process (the Psychosis) rising to unity with the All-Self (Pampsychosis). So we may think, by means of various sets of categories, religious, philosophical and psychological, the cycle of the Fine Arts in its supreme content.

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